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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

October 26, 1966

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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OCTOBER 26, 1966

Vol. 34, No. 22

OUR COVER

● Just-bathed Mary-Ann Pols, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Pols, of Merrylands, N.S.W., photographed by her father at eight months. Turn to page 71 for our special feature "The Newborn Baby."

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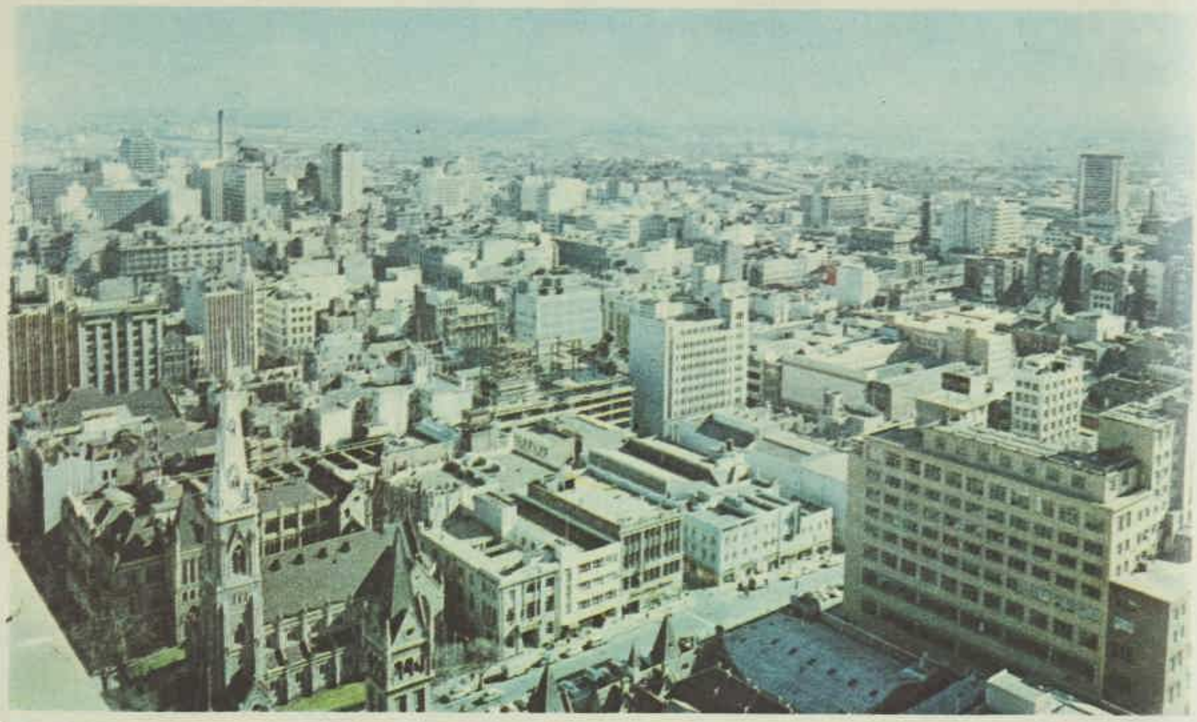
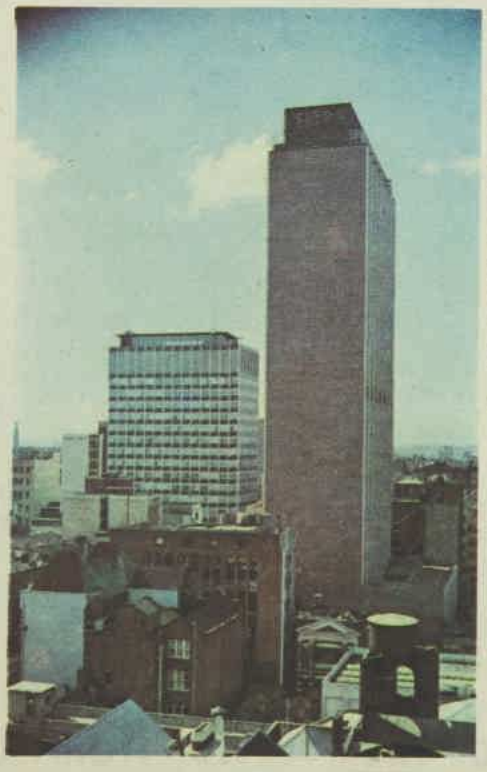
AUSTRALIAN CITIES REACH FOR THE SKY

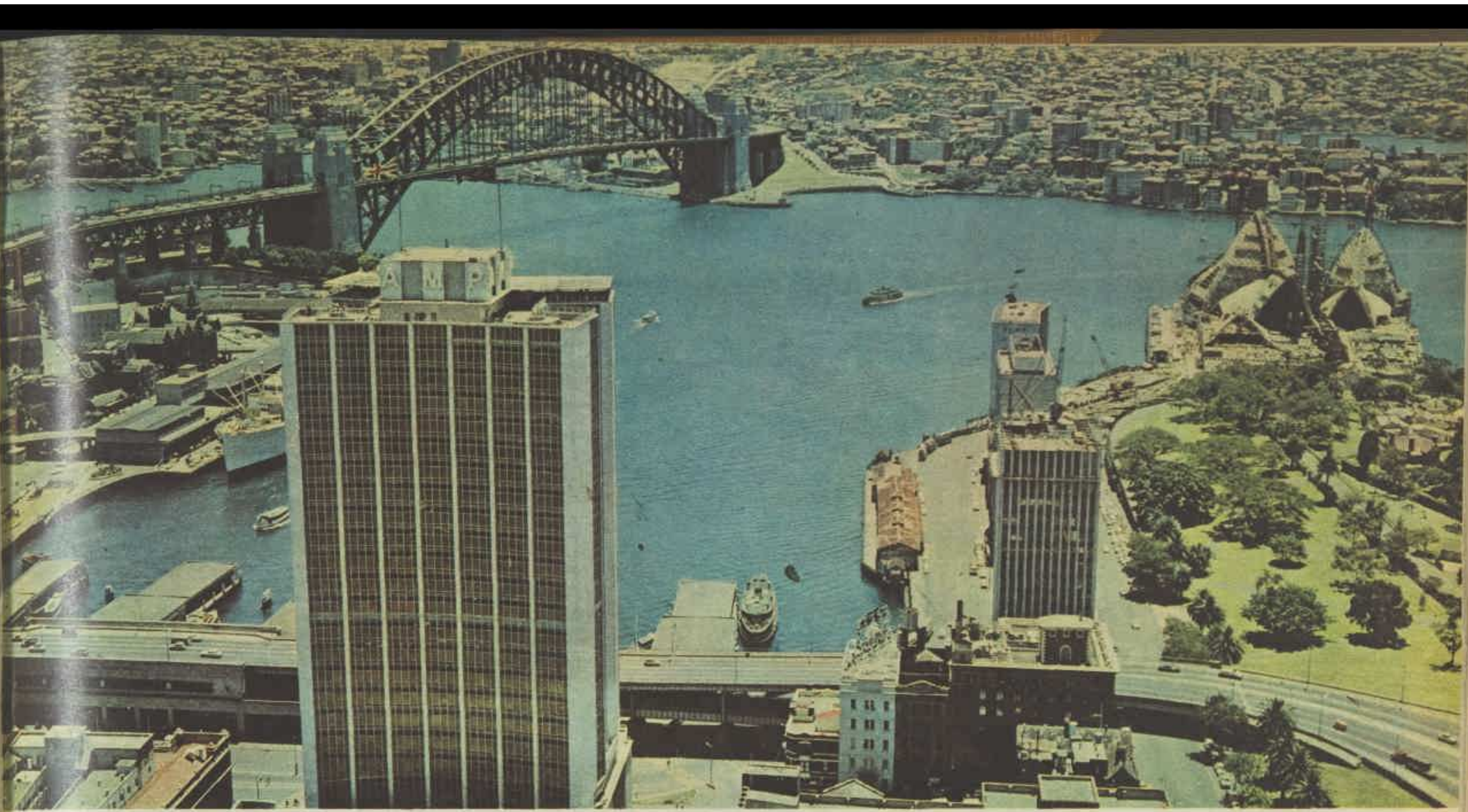
■ Australia's capital cities are growing into fine, tall girls — still young, perhaps, but proud and confident and standing straight and tall to make room for their increasing populations and activities. Most of us think of our home city as we see it from the streets where we walk, the stores we shop in, and the parks where we sit — but a quite different, and breathtaking, perspective can be achieved by taking a bird's-eye view from the top of a skyscraper. On these and following pages are pictures of the highest building in each city, and a view from it.

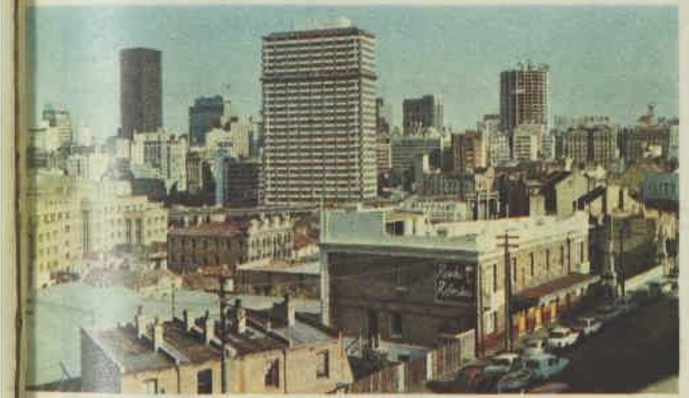




Melbourne *Completed four years ago, the 24-storey Conzinc Riotinto building in Collins Street is still Melbourne's tallest—324ft. high, it dwarfs the 16-storey Reserve Bank building to its left in the picture at left. Looking north (above) Melbourne's skyline shows many towering office blocks shooting up on the outskirts of the city. In the distance, at right, is the new $3-million, 15-storey TAA building. Scots Church is in the foreground.*

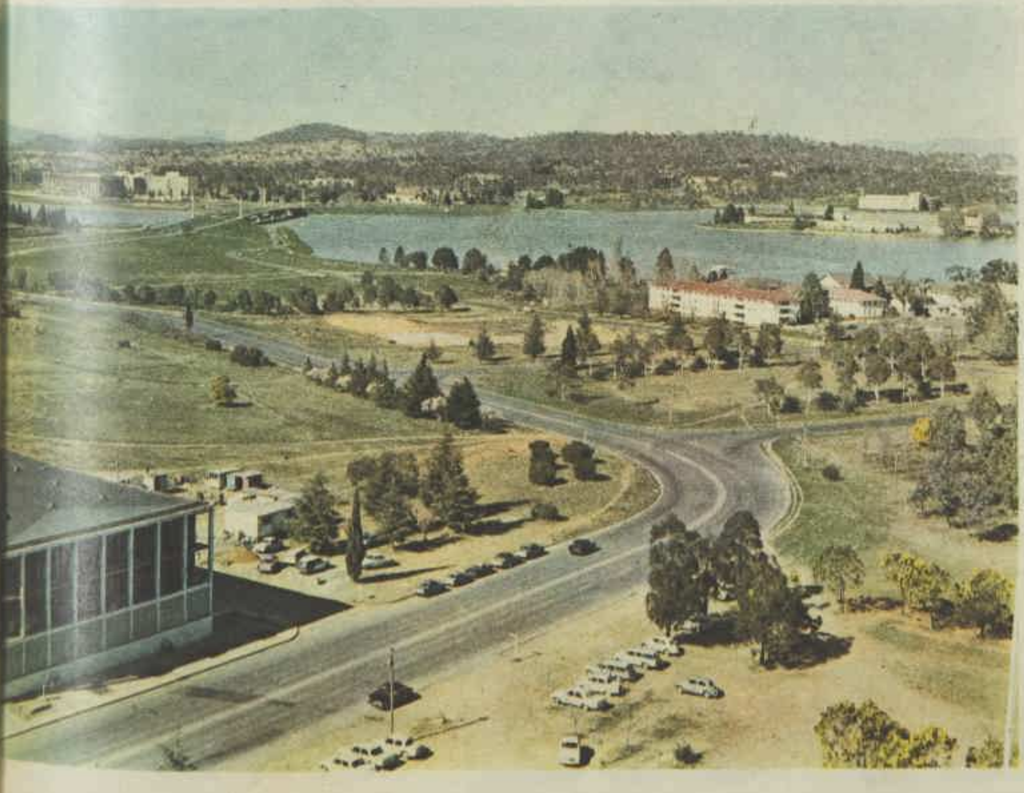
Melbourne pictures by Brian Ferguson

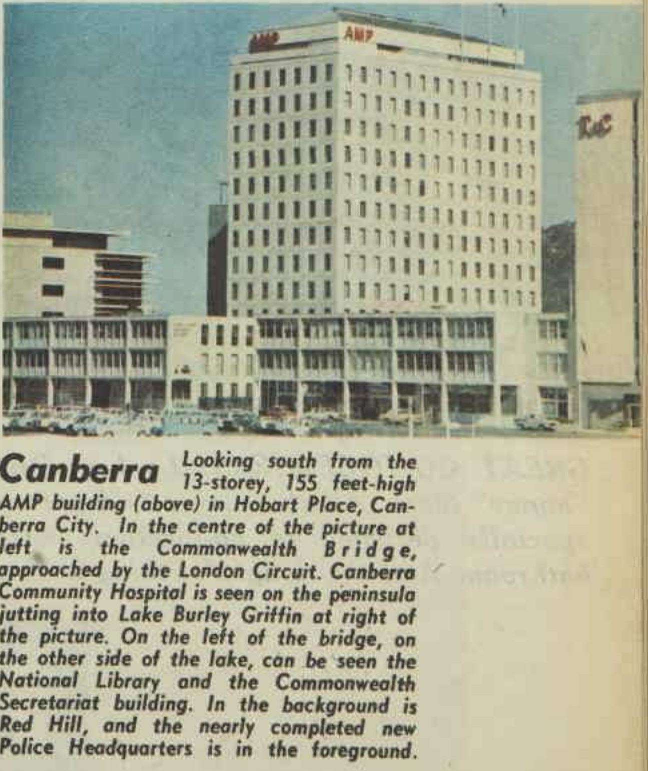




Sydney *A wonderful north-westerly view of Sydney can be seen from the top of its so-far highest building, the State Office Block (far left of the picture at left), on the corner of Bligh and Macquarie Streets, which is 35 storeys and 420ft. high. In another year or so the 50-floor Australia Square Tower (at right of the picture) will have out-distanced the "Black Stump," as it is commonly called, by 180 feet. The building in the centre of the picture is Goldfields House, a mere 27 storeys. The view above takes in the Harbor Bridge, the Opera House under construction on Bennelong Point, and the Quay area, just in front of the 25-storey AMP building in the foreground of the picture. Beyond the bridge are the northern suburbs.*

Sydney pictures by Don Cameron





Canberra *Looking south from the 13-storey, 155 feet-high AMP building (above) in Hobart Place, Canberra City. In the centre of the picture at left is the Commonwealth Bridge, approached by the London Circuit. Canberra Community Hospital is seen on the peninsula jutting into Lake Burley Griffin at right of the picture. On the left of the bridge, on the other side of the lake, can be seen the National Library and the Commonwealth Secretariat building. In the background is Red Hill, and the nearly completed new Police Headquarters is in the foreground.*

Canberra pictures by Peter Hardacre

Continued overleaf

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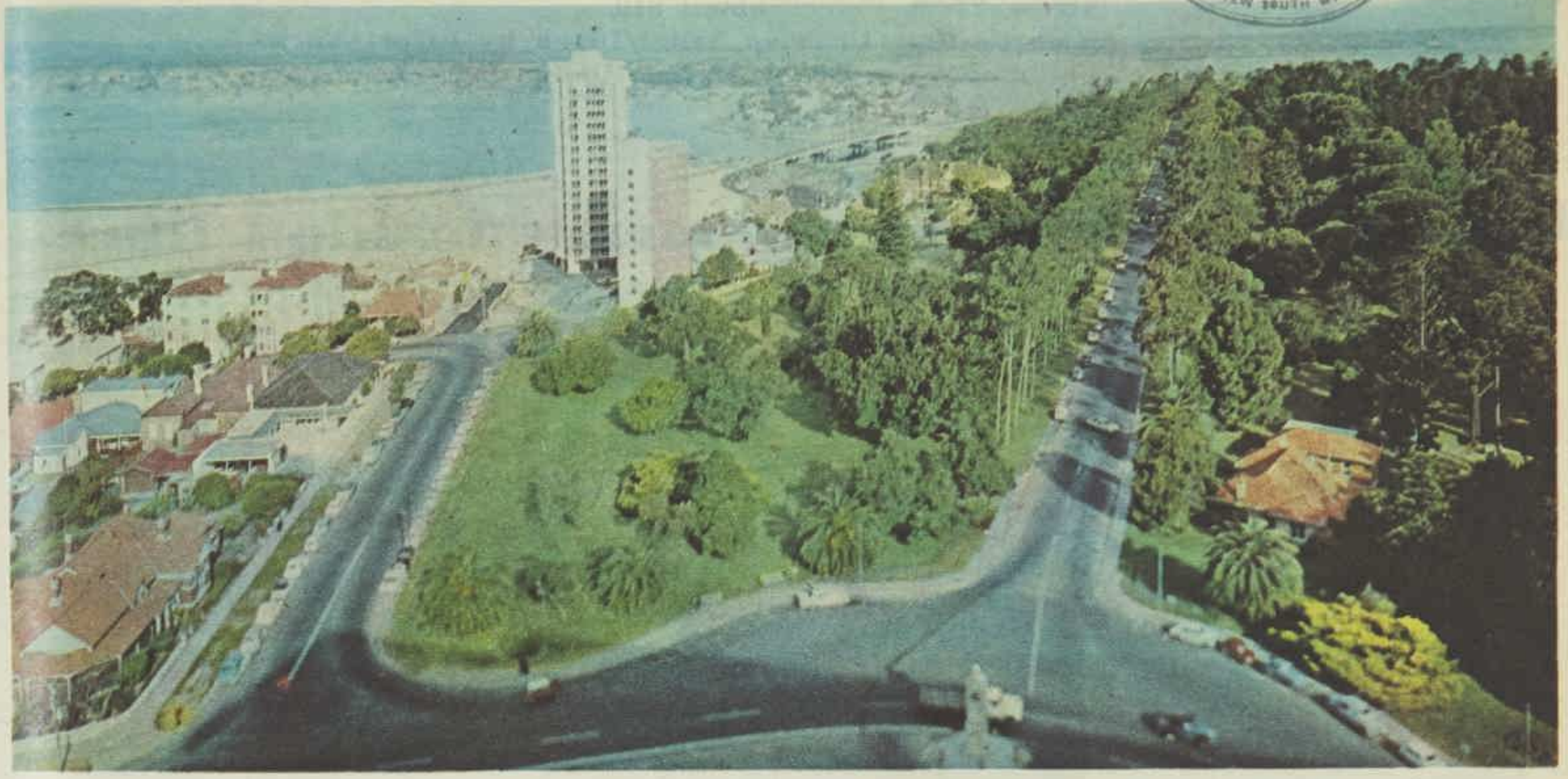
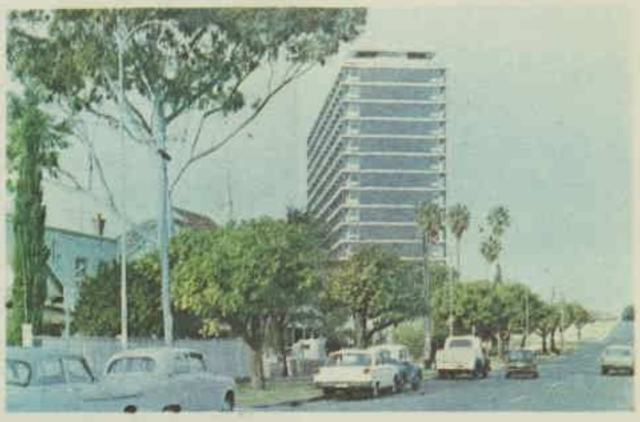
AUSTRALIAN CITIES continued . . .



Perth *The State Government building (at right), of 14 floors, is the tallest building in Perth, beating the tall, circular block of residential flats seen in the picture above by 16 feet. Its position on top of Observatory Hill makes it the best lookout over the city. The view shows the Swan River, King's Park, and the beautiful May Drive, lined with lemon-scented gums. The stretch of sand is for the landscaping of the new Mitchell Freeway. The Narrows Bridge can be seen curving across to South Perth. In the background is the suburb Applecross.*

Perth Pictures by Ken Hotchkin



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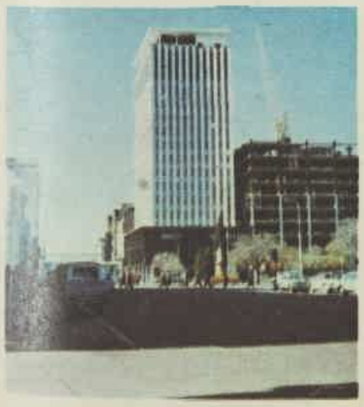
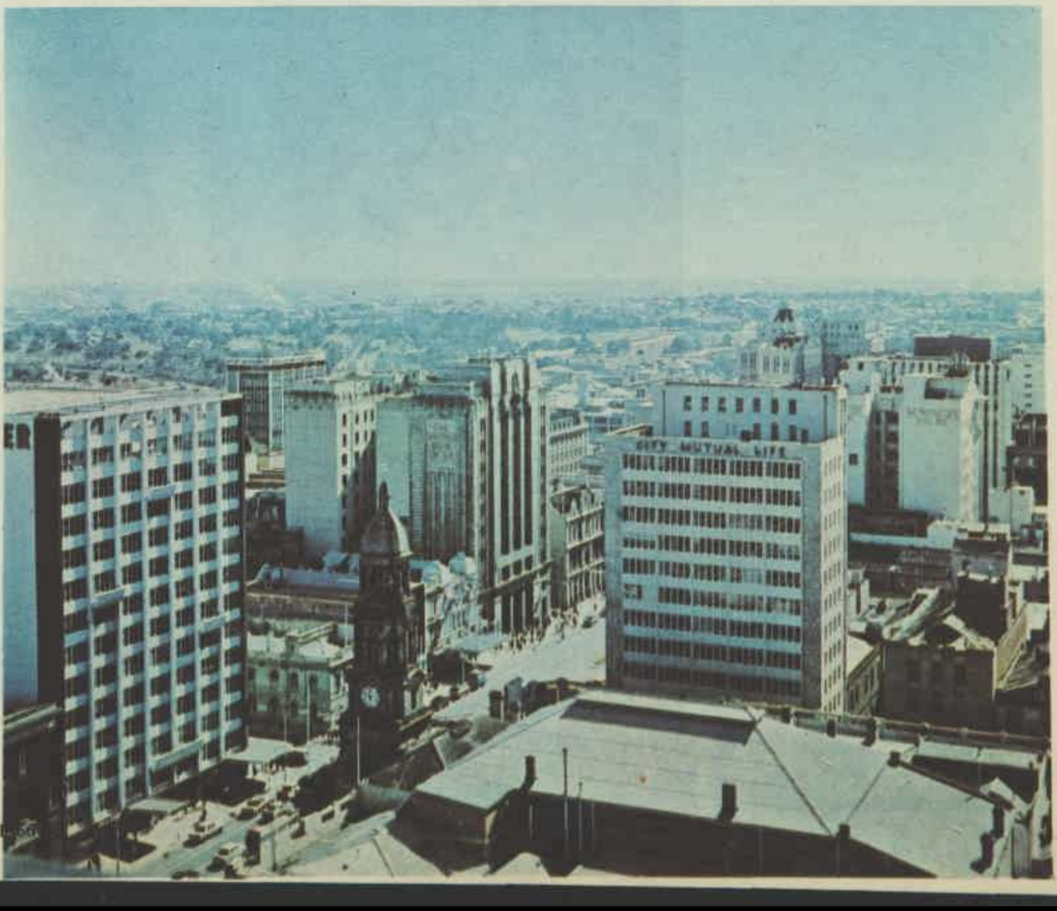


Adelaide *Looking north-west (view at right) from the top of the 17-storey, 223ft.-high Reserve Bank in Victoria Square (picture above), the northern parklands and Montifore Hill are seen beyond a section of King William Street. The Town Hall spire is in the foreground. The proposed Festival Hall is to be built on a site in the centre right of the picture. The Reserve Bank will move to second place (by a mere 19ft.) when the 17-storey, 242ft. AMP building is completed early in 1968.*

Adelaide pictures by Vic Grimmett



Fashion point: Arnel takes the casual approach.
Aywon pants: In Bruck's sleek Arnel sharkskin.
Colours: White, orange, avocado, yellow, aqua, pink, navy or faded blue.
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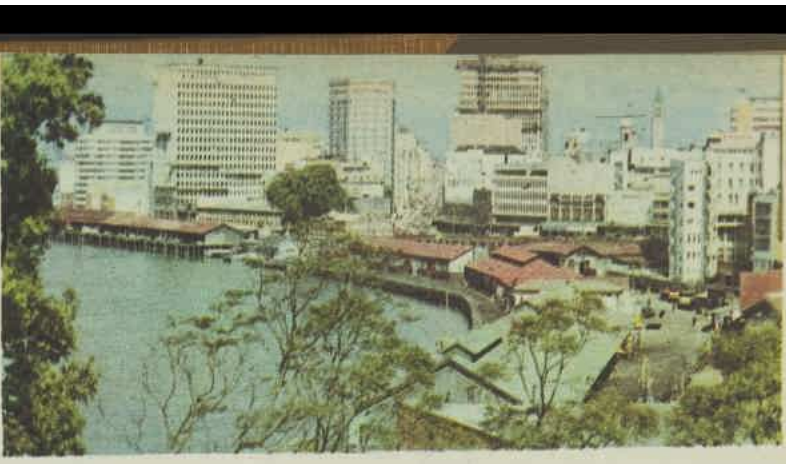
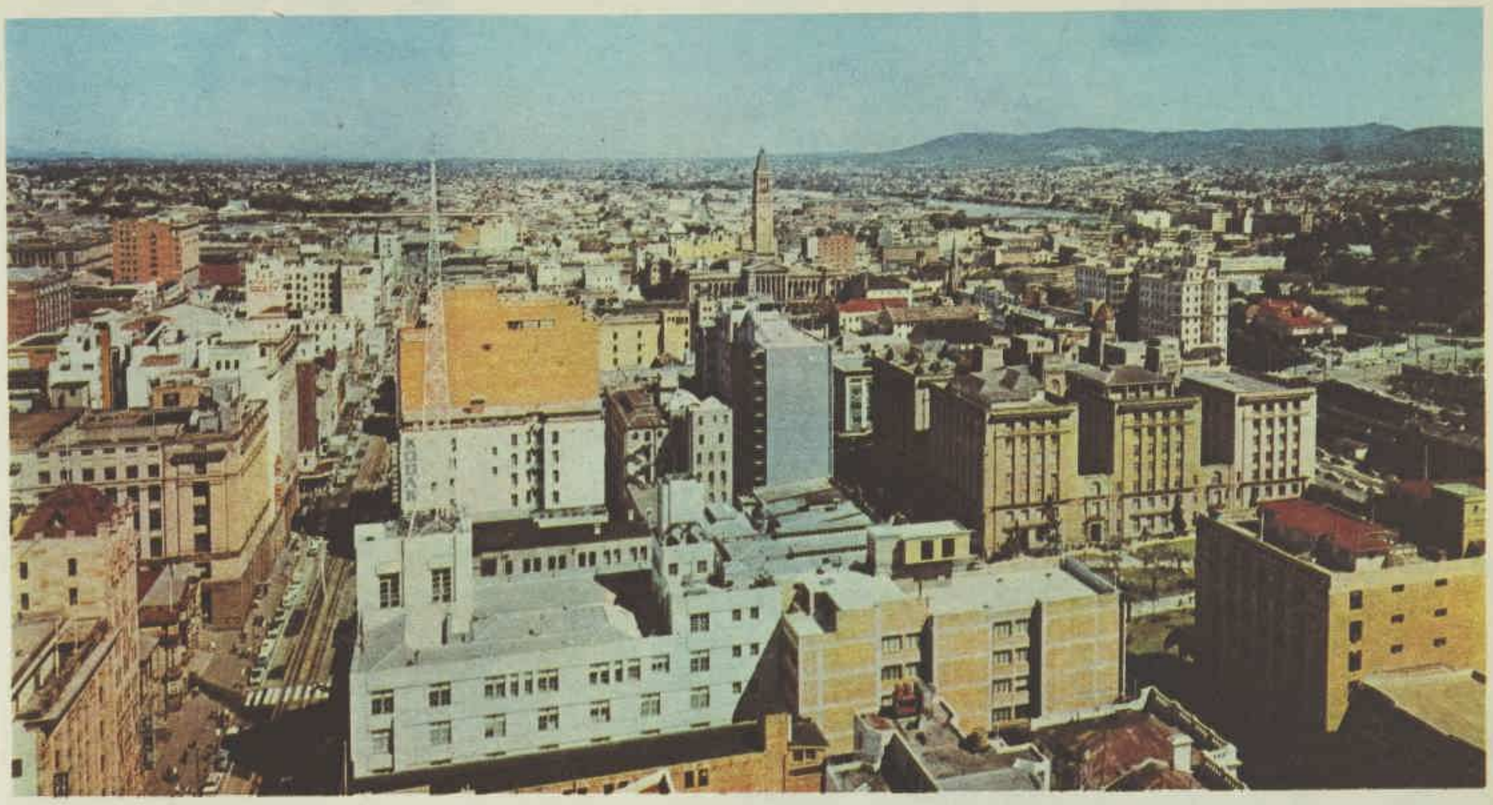
Aywon pants: at N.S.W.: Wimbledon, Grace Bros. VIC.: Myers, Sportsgirl. QLD.: Cullinanes, Players. S.A.: Myer (Adelaide), Chas. Moore. W.A.: Chas. Moore. TAS.: Cox Bros., A. Mather. Ricardo top: at selected stores throughout Australia.
Amcel—lessors of the trade name Arnel. *Arnel is a registered trade mark

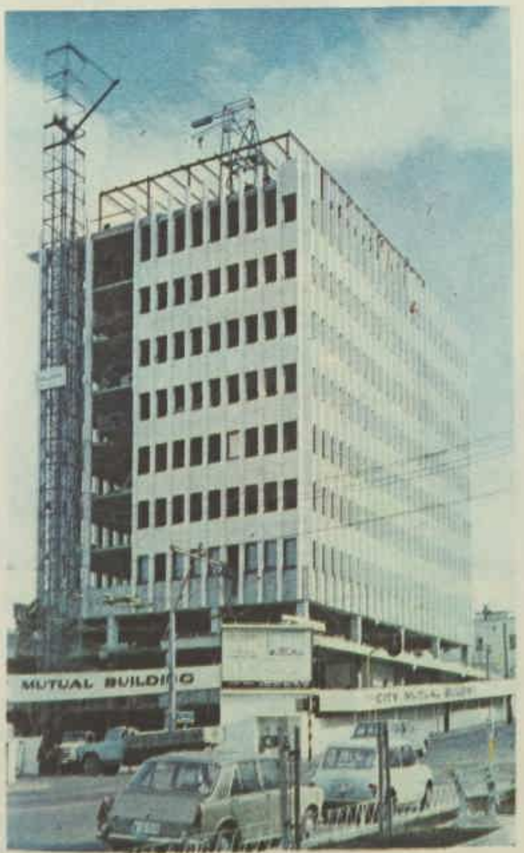
AUSTRALIAN CITIES continued . . .



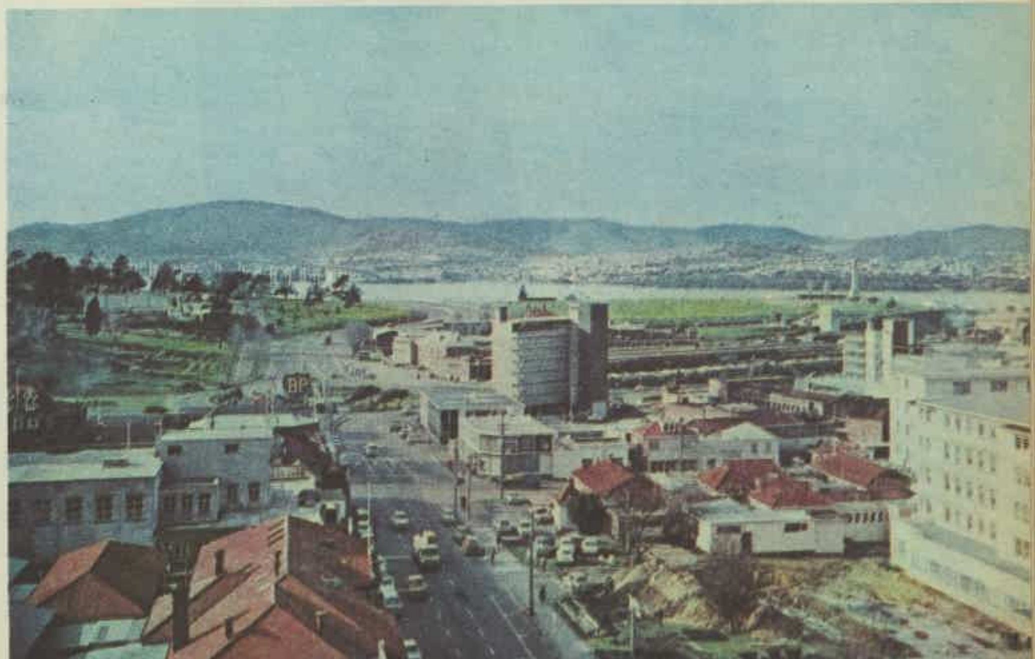
Brisbane *From Story Bridge the skyward development of the commercial end of Brisbane can be seen (picture at right). The city's tallest building, the Manufacturers' Mutual Insurance Ltd., 20 storeys and 293 feet high, is just right of centre. The view below, taken from the roof, shows Queen Street on the left, with the G.P.O. directly at the zebra crossing. On the right is Anzac Square and the Central Railway Station. The City Hall clock stands out in the background, with Brisbane River and the Mount Coot-tha range behind it.*



Brisbane pictures by Bob Millar

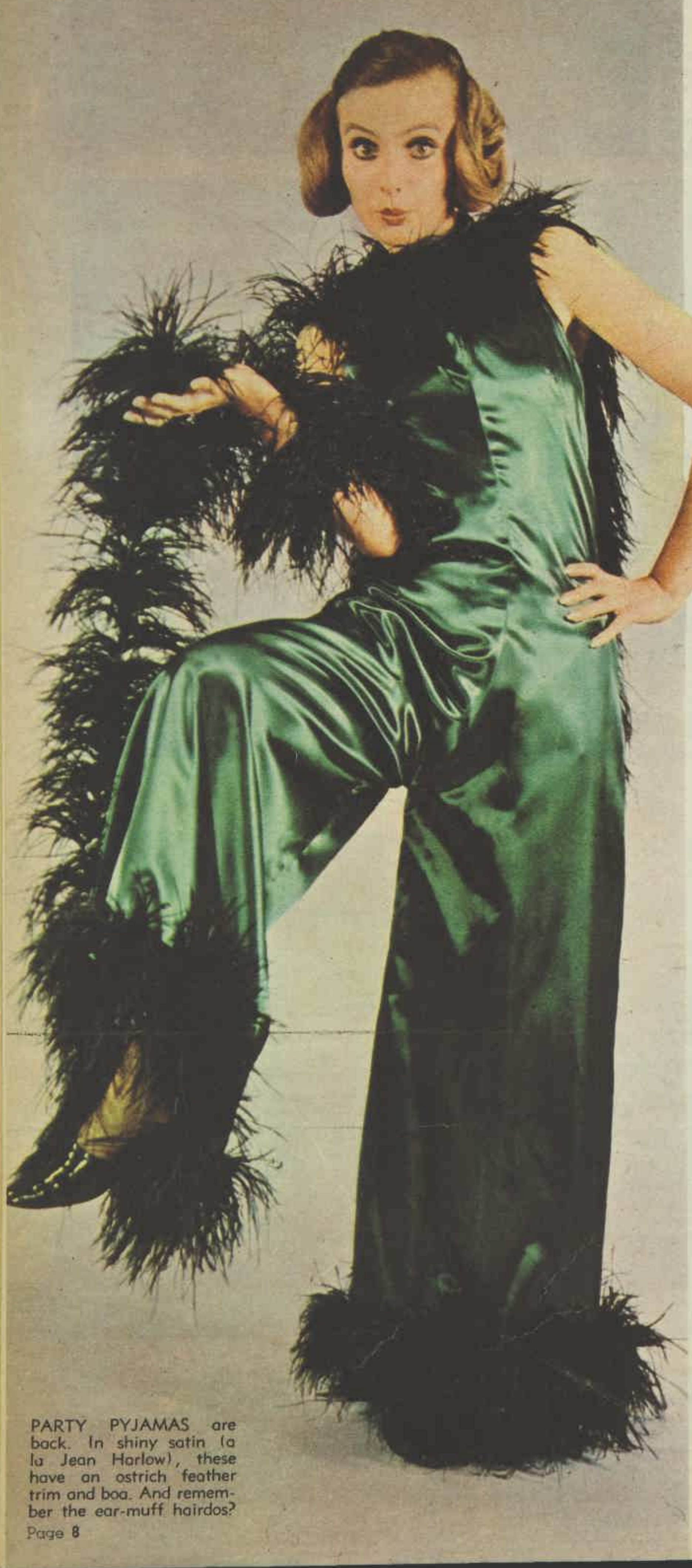


Hobart pictures by Hans Rocke



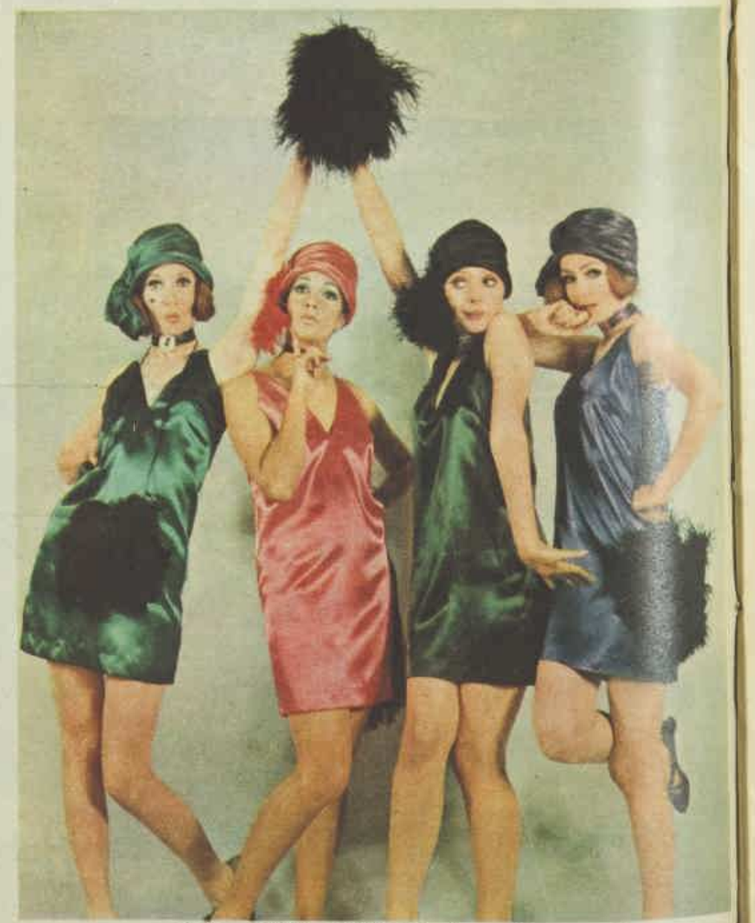
Hobart *The City Mutual Life Assurance Society Ltd.'s new office block (left) is, though still under construction, Hobart's highest building. It has 10 storeys and is 127 feet high. The view from it (above) shows the head of the Derwent Estuary spanned, on the left, by the Tasman Bridge. On the left is the Queen's Domain, and behind the Royal Hobart Hospital (on the right, facing Liverpool Street) is the Central Railway Station.*

HARLOW hits are back . .

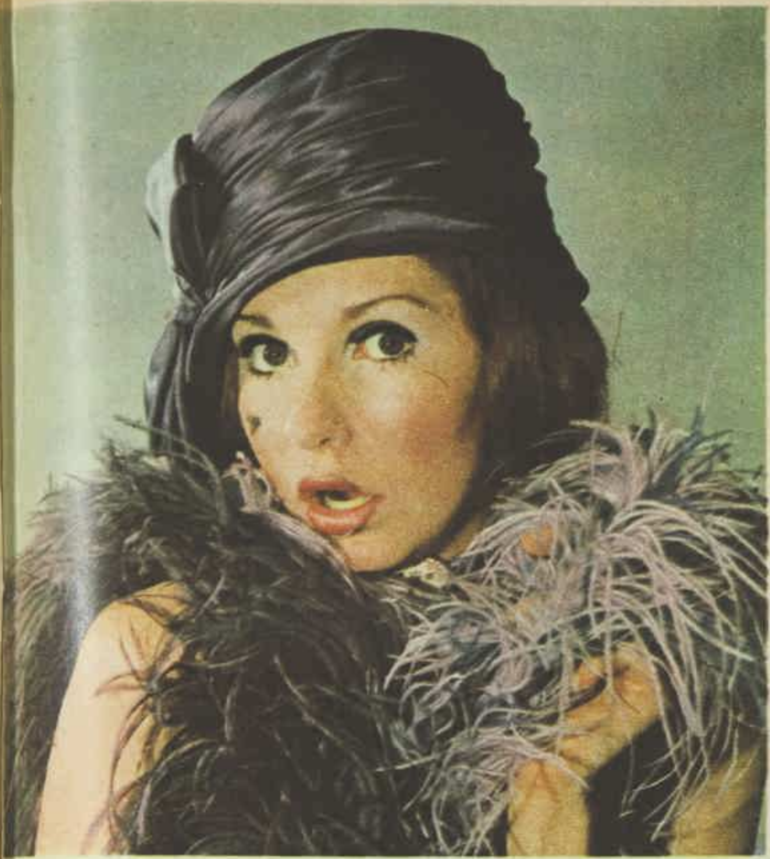


PARTY PYJAMAS are back. In shiny satin (a la Jean Harlow), these have an ostrich feather trim and boa. And remember the ear-muff hairdos?

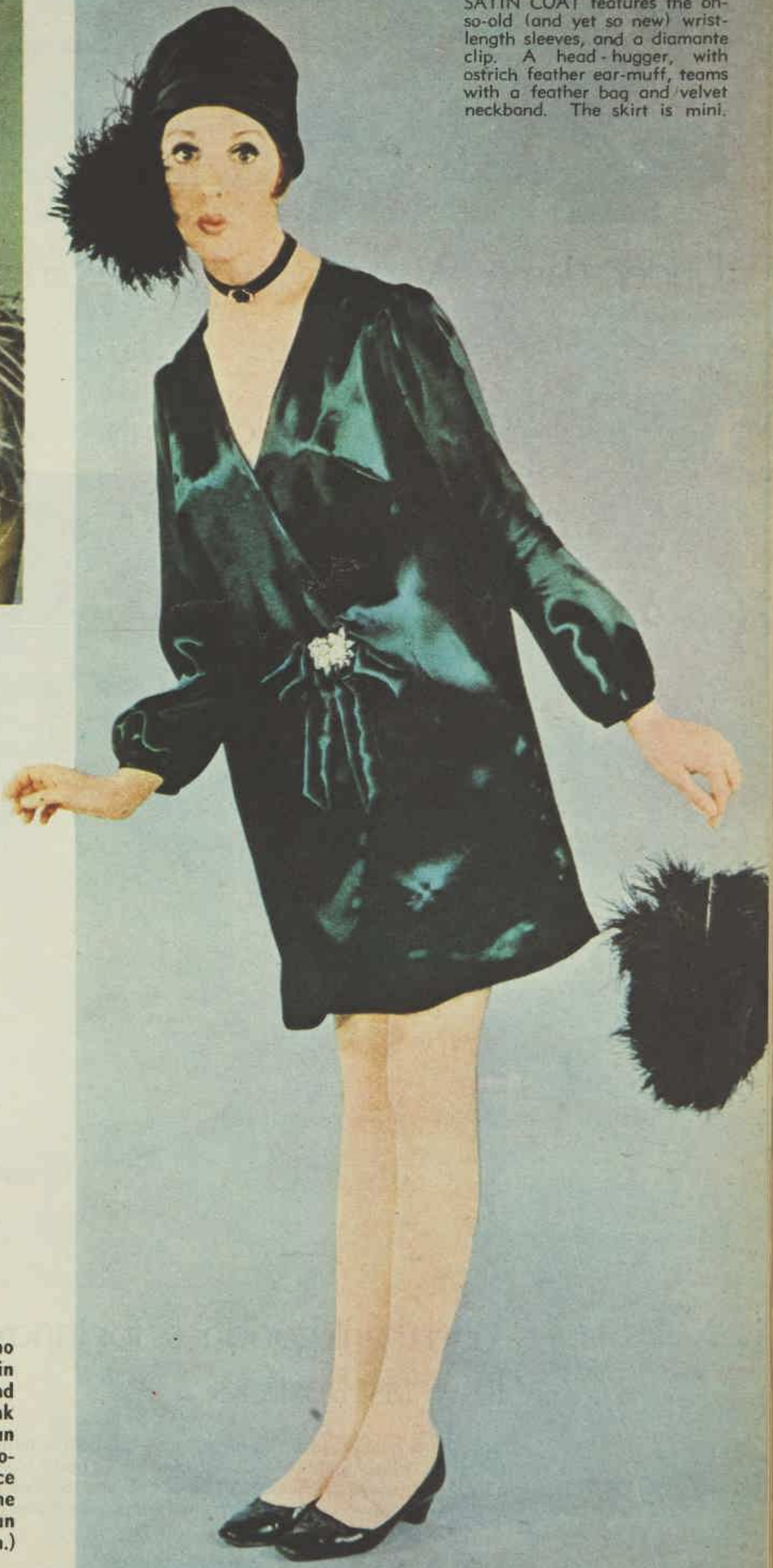
BOOP-BOOP-A-DOOP! The yeah-yeah of yesteryear is back — back in a swinging range of satin shimmies and feather boas, and Australian mods are mad about them. Note the Charleston-like kick at the right.



THE MINI-MINDED love these satin shimmies which flap about six inches above the knee. They match head-hugger hats and are worn with neckbands and old-fashioned party pumps. Mood is happy.



SO OLD, IT'S NEW! The Harlow-cum-Bow Look which has hit Australia is seen here teaming a feather boa, tilted cloche, and the Cupid-bow lips of the '20s. The color chosen adds to the effect.



SATIN COAT features the oh-so-old (and yet so new) wrist-length sleeves, and a diamante clip. A head-hugger, with ostrich feather ear-muff, teams with a feather bag and velvet neckband. The skirt is mini.

with a touch of CLARA BOW

★ In constant search for something new, the mods who turned to something OLD have come up with satin shimmies, feather boas, and velvet neckbands. Teens around the world are rummaging through cobwebby attics and junk shops for old-look gear that could have glamorised Jean Harlow or Clara Bow. "I saw the dollies in London's Portobello Road almost fighting over a bargain boa," said Alice Yates, who runs a Sydney mod boutique. "I hear it's the same in the Flea Markets in Paris and Naples. It's modder than mod to be old-fashioned." (Pictures are by Don Cameron.)

Under a James Wedge hat, your face (from afar) can get away with murder

but zoom into close-up

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INN: P186

Jean Shrimpton

THE RELUCTANT FILM STAR

By Camilla Beach

LONG-LEGGED Jean Shrimpton, the world's No. 1 model, hasn't taken to her new life as a film star. Even three weeks after the shooting of her first movie, "Privilege," began, she was anxious.

A main worry was that her voice had not had proper training. And she'd had no acting lessons.

"And I realise people will go to the film subconsciously expecting me to be a flop," she said.

"That's probably another reason why I'm so nervous."

"Privilege" is a £300,000 (stg.) color film, directed by Paul Watkins, who made the controversial "The War Game." Pop idol Paul Jones, late of the Manfred Mann group, stars opposite the Shrimp.

It has been called a "bitter comedy" about pop idolatry.

Jean plays Vanessa, who is pop singer Stephen Shorter's artist girlfriend. Paul Jones, of course, is Stephen.

The film ends unhappily for the "idolised" Stephen, who is manipulated by a mass of so-called friends, managers, agents, television, and the Press.

It is Vanessa who shows him the light of day. She convinces him that he is a normal young man and not a false god.

And so Steve, who has become in 1970 more popular than the Beatles, makes a public protest on television about certain aspects of his work and is ultimately rejected by his public.

"I enjoy working with Paul," said the Shrimp, tugging at her long, barley-colored hair and trying to curl her upper eyelashes, which frame huge blue eyes.

"But he is so intense and dedicated that he makes me a little nervous at times."

Jean has four smocks and one long evening dress in her film wardrobe—but fashion houses are unlikely to copy them.

"I never follow fashion," said the Shrimp.

"I always wear my clothes about three inches above the knee—the length I wore in Melbourne.

"But I don't wear really short skirts — I just dress as it suits me."

Unlike the Shrimp, Paul is enjoying the publicity and filming.

"I find the role of Steve easier than I expected because I understand the position a pop idol is in," he said.

"There is a line that Steve's publicity manager is supposed to say to an interviewer: 'I know he had a secret meeting with that girl because he didn't tell me.'

"Pop singers in real life have hardly any private life.

"I know a very well-known singer — no names — who was given the ultimatum of give up his girl or chuck in pop singing.

"What an alternative."

Paul had never met the Shrimp before they began the film.

"I am very impressed with her," he said generously.

The idea for the film was suggested by Jean Shrimpton's close friend and escort — actor Terence Stamp. He mentioned it to producer John Heyman, who is agent for Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Richard Harris — and now the Shrimp.

"I was offered a part in 'Casino Royale' — the send-up film of Bond," Jean said.

"But James Bond films bore me silly and I dislike all spy films."

What of a future in films?

"That remains to be seen. If 'Privilege' is a big success I might do another. Or if some marvellous director offered me a part I might accept.

"The stage? No, I don't like the theatre very much.

"My main ambition at the moment is to get married and have children. But when I do get married I want it to work.

"I hear rumors that I am going to break off with Terence Stamp. I can't predict anything about it."

JEAN and PAUL on the "Privilege" set. As Steve Shorter, Paul wears grey early in the film — symbolic of Steve's detention-centre days. Later he wears red (as in the picture), when, as a pop idol, he is pushed into a Bible-plugging campaign. His public protest that he should not be thus used brings about his downfall as an "idol."

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New! Nice'n Easy by Clairol

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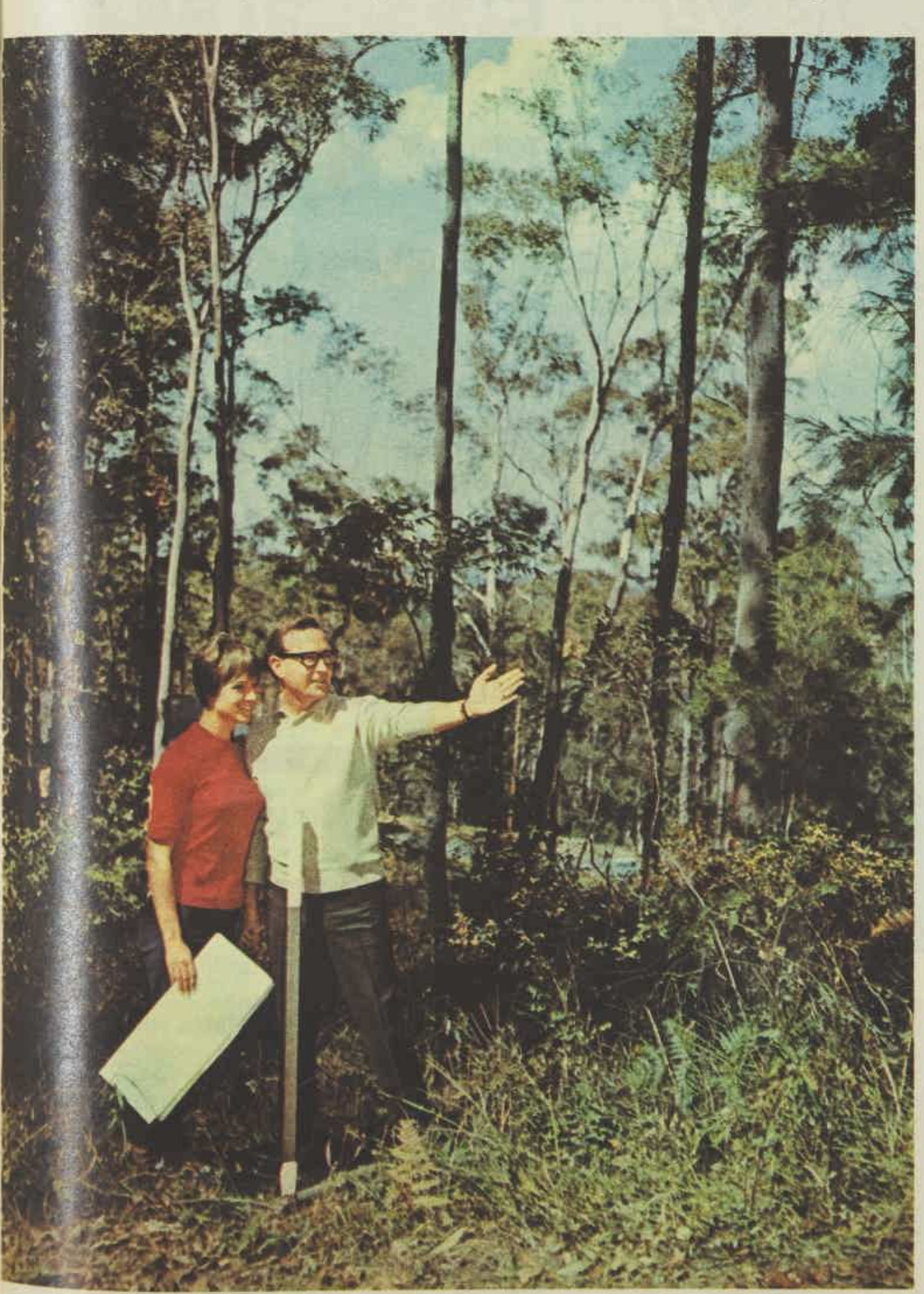
THE HENDERSONS' DREAM HOME

● Take a block of land, a plan for a house, and two heads full of other plans covering everything from neat rows of vegetables to living happily ever after, and you have ingredients of the blissful months ahead of TV personality Brian Henderson and his bride, Mardi.



THE HENDERSONS plot the boundaries on their bushland block at Wahroonga, a suburb on Sydney's upper North Shore. The block, 60ft. wide, runs steeply uphill for 255 feet and tapers off into a park-like gum-tree reserve.

BRIAN and MARDI HENDERSON with the blue ostrich-feather pen which they are using as a decorating theme in their bedroom.

Television

THE Hendersons, married four months, spend their spare moments away from Brian's busy schedule at TCN9 at their block of land, where builders are about to take over and disturb the bushland quiet, the maidenhair and wildflowers that riot everywhere.

They are building an imaginative three-level dream home planned to nestle into the side of a hill.

It is not going to be a large house, nor is it going to be small.

"I hate a very big house," Brian told me. "I don't want this house to be too big. I like a house that is all used, all lived in."

They found what they wanted in a demonstration house, and settled for it with a few individual touches.

The house has three levels. The front door leads into a vestibule and ground floor, made up of dining-room, family room, cloakroom, laundry, and kitchen.

From the vestibule, seven steps lead down to the lounge and bar-room, which connect with double doors; five steps lead up to the bedroom floor, where there are three bedrooms, two bathrooms.

The house will be built in bricks the color of candied honey, with dark brown woodwork and deep chocolate tiles.

Inside, the carpet in the vestibule, lounge, and bar-room will be a "greeny" color, with furnishings of warm yellows, orange tonings, brown, and beige.

The master bedroom, with its own bathroom, will be carpeted in beige and have peachy-apricot Thai silk curtains to the floor.

One of its main color notes will be the vivid blue ostrich-feather pen that Brian gave Mardi. She plans to keep it on her dressing-table, build the color touches in the bedroom round it.

Mardi, only 19, is a girl with a practical mind who knows what she wants. Everything is planned — color schemes, furnishings, even a concealed clothesline.

She hates a clothesline in any shape to be a permanent fixture in a backyard. The Henderson clothesline will live permanently in a neat box, become uncoiled and orthodox only on washing day.

The Henderson back-yard-garden-courtyard is split level, too, and you can be sure one level will be kept for sunbaking. Both Mardi and Brian are sun-lovers, spend whatever time they can outdoors.

Their garden plans are vague, except that Brian is determined to grow vegetables.

"I'm not interested in a flower garden," he said. "But I find great aesthetic pleasure in neat, ordered rows of young carrots, lettuce, and other vegetables."

Garden plans are hardly necessary on such a picturesque timbered block. As well as straight gums, wild wattle trees are everywhere, and the house has a long-long view that they assure me takes in a view of Sydney's Harbor Bridge on a clear day.

—NAN MUSGROVE

scintillating glassware by CROWN . . .

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GWYNETH JONES

● An Australian girl's climb to the country of the Sherpas

HIGH SPIRITS IN THE HIMALAYAS

● The writer, on a mountain pony, explores a hill track outside Katmandu, capital of the little kingdom of Nepal. At left, looking toward the Himalayan main range, a photograph taken during her five-day walk to a Sherpa village 11,000 feet above sea-level. Miss Jones began her travels by visiting Japan for the Olympic Games in 1964.

THE Globe Cafe in Katmandu, in the foothills of the Himalayas, is the meeting-place for young travellers from all over the world who have been drawn to Nepal by the prospect of seeing Mt. Everest and doing some climbing and trekking.

There the food is cheap and filling, if none too clean.

A cup of tea containing sour, oily buffalo milk for the equivalent of two cents; a plate of fried rice, eight cents; a steak from a tough old buffalo killed just outside the cafe, ten cents.

The meals are served by a dirty, ragged, barefoot little Nepalese boy who earns 5/- a month in wages, works 14 hours a day, never going to school—and is loved by all the travellers.

Here they sit, sometimes all day, drinking innumerable cups of tea, exchanging travel notes and ideas, discussing plans for a trek in the Himalayas.

And there was I, having hitch-hiked from India to Nepal on top of a loaded truck driven by a Sikh.

Katmandu is 4000ft. above sea-level in one of the most beautiful valleys in the world, and I had the idea of travelling on from there into the mountains.

How to go about organising a trek? None of the young men drinking the oily tea in the Globe Cafe was willing to take a woman along with him into the Himalayas — women were considered a nuisance and a hindrance.

I was lucky. After waiting for a week I met an English girl who had the same idea as myself—she also was a lone traveller.

We decided to attempt a trek together, our destination the high Sherpa village of Tarke Kiang in the district of Halumbu, a distance of 70 miles there and back, which would mean climbing to an altitude of 11,000ft.

By GWYNETH JONES

— a physical education instructor, formerly with the Victorian Education Department, who has been travelling in Asia and Europe.

After obtaining a trekking permit and buying rice, bread, cheese, and a little tinned food, we set off together late one afternoon. We had only vague directions, but we knew which small village we must reach each evening and hoped for the best.

We hitch-hiked to the end of the road and spent the first night sheltering from rain under a shop veranda in a tiny settlement at the bottom of a mountain. We were awakened the next morning by the sounds of dogs, goats, pigs, and buffaloes. Fowls were pecking at the food in our rucksacks.

That day was physically the worst as up, up, and up we climbed, winding through forests, tiny villages of mud huts with straw roofs, and terraced rice-fields tilled by buffaloes drawing ancient wooden ploughs.

As we climbed we met groups of the hill tribesmen called Tamangs, people easily distinguishable from the Sherpas, who live at higher altitudes. The women wear brightly colored skirts with large bands of material wound round their waists, colored blouses (usually red), large gold earrings, beads of stones, and occasionally a gold ring through the nose.

All the hill-tribe people carry huge loads of wood or fodder in large straw baskets, with the weight taken on the forehead by a woven band. A group of children carrying these baskets saw my friend and me struggling painfully up the mountain, and one little 12-year-old offered to carry my rucksack, for money, of course.

I declined her offer, but out of curiosity I picked up her younger sister's basket full of firewood, just to see how heavy it was.

When I placed the band round my forehead and took the weight, my head was jerked back so hard that I fell on my back, much to the amusement of the young girls.

To page 48

British

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KITCHEN DESIGN No. 1: GLOSS-MASTA COLOURS. Walls: Candlelight. Ceiling: Mist Green. Cornice: Pure White. Top Cupboards: Driftwood with Olive Trims. Bottom Cupboards: Olive with Driftwood Trims. Interior of Cupboards: Driftwood. Skirting: Black. Door: Driftwood. Window & Trims: Pure White.

KITCHEN DESIGN No. 2: GLOSS-MASTA COLOURS. Walls: Blue Grey. Ceiling: Beachwood. Cornice: Pure White. Top Cupboards: Blue Grey. Interior of Cupboards: Pure White. Bottom Cupboards: Clear. Door: Beachwood. Skirting & Trims: Pure White.

KITCHEN DESIGN No. 3: GLOSS-MASTA COLOURS. Walls: Burmese Gold. Ceiling: Pure White. Cupboards: Pure White and Burmese Gold Trim. Skirting: Black. Door, Windows & Trim: Pure White.

KITCHEN DESIGN No. 4: GLOSS-MASTA COLOURS. Walls: Peach Glow. Ceiling and Cornice: Pure White. Cupboards: Oxford Blue. Interior of Cupboards: Duck-Egg Blue. Door: Pure White. Skirting, Windows & Trims: Pure White.

KITCHEN DESIGN No. 5: GLOSS-MASTA COLOURS. Walls: Chartreuse. Ceiling: Apricot Tint. Cornice: Pure White. Cupboards: Cuban Tan. Interior of Cupboards: Chartreuse. Skirting: Black. Windows & Trims: Pure White. Door: Apricot Tint.

KITCHEN DESIGN No. 6: GLOSS-MASTA COLOURS. Walls: Shadow Lime. Ceiling: River Sand. Cupboards: Pure White. Interior of Cupboards: River Sand. Skirting: Black. Door & Trims: Shadow Lime.

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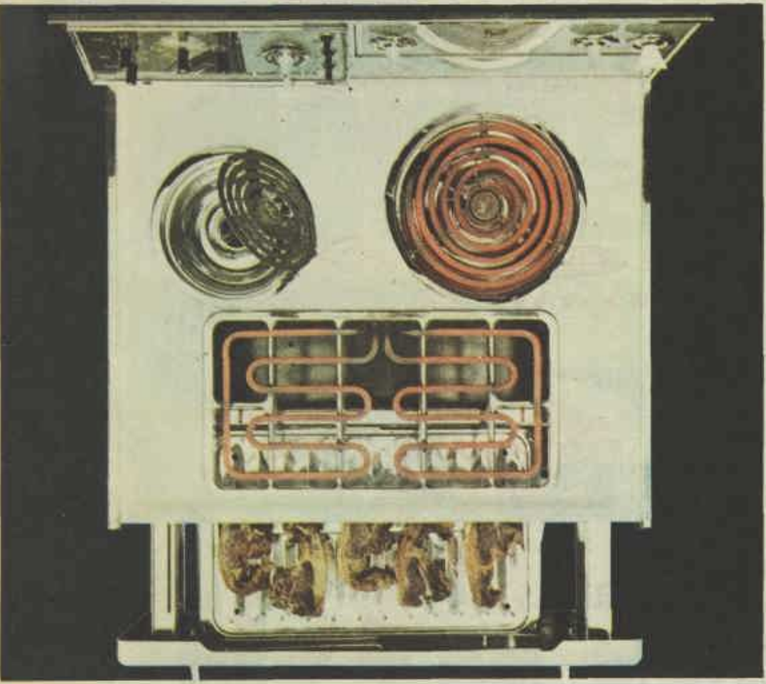

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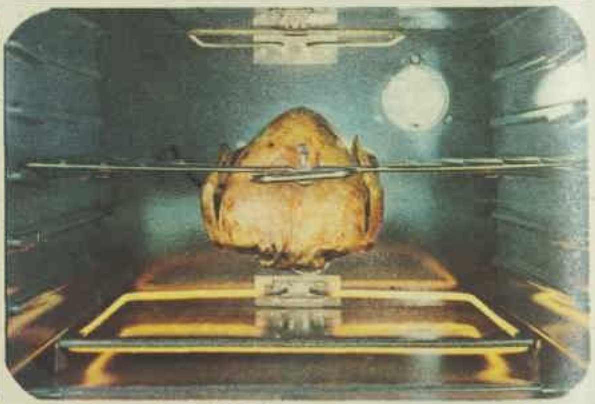

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See these five exciting new Simpson Styleline Electric Ranges soon. They bring you a unique combination of features—features you need. There's a Simpson Electric Range for every kitchen plan and budget.

NEW FOR '67!

SIMPSON

SERGEANT HEALY (played by Clive Barlow) fires at the escaping convict Owens (Alan Williams) in a historical re-enactment.

In the wild colonial days

- ***"Shoot this fellow!" the struggling constable called out to his sergeant. "Shoot the sergeant!" yelled the desperate convicts. And a crowd of onlookers, their collars turned up against the rain, watched with interest. It was better than a Western.***

Story by JUDE AINSWORTH, pictures by DON CAMERON

"POLICE Bravery in the Bargo Brush" was the title of a re-enactment at Picton, recently, of a fracas between convicts and police which took place a hundred years ago about ten miles from that spot.

Twenty-one members of the Wild Colonial Days Society took part, and many other members who had come out from Sydney with them watched with some townspeople.

The society's main purpose, since it was founded three years ago, has been to stage re-enactments of particularly stirring events from the colonial period.

Members enthusiastically contend that Australia's colonial past was wilder than the American Wild West.

"We want to preserve the Australian heritage, which is being lost in the flood of foreign things on television and in films," said the group's historical researcher, Peter Smith.

"Police Bravery in the Bargo Brush" was re-enacted in aid of the local Apex Club's fund-raising drive to build a community swimming-pool.

The title of the incident was taken from a newspaper headline of the period, and the details of the events of that day a century ago were compiled by Peter Smith from the records.

On April 14, 1866, 11 convicts who had been working as stone-cutters at Berrima Jail were being taken by coach to help in the building of a new wing at Sydney's Darlinghurst Jail.

A sergeant and three constables of the N.S.W. Mounted Police were their guard.

The sullen prisoners were not only handcuffed—they were linked by a single marching chain. At noon, while the coach was halted at the Bargo Inn, near Picton, some of them plotted an escape. They had got hold of a key for the handcuffs.

After lunch the publican, Mr. Whatmore, joined the escort as a passenger.

Convict Crookwell diverted Constable Kilpatrick's attention by pointing to something on the near side of the coach, thus giving convict Owens the chance to release his handcuffs, then release Crookwell's.

"Now give it to them!" cried Crookwell, seizing Kilpatrick, while Owens grabbed Constable Raymond from behind. Convict Berryman grabbed at Raymond's rifle, and convicts Weaver and Slattery reached forward and tried to pull Sergeant Healy backwards into the body of the coach.

Healy sprang forward, falling on to the bar between the horses. Shaking his head to regain his senses, he ran round to the side of the coach to see his three constables struggling with the prisoners. Crookwell was trying to wrest a carbine from Constable Kilpatrick, who called out to his superior, "Shoot this fellow!"

Healy's new breech-loading rifle misfired. In desperation he grasped it by the barrel and swung it at convict Smith (who was attacking Constable Mitchell) but missed.

Meanwhile, convict Hindmarsh was standing upright and insisting that he had no part in the rebellion. Convicts Bland, Forster, and Webster had fallen to the floor and also took no part.

Smith viciously bit Constable Mitchell's nose. Constable Raymond managed to climb from the coach, and stood threatening the convicts with his revolver. Crookwell was in the coach brandishing Constable Kilpatrick's revolver, and Sergeant Healy threatened, "If you don't lay that down I'll blow your brains out."

"Shoot the b—— sergeant!" cried convict Weaver.

"Shoot the b——!" agreed Smith, Lee, and Slattery.

"Fire, fire!" urged convict Berryman.

"You b——!" said Crookwell, and fired. The bullet missed the sergeant, but killed Constable Raymond instantly.

Sergeant Healy returned the fire, shooting Slattery in the small of the back, forcing him to let go his hold on Constable Mitchell. Mitchell's rifle accidentally discharged, shooting the unoffending Bland.

Amid the din, convict Owens leapt from the coach and ran down the road. Sergeant Healy ordered him to stop, and fired at him. Owens fell to the ground shouting, "For God's sake, don't fire any more. I'm shot." In fact, he was only terrified, and Healy handcuffed him.

The two constables had now got out of the coach. Crookwell saw the position was hopeless and surrendered.

Meanwhile, a clergyman and an elderly gentleman from Picton had ridden up. Mr. Whatmore, who had been holding the horses, took the old gentleman's horse and rode to Picton for help. Two constables arrived from Picton.

When convicts Lee and Smith called on Picton Constable Zglenitski for water he had to tell them it was not possible in that place. They shouted abuse at him, and Smith tried to snatch his revolver; Zglenitski shot him in the arm (which was later amputated).

In the upshot Crookwell was hanged, Weaver, Owens, Slattery, Lee, and Berryman got life, and the police were officially commended for their courage.

For the re-enactment the Wild Colonial Days Society used a dray instead of a coach, and borrowed horses from a farmer.

Other on-the-spot re-enactments have included Ben Hall's hold-up of Canowindra in 1863, and the shooting of Hall at Forbes in 1865.

Even if they don't have an acting part, most of the 70 members go along on the country trips. (There are another 30 members in the Queensland branch.)

The members' historical interests extend to folksinging, country dancing, and collecting colonial things. "It's not just a society, it's a way of life," quipped Michael Gleeson.

Sure enough at Picton no one looked the slightest bit uncomfortable or out of place in their colonial gear. One lass even hitched up her long gingham dress and rode off on horseback across the paddocks.

The enthusiastic commitment was pointed up by Peter Smith's wry comment as the group drove past a golfcourse during the Sydney-Picton trip in pouring rain: "Look at those mad people playing golf in the rain!"

THE CONSTABLES manage to subdue the convicts' uprising just as a clergyman (Dennis Paget) arrives on the scene.

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PC 11

Television

SING A SONG OF JOY

● Bruce Menzies, right, of TCN9, with his bride-to-be, Eva Robey, and some of the choir boys at a wedding rehearsal at St. Stephen's, Willoughby. The boy at right, wearing the silver medallion on the red ribbon garland, is head chorister Gary Pearce. Below: Bruce and Eva with the choir boys at St. Stephen's.

Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt

BRUCE MENZIES, popular anchorman on TCN9 who reads the news headlines, narrates and presents "Name to Remember," and plays sidekick to "Tonight" show compere Don Lane, marries Eva Robey at St. Stephen's Church of England, Willoughby, on October 22.

During the rehearsal of their wedding, Bruce and his bride, Eva, chose the music with the help of organist and choirmaster Paul Edgar and the surpliced choir boys.

Choirmaster Edgar asked the boys which anthem they would like to sing at the wedding. Their answer, a unanimous shout, "'Sing a Song of Joy,' sir," seemed to me to be the ideal choice for this bride and groom.

For Bruce and Eva it is a very special day, but it is also a special day for all Channel 9 staffers who saw Bruce meet Eva and watched their courtship.

Eva, now 21, started her business life at 17 at TCN9 as a film handler, and is now a vision and audio mixer in Master Control at TCN9.

She met Bruce two years ago, two years after she started work, at a news rehearsal, on an occasion which she says didn't impress her particularly—didn't cause that romantic conflagration called love at first sight.

What it did cause was an obvious steady glow that deepened and grew until they announced their engagement in December, 1965.

—NAN MUSGROVE

IN CANBERRA: Mrs. John Howse (left), of Forrest, Canberra, talks with the architect of the new Cinema Centre, Dr. Enrico Taglietti, and Mrs. Taglietti at the opening of the Centre and premiere of the film "Dr. Zhivago." Funds raised at the opening night will aid the Children's Medical Research Foundation.

LONDON WEDDING: Mr. and Mrs. Michael Latimer after their marriage at the Chelsea Town Hall. The bride was Miss Sheena Bancks, daughter of Mrs. Jimmy Bancks, of Woollahra, and of the late Mr. Bancks. They will live at Hampstead, near London.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

by
Mollie Lyons

MELBOURNE'S Cup Week this year will be one of the most activity-packed on record for racegoers . . . calendars are crammed with parties, dinners, and balls.

Scores of interstate and country visitors will join in the Cup celebrations and will be guests of city friends at private parties and dinners.

The Governor-General, Lord Casey, and Lady Casey will see the Cup, and will stay at their home, "Edrington," Berwick.

The Governor, Sir Roden Cutler, and Lady Cutler plan to go to Melbourne for the racing carnival and will be guests at Government House.

The Governor of Victoria, Sir Rohan Delacombe, and Lady Delacombe will also have as house guests Mr. and Mrs. W. Weatherly, of "Woolongoon," Mortlake, Victoria, Mr. and Mrs. S. Osborne and their son, Mr. John Osborne, of "Redbank," Harden, Miss Louisa Jones, of Melbourne, and Vice-Admiral C. P. Mills, RN, and Mrs. Mills, who will come from Singapore in time for the Oaks.

JUST WED: Leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, after their marriage are Mr. and Mrs. Terence Brown. The bride was formerly Miss Patricia Dudley, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Dudley, of Darling Point. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Brown, of Christchurch, New Zealand. They will honeymoon in Acapulco for two weeks before continuing on to New York for an extended stay.

ONE of the largest and brightest Cup parties in Sydney this year will be the cold buffet luncheon the Peter Pan Committee will hold at the Roy Cootes' home at Bellevue Hill on Cup Day. President Mrs. Norman Hill told me that the guests will be served by a team of workers from the committee at small umbrella-sheltered tables scattered around the garden. The 250 guests will be able to join in sweeps, and plan to watch the big race on television. Sidelight of the afternoon will be the raffle of a patchwork quilt on display at the boutique of Christmas gifts.

★ ★ ★

BY the way, my mouth was watering before I had read even one quarter of the recipes in the "Lunching with Peter Pan" recipe book, which the Peter Pan Committee has published to aid the kindergarten. So many people I know have contributed recipes, and I was so amused to read at the end of the Heart of Hearts Salad given by Trevor Potts that a "good patch of dill could be found in Cooper Park near Manning Road, Double Bay." The book is obtainable at leading stores and bookshops in Sydney, and at Helen's at Double Bay and Gordon.

★ ★ ★

WHAT a wonderful idea Mr. and Mrs. Jock Pagan have thought up for a get-together with their Melbourne friends during their stay down there for the Cup. They have booked a small Italian restaurant called The Little Reata for the night of October 31, and plan to spend an informal evening with cocktails, dinner, and talking and dancing later.

★ ★ ★

AND another departure from Sydney is that of the John Hendersons, who are particularly looking forward to Cup Week and the opportunity of seeing their daughter and son-in-law, Kerry and Trevor Spry. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, who are driving down to Melbourne on October 26, will be staying with them at their home at Toorak for a week.

★ ★ ★

SOPRANO Elsa Haas, on vacation from Melbourne University Conservatorium, where she is a lecturer in Singing, will give a song recital on October 24 at Dr. and Mrs. Jock Barrie's home at Woollahra. Dr. Barrie, who is the minister of St. Columba Presbyterian Church, has a fine baritone voice and was one of her students in Melbourne. Among the guests will be Dr. and Mrs. Philip Parsons. Dr. Parsons, Senior Lecturer in Drama at the University of New South Wales, is looking forward to comparing notes with Miss Haas, who teaches stagecraft to aspiring operatic singers and has recently returned from a 14-month tour of musical centres in Europe and the United States.

★ ★ ★

A TELEPHONE call from London broke the exciting news to Mrs. E. M. Gwyer, of Penrith, of her daughter Merrin's engagement to Englishman Nicholas Holroyd. Nicholas is the son of Mrs. Margareta Holroyd, of Finchley, in London, and of the late Mr. N. J. Holroyd. Merrin, who recently returned to England after six months in South Africa, was born in Cornwall, and came out to Australia with her mother some years ago. She went back four years ago.

A 'SWEET' WAY TO GIVE health-giving VITAMIN C

A 'sweet' idea to give your whole family supplementary vitamin C is DELROSA Syrup as a dessert topping!

DELROSA is vitamin C from nature's richest storehouse—'rose hips' which grow wild on the English moors. 4 times richer than the equivalent amount of fresh orange juice, DELROSA is less acid, and contains more energy-giving glucose. Fully imported from the U.K. DELROSA Rose Hip Syrup, from chemists and health food stores. 6 fl. ozs., 72c (7/3); 12 fl. ozs., $1.18 (11/9).

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nourished!

If your hair is dry, dead, straggly — if tell-tale scales of scalp skin are showing — your hair is suffering from oil starvation.

Women's hair is continuously starved for natural oil due to excessive lacquering, perming, bleaching or colour treatments.

Both women and men suffer hair starvation through excess exposure to salt water and sun.

It's useless to slick ordinary dressings through your hair, hoping to clear up scalp scale and restore life-giving oil. Don't compromise. There's only one certain way to nourish dry hair — and surprisingly, it's fast and simple.

HERE'S WHAT TO DO
Once a week, shampoo your hair, rinse thoroughly, and towel-off excess water. Massage a generous quantity of Napro Hair Vitalizer vigorously into hair and scalp with fingertips. Leave on hair 5 to 15 minutes. Rinse off with warm (not hot) water.

Instantly, hair is supple again. Scale is whisked away. Scalp shines clear as a new-born babe's. All because Napro Vitalizer gets lacquer-locked scalp glands working again, re-nourishes lacquer-dry hair with life-giving oil.

The 65 cent Napro tube contains four generous treatments.

Don't compromise. Vitalize!

NV3

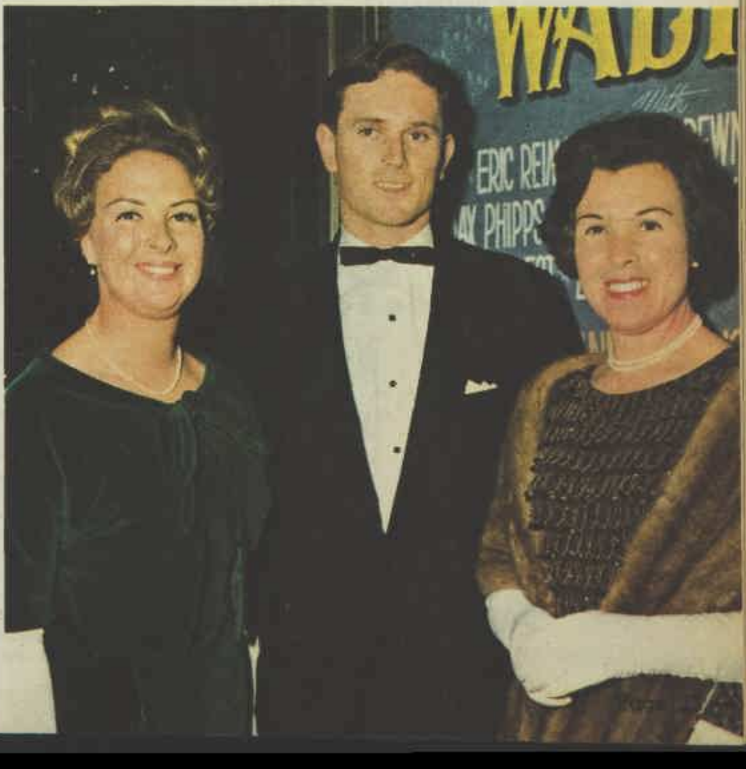
AT RIGHT: Mrs. D. L. Trindall (left) talks with Mr. and Mrs. Lance Prior at the premiere of the film "The Spy in Lace Panties," at the Liberty Theatre. The evening was organised by a committee of women called "The Undercover Girls," of which Mrs. Prior is the honorary treasurer and Mrs. Trindall is a member.

AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. J. L. King at the charity premiere of the film "The Spy in Lace Panties," held at the Liberty Theatre. Proceeds from the opening night will aid the workshops of the Civilian Maimed and Limbless Association.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Pockley after their marriage at the Garrison Church, The Rocks, with their attendants, Miss Sandra Davidson (left) and Miss Rae Johnston. The bride was formerly Miss Patsy O'Donnell, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Roy O'Donnell, of Tenterfield. The bridegroom is the elder son of Dr. and Mrs. John Pockley, of Double Bay. They will honeymoon in South Australia before they return to Sydney, where they will live at Birchgrove.

BELOW: Mr. David Ross, of "Wonga," Harden, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ross, of "Garangula," Harden, and Miss Sue Lloyd, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lloyd, of Bellevue Hill, who have announced their engagement. Miss Lloyd will leave for overseas in November for three months. On her return, she and her fiance will plan their wedding.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. Bill Nuttall (right) with her daughter, Miss Roslynne Nuttall, and Mr. John Hungerford at the premiere of the musical "The Great Waltz," at Her Majesty's Theatre. It was organised by the Spastic Centre Ladies' Committee and proceeds from the night will aid the Spastic Centre, Mosman.



NEXT WEEK

★ Peter Rabbit, Sailor Jack, and Black Sambo are only a few of the 20 irresistible toys to knit for Christmas in a 16-page lift-out . . .

FUN TOYS
TO KNIT FOR
CHRISTMAS

As well, there are glamor new fashions to knit for teen dolls, giving a wonderful choice of easy-to-make gifts to delight every child on Christmas morning.

AND

- World's most eligible bachelor.

CHARLES COMES OF AGE

The Prince who learnt to laugh in Australia comes of age on November 14, his 18th birthday. A look at his future . . .

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

★ In COLOR, you will see . . .

- The taming of Elizabeth Taylor in the film of "The Taming of the Shrew."
- The old cottage a bachelor renovated to his own taste for only $80.
- A young Dutch woman, who runs Melbourne Zoo's animal hospital, with some of her young charges.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

- Decorated with witches, black cats, and pumpkin lanterns, recipes for a . . .

Teenagers' Hallowe'en Party

—They're ideal for a teen party any time.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

You can't shift the shift

The shift stays at the top of popular fashion. In color, the new summer shifts.

LADY BIRD JOHNSON IS "SELF-POSSESSED — NEITHER OVER-CONFIDENT NOR OVERBEARING, BUT SIMPLY . . . AT PEACE WITH HERSELF"

- The President looks up at his wife as she takes a phone call at "LBJ" Ranch.

By MARGARET R. WILKINS

—an American reporter who came to Australia two months ago to settle with her family (she has four children). She is a Virginian and worked on the "Virginian-Pilot" in Norfolk on every beat from police to politics. As "the world's only pregnant waterfront reporter," her condition so fascinated the sea unions that she "got an unprecedented amount of news." Now living at Frankston, Victoria, she was with Mrs. Johnson on a campaign tour.

WHEN I first saw Lady Bird Johnson, she was basking on a beach, languidly sifting sand through her fingers and chatting with her daughters.

They were alone. No Secret Service agents hovered, no crowds collected; had I not been a reporter I doubt that I would have recognised her, for few Americans did. Dallas was still months away. And Lady Bird Johnson, wife of the then Vice-President, was almost unknown to the general public.

She rose to greet me, dusting the sand from her legs and then extending her hand. And in the brief interview that followed I gathered an impression of her which succeeding years have only reinforced.

She is one of the most self-possessed women I have ever observed. Neither over-confident nor overbearing, but simply self-possessed — a woman at peace with herself.

The quality does not rule out an utter humanness. Unlike those trained for public life, she shows emotion honestly and immediately, whether in a small group or on nationwide television.

I have seen her frightened, shaken by grief—and laughing until the tears ran down her face. But never have I seen her make a serious political error or lose her ability to think and act intelligently.

Americans may have first sensed the strength in their First Lady when, during the weeks after the agony of Dallas, it was revealed that Mrs. Johnson had almost immediately shut herself into a room with a tape-recorder and dictated all she could remember of the assassination, in the belief that first impressions might later yield clues.

She had been First Lady only a few hours.

Her voice faltered throughout the tape, which was later played back to the investigating committee. There were murmured references to Jacqueline Kennedy, expressions of grief and horror, all-but-inaudible sentences. And yet the account was accurate and straightforward; shock had not dulled the power of observation, as it had in so many others around her.

"I just had to do something," she said later when asked why it had occurred to her to record her impressions on the night of the tragedy.

The remark was very much a clue to the First Lady's personality. When something interests her — whether it disturbs or pleases — she acts. But she acts independently, not as Jacqueline Kennedy might have, nor Eleanor Roosevelt, nor any other First Lady. And those who thought she might be content to follow in Jackie's footsteps have been mistaken.

Mrs. Johnson moved quietly in those first months in the White House, partly in deference to Mrs. Kennedy, partly because she is a deliberate person. But there were changes from the start.

The French menus were retired in favor of the sturdy Texan food the President prefers; and while Washington chefs gnashed their teeth and made sharp comments to the Press, the family's old Texan cook was added to the kitchen staff. White House evening events, in contrast to the Kennedy's elegant soirees, were often as not teenage parties for Luci and Lynda. Pizzas replaced the pate de foie gras.

Washington cultural circles shuddered; but just as they had decided that grace had evaporated from the White House, Mrs. Johnson began to prove herself as much a lady and every bit as gracious as Jackie Kennedy had been —but a lady from the broad plains of Texas, not the more effete East Coast.

She did not try to imitate, for pretence is no part of her makeup. "I can't be Jackie," she said. "I can only be myself."

But the nation was yet to know the force of Mrs. Johnson's alert mind, in spite of the often-told story that it was she, not Lyndon Johnson, who had guided the family fortunes from poverty to great wealth.

The story is true; but her slow speech, frivolous name, and small (size ten) stature had given her a different image in the public mind.

It was not until the Johnson campaign that she emerged as a personality on her own and, typically, once she had decided to campaign she did so in a fashion for which there was no precedent in American history.

She was the first wife of a President ever to run her own campaign train — on a five-day whistle-stop tour through the South, where her husband was beset with troubles in his own party.

Democrats in the Southland were fast deserting their national leaders over civil rights, and some of them hinted that it would be better if the First Lady didn't come. To be her hosts might be the kiss of death for them in local elections. The Press treated the forthcoming trip as something of a joke.

That Johnson chose to send his petite wife to Dixie was evidence enough of his respect for her ability. But the President went even further; Lady Bird had complete freedom as to what she would say when she spoke.

The morning the Lady Bird Special left Washington we gathered at the train at dawn; the Press had to be in the station before it was sealed off to the public.

Secret Servicemen gazed down from every nearby rooftop, a board fence 18ft. high had been built along the side of the train exposed to the city. And all night agents had combed the train; each food parcel had been explored, all TV and radio equipment dissected.

The President came down to see her off and to ride with her the first ten miles of the trip. He stopped often as he strolled down the platform, exchanging banter with reporters and exhibiting his usual spirit.

Lady Bird smiled, but there was no banter. A cherry-red suit (her favorite color), bright lipstick, and an armful of roses could not disguise her nervousness. ("I was scared out of my mind," she confessed later.)

As the train moved down into Virginia, the nervousness grew with it. Mrs. Johnson and her staff were tense; even stalwart Liz Carpenter, the First Lady's good-natured Press secretary, was edgy. In an obvious attempt to get her mind off the possible trials to come, Liz moved about the Press carriage, emptying our ashtrays, changing typewriter ribbons that were already fresh enough, and trying to crack jokes.

It was early in the morning when the Special moved into northern Virginia, where signs everywhere said, "GO HOME, LADY BIRD," and "THIS IS GOLDWATER COUNTRY." Since Eleanor Roosevelt, no First Lady had been so heckled.

From the observation deck of the rear carriage, Mrs. Johnson spoke to hostile crowds every ten minutes or so throughout the morning. When she could not speak over the noise, she stood quietly smiling until it spent itself. Then, voice quavering, she would address the sea of grim faces.

She never backed down

"That woman is Lyndon's greatest asset"

● Washington schoolchildren greet Mrs. Johnson on her visit to inspect the newly landscaped playgrounds of a large school complex. Beautification of school grounds is one of the things she has been campaigning for.

from her message: that the law of the land must prevail, that there must be "no second-class citizens," that the South must cease its futile struggle to retreat to the 19th century.

In northern Virginia this was raw stuff to swallow. That the crowds listened at all was evidence that Lady Bird's gentle manner was making an impression. Her Southern drawl was an advantage, too; Dixie was fed-up with "being told what to do by a bunch of Northerners."

But midway through the State she sent for the six of us from Virginia who were aboard and asked our impression of the crowd reaction. We were not optimistic.

"Well, at least they didn't throw things," she said.

The tables were turned in southern Virginia, where a heavy negro population and a more progressive white leadership had combined to give Johnson a lead. In the small town of Suffolk (population 25,000) a crowd estimated at 10,000 turned out, wild with joy to see her.

For the first time Mrs. Johnson recovered her usual grin. The train became gay.

So it went, for five days: speeches several times an hour, sometimes to boos and catcalls, sometimes to heart-warming cheers. But Lady Bird had met the trial in northern Virginia, and after that she did not lose her good spirits again.

She enlarged her original remarks as she went, speaking on every subject from beautification to atomic warfare. With her were no speech-writers or advisers from the President; she spoke simply as she believed and as she knew he believed.

By the time she reached New Orleans the trip already was being called the smartest move of the President's campaign. The chilly South began to thaw a little.

"I'm exhausted," she said at the end of it, "just exhausted." Two days later she was campaigning again.

The next time I saw Lady Bird she was back to work at her favorite public project, the beautification of America.

For this, perhaps, will she be longest remembered; but this, too, was at first taken lightly by the Press.

Cartoonists fell to drawing pictures of Lady Bird shovelling holes to plant trees, Lady Bird tackling billboard signs with an axe, Lady Bird disposing of garbage.

But the project, which began at clubwomen's level, has led her inevitably into the more complex problems of air pollution, city construction, and other facets of environment.

She has not hesitated to challenge the leaders of industry and even to fly in their faces when she has felt the public good was at stake; and the political risks have been great. But average Americans are rallying to her challenge: the big clean-up is on in every city worth the name.

She has some decided theories on the topic.

Most great cities and great works of beauty, she says, have been built by autocratic societies. It is up to modern democratic societies "to plan and to execute great works of beauty."

She believes it can be done, with enough pressure, enough interest, and plenty of help from high places.

She got all three of these with the White House Conference on Natural Beauty, to which she invited the most important of the nation's city planners, environmental scientists, and engineers. The conference, which was expected to be largely a garden club meeting at high level, turned out to be one of the greatest gatherings of experts at the White House for the year.

Meetings, panel discussions, and workshops were held at the State Department, and the delegates were entertained at the White House itself.

Mrs. Johnson, carrying a notebook and wearing a pre-occupied expression, attended the meetings straight through four days, not as a First Lady making appearances but as a student. She would arrive at a workshop just after it began, slide quickly into any seat available, and give the speaker her full attention. Delegates often weren't aware of her presence.

As her notebook filled up, the senators and congressmen called to the conference began to realise this was no tea party. "LBJ must be solidly behind this," one of them told me, "or Lady Bird wouldn't be criticising the advertising industry quite so hard."

Slowly, things began to move. By the time the conference ended legislation had been introduced into Congress, restricting the use of highway advertising. And other legislation toward beautifying the country was being prepared.

At the end, Mrs. Johnson invited delegates to the White House for one of the famed tea parties on the lawn. But no sooner had the crowd gathered than the uncertain Washington skies unleashed a downpour still remembered around the city.

Lady Bird was upset. "Any woman who has ever given a lawn party will know what I'm thinking," she said. "But you all just come inside and make yourselves at home."

We did—wet shoes, dripping clothes, and all. And that Lady Bird could take a joke was proved when a quartet known as the "Split-Level Singers," which appeared from nowhere, set up in the elegant East Room and began a lyrical spoof of the whole conference.

Lady Bird howled with laughter, patted her foot in time to the music, and asked for a copy of the words. Above her, a stern portrait of Martha Washington gazed down.

The First Lady's warmth and humor are displayed often in moments like these, for while she has dignity she has no artificial pomp.

Australians will find her intensely interested in everything about her, asking questions, observing small things, and remembering people to whom she is introduced. (Her memory for names and faces is uncanny.)

Her clothes will more than likely be in her favorite colors, bright blue, red, yellow, and white. And always they will seem freshly pressed; each dress she owns is specially lined to prevent wrinkling. Nonetheless, her outfits will not seem studied, for her strong features and dark coloring override anything she wears.

But when she travels with the President she will take a back seat deliberately: The gay and talkative Lady Bird also knows when to be quiet.

As more than one politician has said, "That woman is Lyndon's greatest asset."

● ***Welcome to the Johnsons, see pages 28 and 29.***

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A miracle acrylic knitwear fibre, christened Vonnel.
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ANTIQUES ARE HIS JOYOUS OBSESSION

By JUDE AINSWORTH

● Had Anthony Opie not chosen to become an expert in the fine-art trade, he would most likely have been drawn to one of the other professions most akin to his in subtlety: tea blending or wine tasting.

MR. ANTHONY OPIE, fine-art valuer, who is visiting Australia.

THE fine deliberation, cautious marshalling of all the facts and clues, and perhaps even the intuition that lead to the definition and valuation of thousands of *objets d'art* in the regular course of his working life are both a joy and an obsession to Anthony Opie — at 29 the manager of the valuation department of the world's oldest and largest firm of fine-art auctioneers, Sotheby & Co., London.

Mr. Opie is visiting private houses in Sydney, Brisbane, Canberra, Melbourne, and Adelaide during his five weeks in Australia to advise on, appraise, and authenticate works of art. One newspaper notice of his visit was placed in each city, which brought more than 400 letters of inquiry.

He will return to London via Hong Kong and Japan after spending several weeks in New Zealand, where he was born and grew up. "I know of some stuff there!" Mr. Opie said exuberantly. "Two dinner services that are worth a total of £40,000, a few things like that.

"My home was in Palmerston North. My father is a lawyer, and after studying Law for a while I chucked that—told my father I was wasting his money and my time."

He began his career by somewhat of a back-door route: "It was all a fluke, really!

"I went auctioneering, and then a fellow offered me the managership of one of his businesses: an antique shop. Import restrictions stopped that, so off I went to London—and Sotheby's.

"I had an introduction to one of the partners, and when I met him he said there were no vacancies. I wasn't even disappointed, as I wasn't terribly aware of Sotheby's reputation.

"Then he said, 'Look, I'm very busy. Can you come round and see me this afternoon?' Now that I look back on it, I think he thought that I'd come a long way for a job!

"I waited around, and came back. The first thing he said was 'Are you strong?' Then he explained that a porter had died a fortnight before and I could have that job.

"So I started off sweeping the floors and unpacking parcels in the arrivals section and moving furniture about. It was a menial start, and my take-home pay was only £6/15/- a week.

"The arrivals department was near the back door, and whenever anyone knocked we'd have to open it. It was a nuisance; we got tired of working and trying to be doormen all at once, so we used to ignore the knocks or say, 'Go round the other way.'

"One day the knocking didn't stop. When I finally opened the door, there were Princess Margaret and Tony, who occasionally come in the back way to escape the people out front."

After nine months' portering, Mr. Opie went into the porcelain department: "I was very much on tiptoes and aware of everything.

"I was handling 3000-odd pieces of porcelain a week, numbering them for the various sales—and it's not like a museum, the stock isn't static.

"You soon learn to recognise the pieces, since you have to find them by the experts' descriptions and number them to match the catalogue numbering. You can learn in four years in a place like Sotheby's what takes a lifetime outside.

"People sometimes came in to view things before sales. Once my boss brought in the King of Sweden, who collects Oriental porcelain. I was at the top of a ladder when I saw him pick up a teapot and invert it to show the King the mark — they were both showered with the water I kept in that pot for moistening the numbering labels."

Mr. Opie describes Sotheby & Co., in London's West End, as "an old building, with several more buildings on either side connected by passages — rather a rabbit warren."

"I've already found an Impressionist painting in Australia worth $50,000"

The firm was founded in 1744 and used to be in The Strand. It has been in New Bond Street since 1910.

Working for such a historic firm has some peculiar advantages, as well as the more obvious ones: "Every time I go to Scotland for Sotheby's I get two guineas 'danger money' for crossing the border — against highwaymen! Even though I always fly to Scotland! It's an 18th-century provision that's never been cancelled."

Mr. Opie has been with Sotheby's for eight years. "I was assistant to the chairman for a while, but I always wanted to do expertise rather than administrative work.

"There are about 35 experts in the firm, and two other valuers who work as I do — not enough, but you can't get people that are suited to it, that's the trouble."

Sotheby & Co. never buy the things they auction, but act "purely as auctioneers, and in an advisory capacity to the owners," Mr. Opie explained.

"I think we sold to 70 countries last season, and had things sent to us from people in 63 countries. We can generally tell about a piece from a photograph, and there's no charge for this service. If we have to visit a home, there's a small fee which doesn't begin to cover our costs.

"We don't just grab everything that comes along. We specialise — to the benefit of the vendor. Our limit tends to be an age barrier, rather than a value.

"We might sell a piece of 17th-century furniture worth $100, but perhaps not a late 19th-century piece worth $200, which may sell better with a dealer who specialises in that sort of thing.

"Certain sales we have are by ticket only, such as a very important picture sale, or a time when you've got to restrict the crowd so that the genuine buyers can get in. One such night, there was a street busker outside playing the violin for the crowd before the doors opened — they were tossing him half-crowns and ten-shilling notes.

"When the doors opened and everyone went in, he folded up everything, put away the violin, pulled out his ticket, and walked in — he is a customer of ours and has bought quite expensive antique musical instruments."

In 1964 Sotheby's took over Parke-Bernet, of New York, the world's second-largest firm of art auctioneers. The union was celebrated with a televised auction with bidders on both sides of the Atlantic.

In that first joint season (auctions in the fine-art world begin in October and continue until late July, with two or three sales a day in Sotheby's London rooms) the partner firms made $13,471,833.

"America is so untapped we've doubled our turnover there. Last season the U.S. turnover alone was about $62 million," Mr. Opie said.

"Looking at Australia, I feel there's a lot of potential here for Sotheby's. I'm doing quite a few valuations and identifications of works of art—that's my job in England, travelling around houses in Britain and Europe. I've already found an Impressionist painting here worth $50,000.

"Stuff sells extremely well in Australia and it has to be an extremely rare item or worth a very large amount to warrant sending it to Britain."

Mr. Opie discussed investment in antiques: "High finance is high finance in any field. A lot of people buy for pleasure, but most of the money put into antiques is with an eye to profit. It is a terrific growth investment, with treble the capital increase of most other investments.

"There are no legal costs involved in buying *objets d'art* — pay your money and take your choice. And there is also the aesthetic pleasure of owning these things, not pieces of paper.

"After 18 months, purchases often fetch twice as much at another auction. Stuff changes hands all the time — a Ming cup that fetched $450 a few months ago went recently for $1500, and in Britain there's no capital-gains tax on anything under £1000. Antiques are a hard investment: an international currency."

Mr. Opie agreed that prices on the art exchange fall and rise according to vagaries in fashion, whims of taste. "But early things tend to be rock-hard anyway, because they're so rare.

"Furniture can go in cycles, but it's especially true of paintings. Landseer sold for thousands at the end of the last century, then fell away to nothing; now a good Landseer fetches hundreds again."

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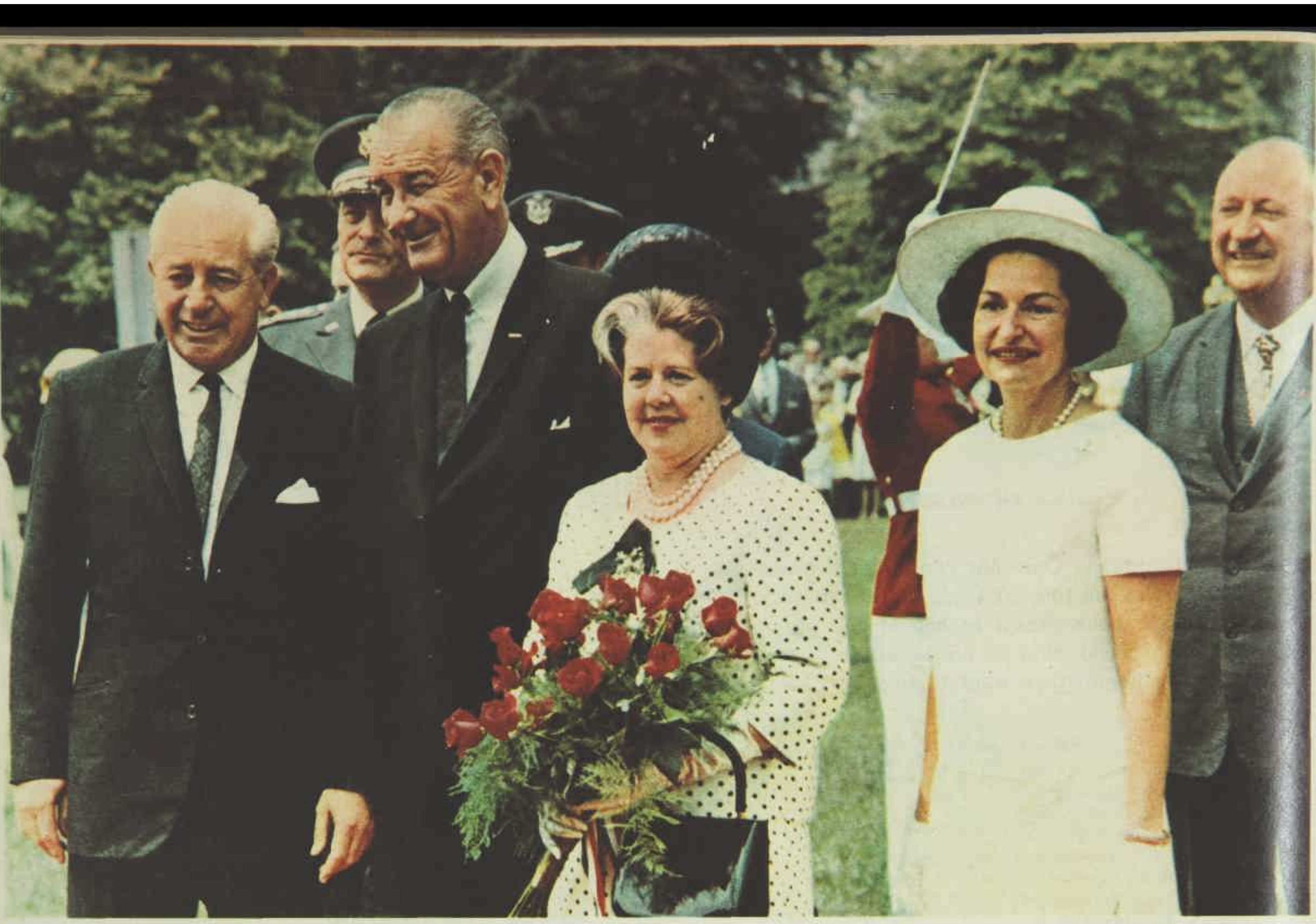


● *From Mrs. Harold Holt's own collection of pictures. Mr. and Mrs. Holt with President Lyndon B. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson at the Australian Prime Minister's welcome at the White House during his visit to the United States this year. It was a happy occasion for all four.*

WELCOME to the JOHNSONS

● These scenes will be re-enacted — Australian-style — as America's President Lyndon B. Johnson and his wife, Lady Bird, are met by the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Holt, and Mrs. Holt during their Australian visit.

● *President Johnson and Mr. Holt inspect a guard-of-honor drawn up in the White House grounds with bandsmen in the foreground.*

THE two pictures, taken at the White House during Mr. and Mrs. Holt's visit to the United States last June-July, are from Mrs. Holt's personal album.

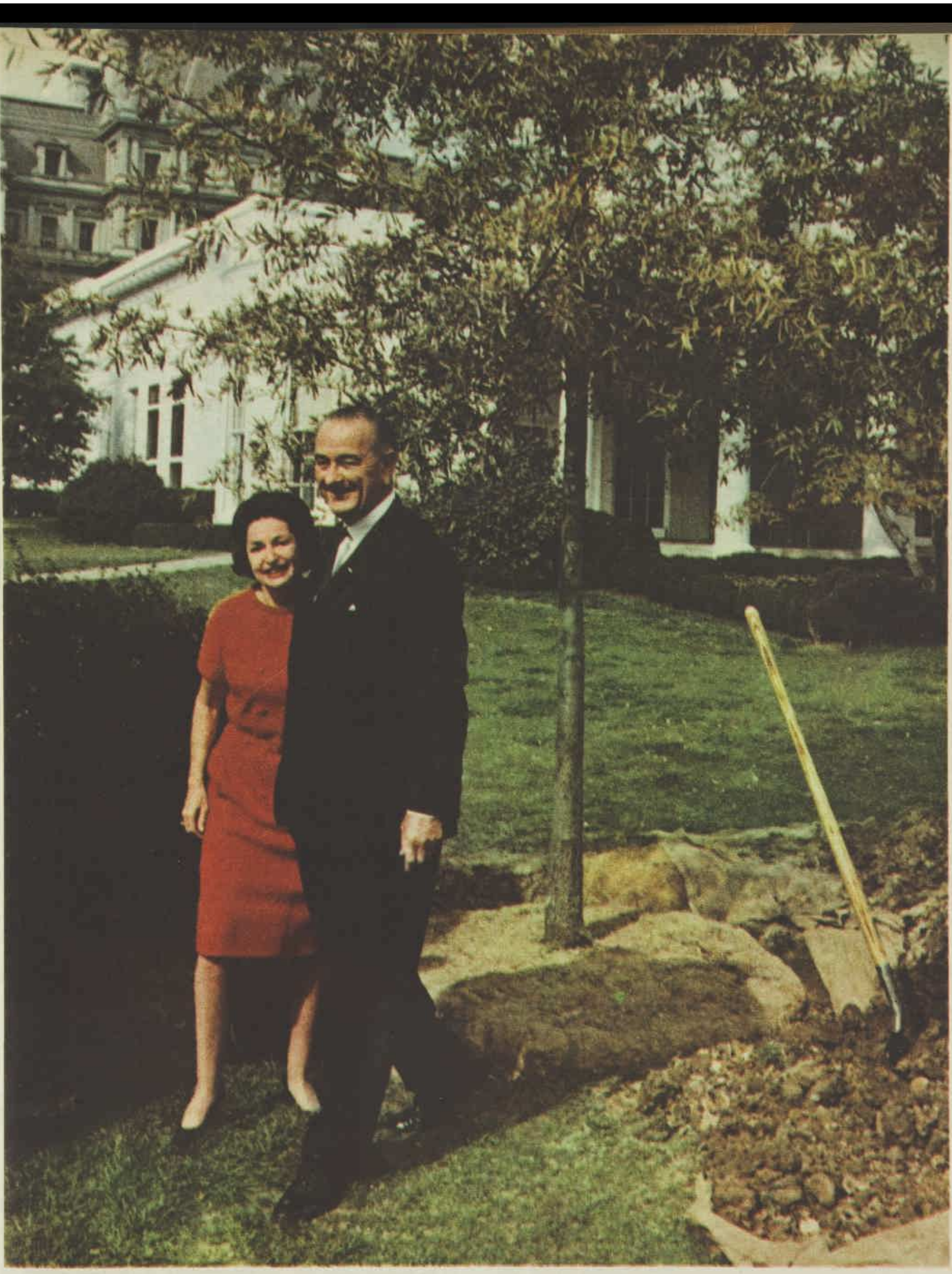
They were specially lent for publication after the announcement of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson's visit.

In Washington, Mr Johnson welcomed Mr. Holt officially in the beautiful setting of the White House gardens. Massed bands played while a 19-gun salute was fired and a guard-of-honor stood rigidly to salute.

After luncheon, Mr. Holt was given a standing ovation, the duration of which was described as unequalled in recent White House history.

And when Mr. Holt left Washington after his short return visit in July, Mr. Johnson said at a farewell dinner at the White House, "A house twice visited by a friend is a house twice blessed."

After the brief Australian visit, President Johnson flies to Manila to attend a seven-nation conference on Vietnam.



SOUVENIR FOR FUTURE

● *President Lyndon B. Johnson and his wife, Lady Bird, photographed recently in the grounds of the White House. As a living, growing souvenir of themselves to future first families of the United States, they had sentimentally planted a tree of a kind that is well known in their home State of Texas, a Darlington oak. The President has made the guarding and restoration of America's natural beauty a prominent part of his policy, and in this he has his wife's enthusiastic support. Mrs. Johnson's red dress is typical of the clear colors she likes.*

Two big laugh programs on TCN9, with American Allan Sherman and Englishman Will Rushton

Sherman in one of the funniest shows ever on TV

- **American comedian - singer Allan Sherman made a BP Super Show during his recent visit to Australia. Called "All Around Allan Sherman," it is one of the funniest half-hours I have enjoyed on TV.**

By
NAN MUSGROVE

Television

ALLAN SHERMAN, who will star in the BP Super Show "All Around Allan Sherman," on TCN9, Sunday, October 23, at 7.30 p.m. He made the half-hour special when he was in Sydney a few months ago.

"ALL Around Allan Sherman" will be telecast by TCN9 on Sunday, October 23, at 7.30 p.m.

I saw a preview of the show. After ten years of professional TV-watching, anything on TV that makes me laugh aloud is funny. Allan Sherman made me laugh out loud twice, and apart from the big laughs I was in a continuous simmer of amusement from start to finish.

Add this to the fact that I interviewed him when he was in Sydney two months ago, saw his show during his season at Chequers, and Sherman has notched up some kind of a record with me.

At his best

TV is a medium which suits him perfectly. He is seen at his best on the small screen.

At the end of his Chequers show, with the customers calling him back and back with prolonged applause and shouts of "More!", he finally mopped his brow and confessed that he was too tired to sing more.

"It's not the singing," he explained, "it's the choreography that poops me out."

He has help with his choreography — his swaying and occasional finger snapping — in "All Around Allan Sherman." The help is extremely decorative — Jacki Weaver as everyone's teenage daughter and Carolyn Parraggio as a dental nurse.

I find it very disillusioning to meet comedians face to face. Generally, they are morose or quiet men, or mechanical laugh machines that feed out learned lines; but Sherman is not a disappointment.

He doesn't try to be funny, to turn it on. He is a real wit with a delightful sense of humor that shows through the most mundane conversation.

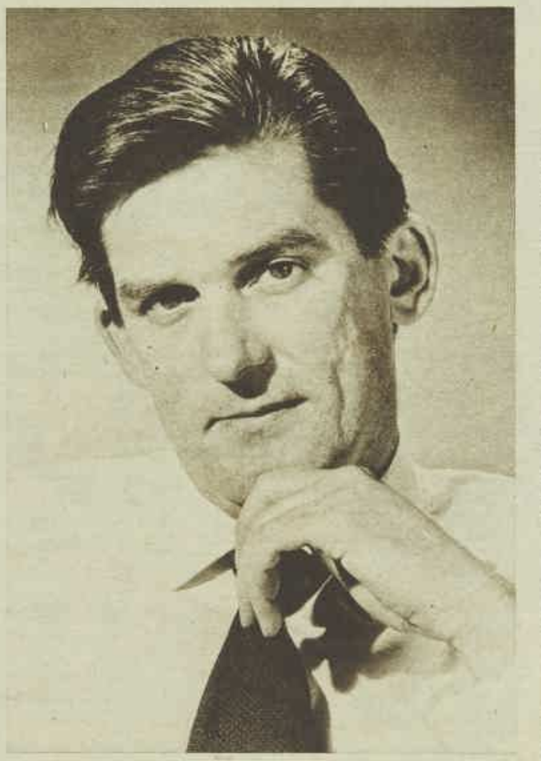
Sherman is most famous for his smash song hit, "Hello Muddah, Hello Fuddah," but his others are just as funny. He sings this, as well as a collection of the parodies of well-known song hits that are such an uproar.

Sherman is an ordinary people's comedian, specialising in sending up the situations that ordinary people encounter.

Everyone can surely identify themselves with one or other of the Sherman songs; can recognise themselves as the patient at the dentist, the fatty trying to lose weight, the worried parents of teenagers out late at a party.

His two historical numbers are good, too, and give fresh slant to dull textbooks.

I doubt whether Queen Victoria would be amused to hear Sherman sing her song, "Won't you come home, Disraeli?" or the inside story on the cause of the French Revolution, but I have no doubts about viewers' reactions to them.



RAY BARRETT, an Australian actor who is seen in the British television adventure series "The Trouble Shooters" on ABC-TV, Fridays, at 8.30 p.m.

Rushton: a delicious sight

THERE is not only Allan Sherman; Will Rushton is also rampant.

"From Rushton With Love," which made its debut (if Rushton could do anything so demure) on TCN9 last week, was streets ahead of the recent Rushton special "Do Not Adjust Your Set, There Is A Fault In The Program."

It was better, funnier, better filmed, better presented.

The opening was a film of Sydney's Six-Hour Day procession, which is always a fairly solemn occasion.

To see Rushton tagged on the end in his splendid Governor-General's uniform with its mass of marabou waving in the breeze as he pedalled furiously along on a bike was a delicious sight.

I am ga-ga over Rushton's G-G. I think he's a magnificent character and I'd watch "From Rushton with Love" just in the hope of catching a glimpse of him— but there is so much else to see.

What better satire have televiewers seen than Rushton's piece on the new god, the car? I was happily surprised, too, at the restraint shown in the much-publicised nudist piece.

An elderly lady with whom I am inclined to cross swords over my TV taste gave me my final word on "From Rushton with Love."

She rang me as it finished (she had loathed "Do Not Adjust Your Set").

"That man is wonderfully clever," she said. "You're right for once. I've never enjoyed anything more. I'm going to bed now feeling for the first time for weeks I've seen a TV program that's worthwhile."

"From Rushton with Love" continues on its merry way for the next month, Monday nights at 9 o'clock. Next time you look, have a good look at the title. The drawing of Rushton on it is a caricature of Rushton by Rushton — among other things he is an accomplished cartoonist.

* * *

"THE TROUBLE SHOOTERS" (ABC-TV Fridays, 8.30 p.m.), a BBC drama series that is an interesting mixture of big business and adventure with a big oil company, is my favorite regular viewing at present.

It has something of the quality of that long-lamented drama series "The Plane Makers" about it, and it also has Australian Ray Barrett, who in his eight years in England has developed into a smooth professional actor.

Ray Barrett is very good as Peter Thornton of "The Trouble Shooters."

Thornton is a recent graduate from the workers on the oil rig into management. He looks at home in his well-tailored suits and in the executive company, but he gives the impression that he would be just as efficient in overalls and a safety hat.

A recent episode of "The Trouble Shooters," with Barrett in trouble trying to present a trophy for the Driver of the Year, was a beauty. His wife ditched him, his car broke down, and he ended up hitching a ride in a truck.

The driver was Bernard Cribben, a British actor who is well known for his pop record, "Right, Said Fred," and the two had some hilarious and some trying adventures on the way to the presentation dinner. It was most entertaining and had a wonderful end.

After all the go-on about the Driver of the Year it was droll to find Barrett's driving featured in the news.

He was, happily for himself and the TV series, cleared of two driving charges, one of driving while unfit through drink, the other with dangerous driving.

Barrett is a current crush in England, where the ladies find him "very sexy."

Barrett is a bit puzzled about this. "Sex appeal on TV is something you can't act. You've either got it or you haven't," he said.

To get back to the Driver of the Year Award, I am indebted to Cribben for making me take a more philosophic attitude to my early-morning face, of which I am not fond.

In the show, Cribben picks up a pair of birds for the two of them. They turn out disappointingly, but Cribben tells Barrett: "They were a couple of old boilers, Thorny, but they're part of nature's panorama."

I thought it a lovely description. Now, instead of snarling at myself as I make up my face in the pitiless morning light, I look at it as part of nature's panorama, and it's not that bad.

TOMMY HANLON'S
Thought for the Week

Momma once said: "Marriage is strange, isn't it? How two people with different temperaments can live together 24 hours a day and not have more arguments than they do. Sometimes I get so mad at your father I could scream, but let him be 15 minutes late coming home from work and I'm on pins and needles until I hear the car. And just as I start to think he's taking me for granted he comes home with flowers. Or says you've been working too hard round the house —let you and I go out and have dinner. Yes! Marriage is a very strange thing."

Momma's moral: Marriage is like a hot chilli pepper. You know it's going to make you cry, and still you go right ahead and eat it!

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

. . . an entirely new type of bedspread more richly beautiful than anything you've ever seen before. Like a soft, luxurious fur it complements your love of elegance to touch and to behold. It is exclusive to Jeldi—made from a specially imported new acrylic fibre that is washable, colour fast, quick-drying and ultra-lightweight. Look for it at your store now. Inspiration by Jeldi.

In single or double bed sizes, in Pink, Blue, Lilac, Sea Green, Lemon, Old Gold, White. From about $26. Matching rugs and stools available, too.

Jeldi

How are you at Mad Charlies?

• Have you got your Mad Charlies worked out and ready to send? Don't forget your drawings must be received by October 31.

THERE'S still time, though, to sit down and work out a few of the simple picture stories. You may already have seen some of these crazy cartoons on TCN9 Sydney, GTV9 Melbourne, QTQ9 Brisbane, NWS9 Adelaide, and a number of country stations.

Draw a frame about 3in. by 2in., fill in a few simple lines, and add an appropriate caption—that's all there is to it, and you could win $200!

Remember that you may get only one really good Mad Charlie out of 20 tries, so don't be discouraged. The whole family can join in and you can send in as many entries as you like.

CONDITIONS

- All entries for the Mad Charlie competition must be received by October 31, and should be addressed to **"Mad Charlies," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.**
- Draw your Mad Charlies with pen, pencil, or brush.
- You may send in as many entries as you like.
- All competitors taking part agree as a condition of entry to accept the results as final. No correspondence will be entered into.
- Employees of Australian Consolidated Press and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter. Nor are employees of other newspapers or television stations or members of their families.
- We cannot return entries, so do not send postage.

WHAT YOU COULD WIN:

FIRST PRIZE, $200; SECOND PRIZE, $100; THIRD PRIZE, $50.

With ten consolation prizes of $10, and ten of $5.

ANTIQUES ARE HIS JOYOUS OBSESSION

From page 27

The expert added a tip: "One thing that's really resurging at the moment is Chinese blue and white porcelain. Prices are doubling in this year.

"In the 1920s this stuff was overrated and so expensive. There's an 18th-century jar in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, which changed hands then for £19,000 before being presented to the museum. That's about £250,000 in terms of today's purchasing power.

"At that time collectors considered even later pieces to be extremely valuable, but now we can date the earlier works much more accurately, and if that jar were sold now it wouldn't fetch more than £300."

Even though Mr. Opie knows that most people he visits are interested in their art objects as financial assets, he says he is still able to separate financial appraisal from aesthetic appreciation. "But it does affect your feelings a little bit," he added with a grin.

There's a certain element of mystery and detective-fever in inspecting a house full of who-knows-what. "Once I found in a flat in London a big white porcelain eagle on a stairway. The woman had nearly given it to a relative who'd admired it. It was early Meissen, and it fetched £3000 at auction.

"I found a chest of drawers in a house near Bath, an 18th-century English commode that fetched £6600.

"Once I valued an entire museum for insurance purposes — it took me three weeks. We have done valuations exceeding £1,000,000, but the biggest houseful of stuff I've valued was worth £200,000."

His own two collections are of English furniture and oriental art, mostly porcelain. He commented that their growth has necessitated the family's move from their London town house to a Tudor farmhouse he recently bought in Kent, which dates from 1350.

His wife, Sue, is a painter and sculptress, and they have two sons, Simon and Jeremy.

Other than the usual family activities, Anthony Opie has no hobbies or pastimes unconnected with the art world. He is one of the rare and happy men who can say candidly, "My interest is my work."

THE WARM WORLD of TEN SISTERS

By JUDE AINSWORTH

"I OFTEN think of our home days, the ten of us with Mama and Papa. When I visit my sisters now I kind of get a shock when I see them, that they've grown so much older — life seems to go so quickly," said Mrs. Muriel Odger.

At 60, Mrs. Odger, of Abbotsford, N.S.W., is the youngest of the ten Turner daughters, who were born and grew up at Gympie, Queensland.

When they married, they moved to other districts. William Odger brought Muriel to live in Sydney.

Many miles and many years have separated the sisters from their shared girlhood, and all ten have since come together only twice: for their father's funeral 25 years ago and for a recent reunion at Esther (Turner) McKenzie's home at Gympie.

"It's nothing for six of us to get together," Muriel told me. "We never have even an argument. We're all happy — we have a lot to thank God for — and we all have a lot of fun when we get together.

"We've never had any sickness, nor an operation — we're all still spry! My sister Ethel, who's 80: you should see her floors! The way she polishes them, her home's a real credit to her." Muriel smiled proudly.

"We all stayed in Esther's home. She's the only one that's lived all her life in Gympie — she's a good cook, that one! There wasn't a hitch with the reunion: Esther invited us, and everybody came. Some stayed a week; when I go, I go for seven or eight weeks. We're all good friends — we can all stay at one another's place.

"We all pitched in. Some made the beds, some swept: we soon got through the work. Then we'd all sit around the big table and talk."

Their round-table conversation must often turn back to their girlhood around the turn of the century, when large families like George and Alice Turner's were more the rule than the exception.

"Papa was born in Adelaide, and was in the shoemaking business," Muriel said. "Mama was English; she came out with her family from Lincolnshire to Gympie when she was 15, and was married at 17. None of us were! Not under 21!

"There were about 11 children in Mama's family — might have been more. There were six in Papa's.

"Mother had the ten of us, and lost six boys besides, and all the time she carried she suffered with gallstones — for 16 years. She did the cooking, washing, and sewing: made us all our petticoats and bloomers.

"Our school had six classes. I was working when I was 16 — most people did in those days. Before that, when the 1914 war broke out, we opened a cafe, six of us sisters. Dad wanted to keep us together, and so he used to give us a big party about once a month there when we had the cafe.

"I was a bit young, but I worked my way into it. I used to run all the messages and wash up—Dad and I used to be washing up at midnight of a Saturday sometimes (we used to keep open until after the pictures).

"Of a Saturday, I used to go out to all the big homes with the fruit cakes and pies from the cafe, all their Sunday desserts. I was the only child in Gympie who had a bike," she recalled with great satisfaction.

"We called it the Belgium Tea Rooms — Mama did all the washing for us, all the white starched tablecloths we used in those days. When we opened, the sister who took on the cooking was only 17. And the pies and cakes! It was Olive — she'd gone to work in another cafe when she was 13.

"We were noted round Queensland for being good cooks among the country people. We used to cater for all the weddings and the picnic races. Dad used to take the food out in the sulky, after we cut the sandwiches and made the cakes and did them all up in boxes.

"After Olive was married, Esther took on the cooking. Then Nellie — before that she was always a waitress, and so was Emeline. Florrie and I, we used to do the odd jobs."

Later Muriel left Gympie for the West. "I was a lady's companion on some of the big stations, once for a relative of Harry Lauder's. It was a lovely job: nothing to do but look after the Missus and the Boss, see that their clothes were right, go everywhere with them, and make afternoon tea!"

She only left the country to join Olive in running the guesthouse in Brisbane.

"Dad was very strict, but he never hit one of us: he just had to look over his glasses! When he was dying he said, 'There's not one of you has given us a minute's trouble.'

"We were all round the bed when Papa died; he was 72."

That funeral, 25 years ago, was the last time the sisters had all been together until their reunion this year.

"Mama lived another nine years after Papa — she was 77. We couldn't all come when Mama died," Muriel explained. "Florrie was in hospital and Alice couldn't get up from Sydney because the war was on and travel wasn't allowed.

"We all had big weddings . . . to men of Scots descent"

"Mother said she wouldn't die happy unless we were all married. We all had big weddings (five, I think, in our family's Congregational Church at Gympie), and all married men of Scots descent! And none of us drink or smoke — isn't that marvellous?"

The eldest sister, Ethel, married Alec Livingstone, a miner she met on the Mount Morgan goldfields. They had nine children, of whom six are living: four daughters and two sons.

Ethel was the only sister to have a really large family in the style of their parents. Muriel recalls, "She always loved children. She was always motherly to the rest of us — and she still is."

The second daughter, Alice, was the first of the Turner girls to be married. "I was trainbearer for Alice, and Ethel was married later in that same year," Mrs. Odger said.

Alice and her husband went to live in Gladstone, and had two sons and two daughters. After his death, she ran a cafe for 19 years. Now she is married to William Riley, a retired wharflaborer, and they have lived in the Sydney suburb of Woollahra since before the last war.

Elizabeth, the third daughter, married Norman Kyle, a lorry-driver she met when she and Ethel went to work at Mount Morgan, and they had a daughter. She is a widow now, in Annerley, Brisbane.

Nellie, the fourth-born, married John Caldwell, and they had four daughters and two sons.

"He was an engine-driver, so they got away from farming — it's a wonder none of us married farmers round Gympie! John was in the big factories in Brisbane," Muriel said. Mrs. Caldwell, a widow, lives in the Brisbane suburb of Sunnybank.

Gladys, the fifth daughter, married Harry Peake, and they had a son. "Gladys started working straight from school at the Gympie Hospital as a nurse's aide. Harry was a shire clerk in Ayr for many, many years — he is dead now.

● They live in different towns and suburbs, but are always a family — and the youngest is still their baby

"Gladys lives in Mitchelton, Brisbane, but she often goes to Ayr for a holiday."

The sixth daughter, Olive, married Thomas Pearman, an ambulance-driver.

"They went to the Western Line, to Chinchilla. When she lost her husband she came down to Brisbane with her two young kiddies, and I came from the west to run a guesthouse with her," said Muriel.

"Olive did the cooking and washing, and I did the housekeeping. We did well: we rented rooms to all office boys in their twenties, and did all the work ourselves. She gave it up when her boy went over to the war, and when he came home she bought a big house and made flats of it for them both — she's living in Coorparoo, Brisbane."

Emeline, the seventh-born, married Roland Smith; they have two daughters and a son and live in Gladstone. Mr. Smith is a retired wharflaborer and a former alderman of the town.

Esther, eighth in line, is married to Colin McKenzie; they have two daughters and a son, and live at Gympie. "Her husband was an engine-driver—he spent all his life on the railway line," Muriel said.

The second-youngest daughter, Florence, is married to Ernest Ward, and they live at Gladstone. They have one son, and the family runs a cordial factory.

Muriel's husband, the late William Odger, worked on the wharves and was a lay preacher in Sydney.

"He was from Lanarkshire, and was one of the youngest men in Queensland to be down a coalmine," she recalls. They met in Brisbane when Muriel and Olive were running their guesthouse, and they had a daughter and two sons. Until last year, Mrs. Odger worked in a Sydney hospital.

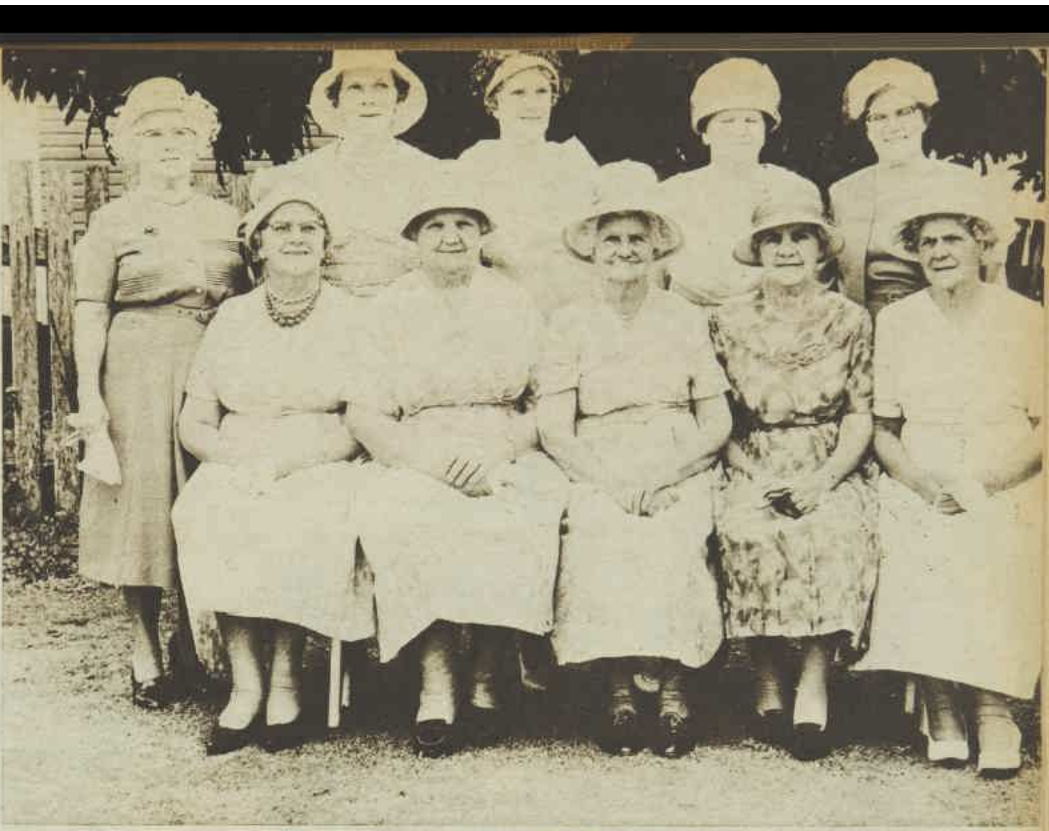
The sisters have, between them, 55 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

They keep up a constant flow of letters; often now the topic is their next reunion, planned for next September during Gympie's 100th anniversary.

Muriel said, "If I get a letter with a bit of news in it, I send it on to one of the others. Yes, we all write to one another. I write letters every Sunday—so they say the trouble with me is they've no sooner sent a letter away when they've got a return.

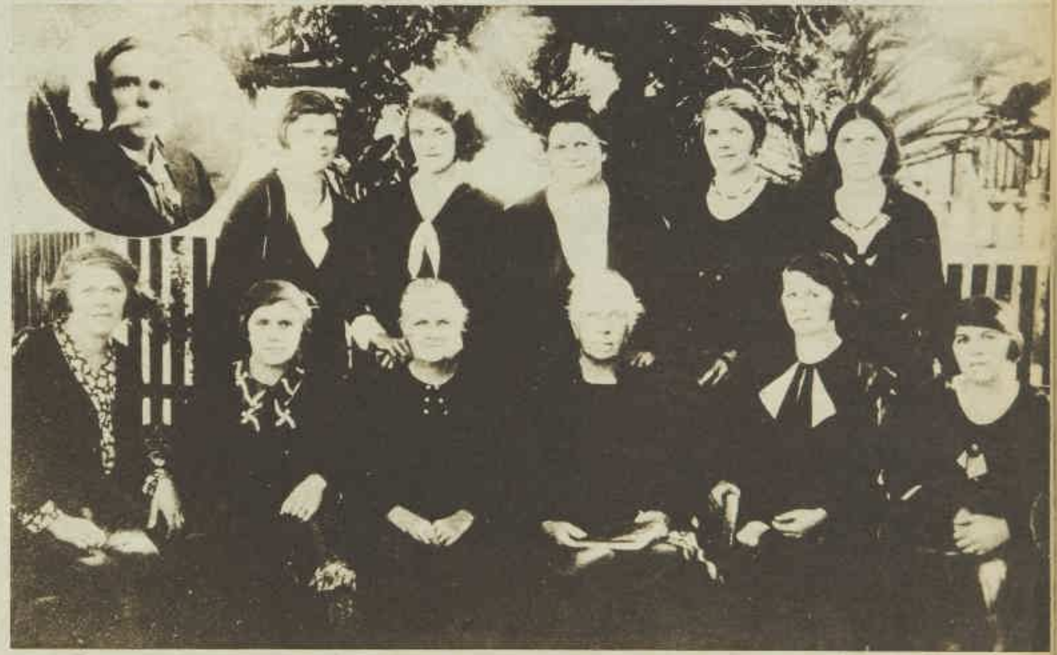
"You know, when the older girls were being courted, the boys would give me a penny to run away. I'm still the baby—funny how you never grow up. They still treat me as their baby sister!"

1



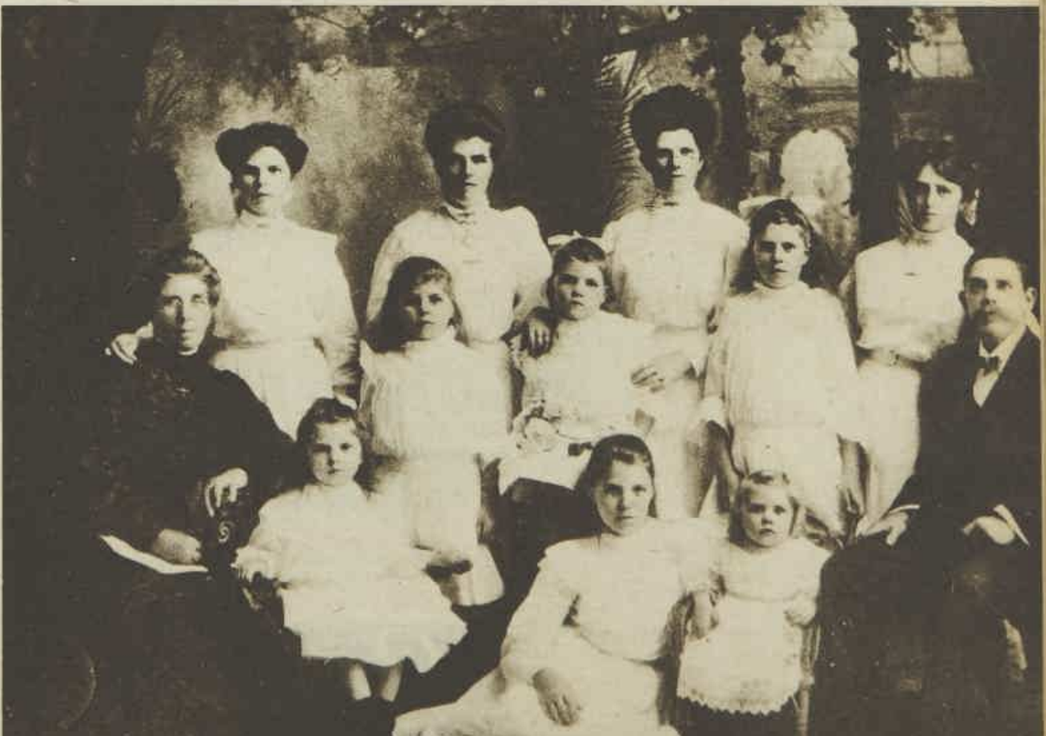
1 ***THE "TURNER GIRLS" RECENTLY: Standing, Elizabeth, Gladys, Muriel, Alice, Olive; seated, Esther, Florence, Ethel, Emeline, Nellie.***

2

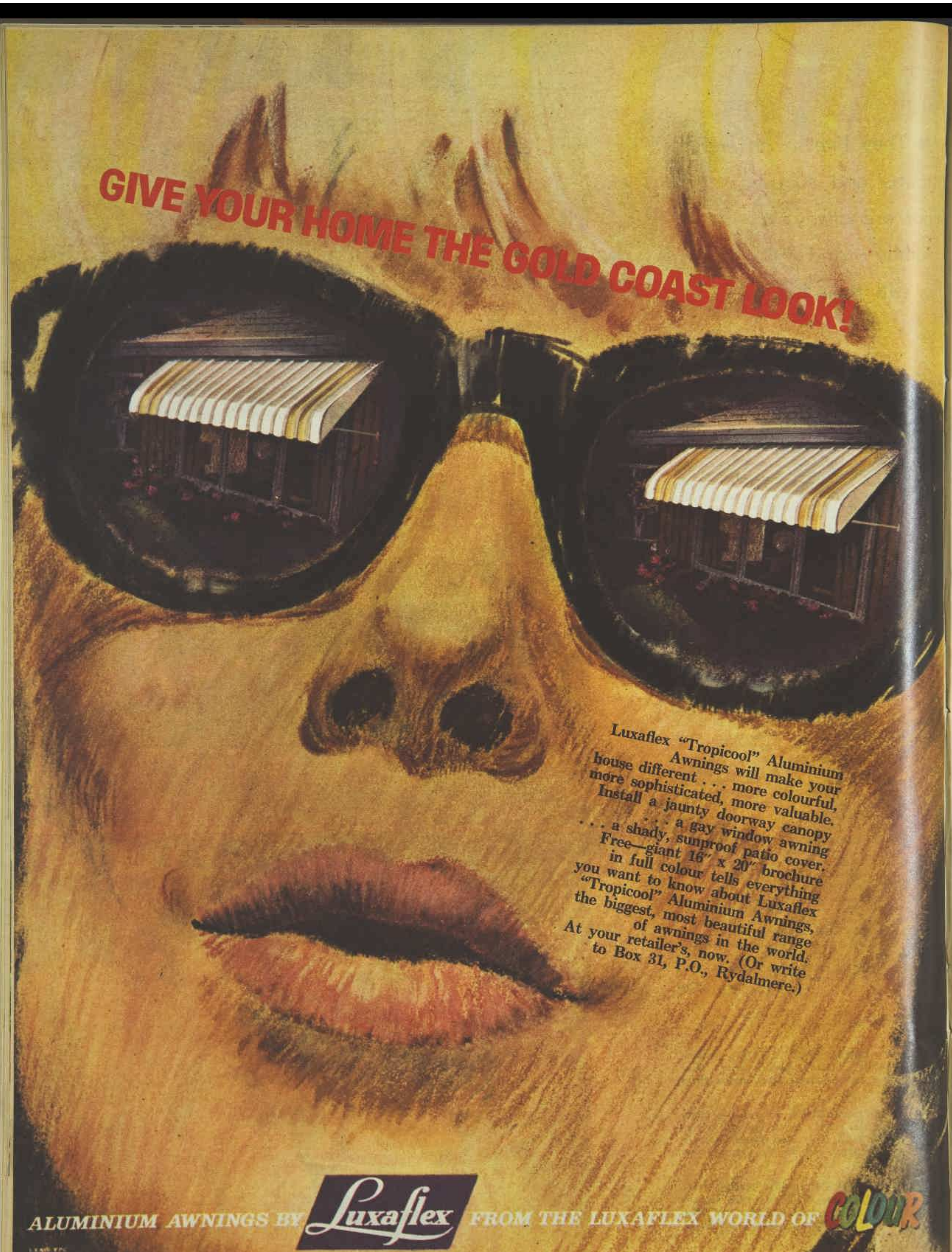


2 ***AFTER PAPA'S FUNERAL, 25 years ago: Standing, Esther, Muriel, Alice, Gladys, Florence; seated, Nellie, Olive, Ethel, Mama, Elizabeth, Emeline. Inset, the late Mr. George Turner.***

3



3 ***WHEN MURIEL WAS A BABY: Standing, Nellie, Ethel, Alice, and Elizabeth; seated between Mama and Papa, Emeline, Esther, and Olive; seated in front, Florence, Gladys, and Muriel.***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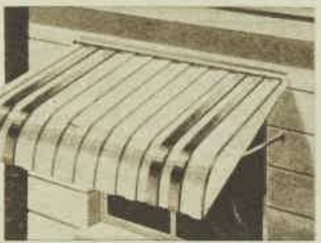

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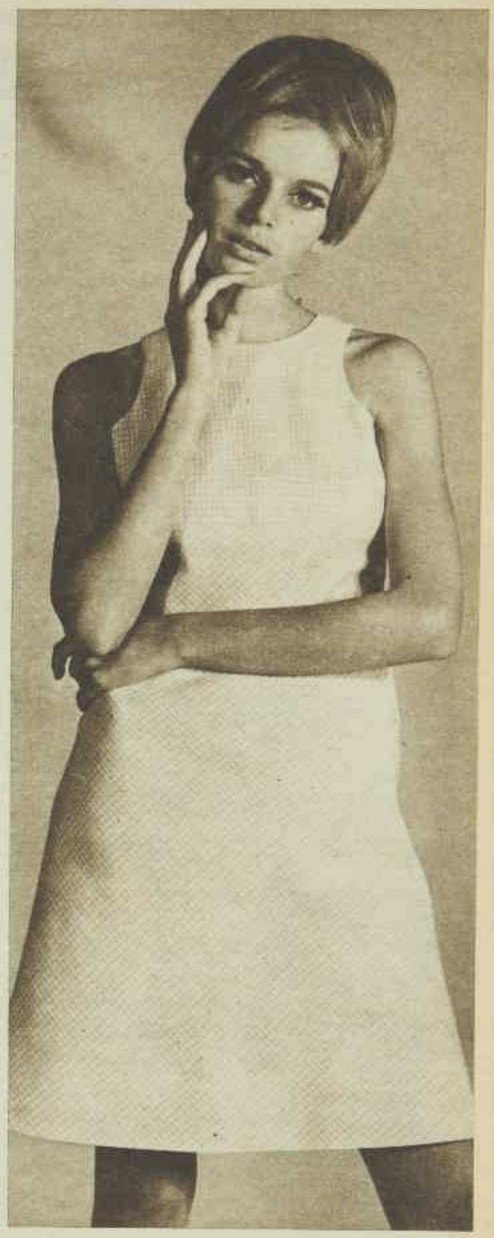
FROM THE Luxaflex WORLD OF COLOUR

DRESS SENSE

By
BETTY KEEP

- **The one-piece dress with cutaway shoulders (right) is my design choice for a reader who lives in Northern Australia.**



6666.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Vogue pattern 6666. Price 85 cents includes postage. Patterns available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply to her fashion query:

"Could you let me have a pattern for a summer frock with the new cut-in shoulder line? My size is 34in. bust."

Illustrated above right is the design you asked about. The dress has a darted Empire bodice and a bias-cut, A-shaped skirt. Included in the pattern is a short jacket finished with a U-neckline and long slim sleeves. Beside the illustration are further details.

"I am going for a ten-day summer cruise and am undecided what to wear at night."

You will change for dinner, but this does not mean formal evening dress. For most evenings during the cruise a pretty, short-skirted dress is adequate. However, there is sure to be at least one special gala night, for which I suggest you take a short evening or formal cocktail dress.

"I have some floral silk I would like to make into a frock for after-five. I don't want a shift. I do not have many calls for formal cocktail clothes, so the design also must be suitable for day."

I suggest a shirt dress, buttoned from the collar to below the waistline. For late-day, the dress can be worn with a silver kid belt and matching shoes. For general day wear, replace the kid belt with one made in self-material and wear the dress with white accessories.

"Should the bridesmaids all wear the same design or should the frocks be varied?"

Colors may be varied, but the dresses should be uniform in design. If the wedding group includes a matron-of-honor, her dress could differ slightly in design from the bridesmaids', but it can be in the same fabric and color.

"Could you let me have a paper pattern for a Hawaiian muu-muu? I am going to a fancy-dress party and I thought this would be a good thing to wear, as I could use it later. Please let me know how much fabric would be required. I am a 32in. bust size."

Our pattern department includes a design for a floor-length muu-muu. The design requires 6¼yds. of 36in. material. Pattern price 50 cents includes postage. To order, please quote Butterick pattern 9946 and state size required. It is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Is it correct to wear black accessories with pastel pink in summer?"

Quite correct and smart, too. However, my choice would be white or bone, because either shade worn with a pastel has a true summer look.

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because

Modess* has a full length 'safety shield'

The exclusive 'safety shield' in all Modess Napkins extends the full length of the napkin and also around the sides, thus assuring complete protection at all times. This plus the luxurious softness of Masslinn* cover makes Modess the napkin you can trust.

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LETTER BOX

● We pay $2.00 for all letters published. Letters must be original not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

A fall of weird accidents

HOW I laughed when I read Mrs. Mallyon's letter headed "She trod on her finger." But laughed with—not at. For at the moment of writing I am applying hot packs, rubbing, and nursing a very swollen right knee. Torn ligaments —sustained as I rose from the hairdresser's chair after a shampoo and set! The doctor says I must have had my legs crossed.

$2 to Mrs. Pat Wyeth, Grange, Qld.

* * *

WHILE playing cards my sister leaned over the arm of her chair to pick up a card that had fallen to the floor. She felt a severe pain in her side, which the doctor afterwards diagnosed as being caused by the tearing of a muscle.

$2 to Mrs. M. Woods, Chatswood, N.S.W.

* * *

A COUSIN of mine had the distinction of being the first casualty in his battalion in Borneo. As he jumped to the ground from the Army transport, a ring on his finger caught on some metal and he was KNOCKED OUT.

$2 to "Kay-oh" (name supplied), West Bundaberg, Qld.

* * *

RETURNING home from shopping, I tripped over a stone, fell heavily, and ended up in hospital having an operation on a broken nose.

$2 to Mrs. A. McElroy, Benalla, Vic.

* * *

I HAD a friend who was accident-prone. One day on a ferry she caught her heel and fell flat on her back. A gentleman offered his arm to help her safely to the lower deck. While they were on the stairway the ferry lurched. My friend grabbed for the banister with both hands, but the sudden releasing of his arm caused her helper to lose his balance, and HE fell down the whole stairway.

$2 to "How About That" (name supplied), Vaucluse, N.S.W.

* * *

WHEN I was visiting some friends, another mutual friend, whom I had not seen for some years, arrived. We were very happy to see each other, she threw her arms around me and hugged me vigorously. In the excitement and pleasure of our reunion, a sudden pain passed almost unnoticed. But within a few days, increasing pain and discomfort made me visit the doctor. He diagnosed a broken rib, and asked how it had happened. By the way, I never did tell my friend.

$2 to "Ailec" (name supplied), Hurstville South, N.S.W.

* * *

OUR family has experienced some unusual accidents, too. My husband broke two toes when he fell over in a relay race at his annual works picnic. Running late for a date, my daughter turned too short of the bathroom doorway, wedged a toe between door and frame, and broke the toe. My father tripped on some wire, did not hit the ground, yet the two bottles of drink he was carrying for someone else exploded in his hands and severed some sinews.

$2 to Mrs. Allen, Blair Athol, S.A.

She managed too well

MY husband had a doting mother, and I always moaned that I had to do everything. I worked, shopped, looked after the bills, and picked-up after him for 20 years. Then I suddenly had to go into hospital for two months. Well, you have never known such a changed man! He took over all housework, cooked, and with the help of wonderful neighbors supervised our two schoolchildren, and made a much better job of our financial affairs than I had. When I asked why he didn't show his talents years ago, he answered, "I was never needed." So show your husband he is needed, and you may get a lot more help.

$2 to "Hanna" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

Old proverbs

FOLLOWING is a selection of old proverbs printed in a recipe book published in 1887: "To destroy an enemy, make him your friend." "Hunger is the best sauce." "Write injury on water and kindness on marble." "Knowledge makes humble, ignorance makes proud, Knowledge talks lowly, ignorance talks loud." And, for an extra, "Great talkers are small workers."

$2 to Mrs. D. Lissner, Annerley, Qld.

Vivid description

IF anyone would like a new and original name for grated carrots, my four-year-old can oblige. He calls it "carrot sawdust."

$2 to Mrs. Joy Saxby, Kokopo, Papua, New Guinea.

Sweet wedding custom

AT a recent wedding I attended each guest received a miniature glass dish containing five white sugar-coated almonds wrapped in white tulle and tied with a white ribbon bow. These were handed out by the bride (who was of Italian descent) and the bridegroom, and means, I was told, "Sharing the sweetness of the moment with friends." What a lovely thought! It would be interesting to hear about the wedding customs of other countries.

$2 to J.Y. (name supplied), Yagoona, N.S.W.

Year's supply of eggs

WOULD you care to peep behind the scenes at Lightning Ridge when night has put finish to the day's toil and hopes? An old man is happily housekeeping in an old humpy among the saplings, which here never seem to attain the status of trees. When asked what he kept in a 44-gallon drum, he answered, "My supply of eggs for the year." When the emus lay, the old man gathers enough eggs to fill his drum, adds preservative, and, presto!—eggs for the breaking.

$2 to "Warra" (name supplied), Bourke, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

WHY PAY MORE?

THE trend toward fully rented living is well on the way.

Instead of buying a car, a boat, a TV set, a bowl of flowers, or a wheelbarrow, you can rent one.

A new firm, I am told, is even planning a Rent-A-Wife organisation.

Actually it was tried once before, but there were a few snags. What happened in a typical case was this:

Les Weedley, 25, was a bachelor. One day his mother said: "Les, don't you think it's time you married and settled down?"

"But, Mum, I've got no money saved up," he said. "I couldn't afford a wife."

"Why don't you try the Rent-A-Wife people? I believe they are very reasonable."

Les called at the Rent-A-Wife office, and the manager explained the attractive terms.

"In return for a moderate weekly fee," he said, "our organisation will supply and maintain a late-model wife.

"Moreover, if you have to travel interstate on business, Rent-A-Wife will arrange for a wife to meet you at the airport.

"Every wife carries full insurance and is warranted in first-class condition."

A full range of wives was available; a de-luxe type could be supplied for a slightly higher rental.

Les felt the arrangement would suit him down to the ground. He rented a wife named Gwladys, described as a standard utility model.

She looked smart in her blue Rent-A-Wife uniform. Les set her up in a rented flat, with a rented TV and a bowl of rented flowers.

But, unhappily, Gwladys was not satisfactory. She sulked and would not do housework.

When she sent his clothes to the laundry, Les said: "Why don't you wash them yourself?"

She said: "Didn't you read the small print?" and directed his attention to a clause in the contract. It said: "Laundry and cleaning services not included."

Les sent Gwladys back, and rented another wife named Amber Mae.

She was very different—friendly and helpful. He became quite attached to her.

But he lost his job and fell behind in the rent. One afternoon the Rent-A-Wife people came in a van and took Amber Mae away.

After that Les had no more to do with the firm.

Today he is happily married in the conventional way. "There's nothing like a wife of your own," he says.

(Advertisement)

Help Nature to Make you lovelier

Margaret Merril Beauty Skin Care Consultant

Retain a flawless, petal-soft complexion throughout your life by observing simple basic beauty-care.

Nature always appreciates a helping hand and will readily co-operate in making you look more beautiful, irrespective of the years. Here are some suggestions that will assist in the attainment of that dearly prized perfect complexion.

Constantly Lovely

Keep your complexion constantly beautiful by anointing the skin every day with a film of tropical moist oil. This unique beauty fluid is important to every type of complexion because it assists nature in the maintenance of a natural oil and moisture balance on the skin surface. Stroke the moist oil of Ulan in an upward direction from the neck until the entire complexion is covered with a lovely, dew-like film. Used as a powder-base, you will find that oil of Ulan not only beautifies and protects the skin against drying, wrinkle-making effects of the weather but insures that your make-up smooths on evenly and has a remarkably finer finish.

Radiant Clear Loveliness

A lovely complexion is the basis of all beauty and no amount of make-up can disguise the imperfections of a neglected skin. Deep cleansing is your first 'must.' Every trace of dullness and muddiness should be coaxed from your skin by thorough nightly care with a penetrating deep cleanser. Entration milk is recommended as it flows deep down into the pores to remove deep-seated dust and cosmetic particles dissolving away both the oil and water soluble impurities from the skin. A new youthful beauty blooms even after the first application.

If you would like to try this beautifying cleansing milk, please write to me care of Box 4614, G.P.O. Sydney for a complimentary pack.

End Dry Skin

Test your skin for signs of roughness by gliding your fingertips lightly over your face and neck as you apply your daily base of moist oil. Any dry or rough patches which may be evident should be gently massaged with a little extra oil of Ulan to cherish and smooth the skin. This will also ensure that your make-up will blend evenly to give your complexion an exquisite, youthful appearance.

Beauty For The Mature Years

Towards maturity, cherish your skin with special nourishment and moisture to smooth away wrinkle-dryness and keep facial lines at bay. Each evening work a layer of rich Ulan vitalizing night cream into your face and neck, massaging it with the fingertips in small, circular movements that spiral upwards and outwards. For daytime care, give your skin the nourishing and beautifying benefits of isotonic oil of Ulan.

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Can this be Spring... the jaunty lilt... the bounce in your step ... the smile on your face?

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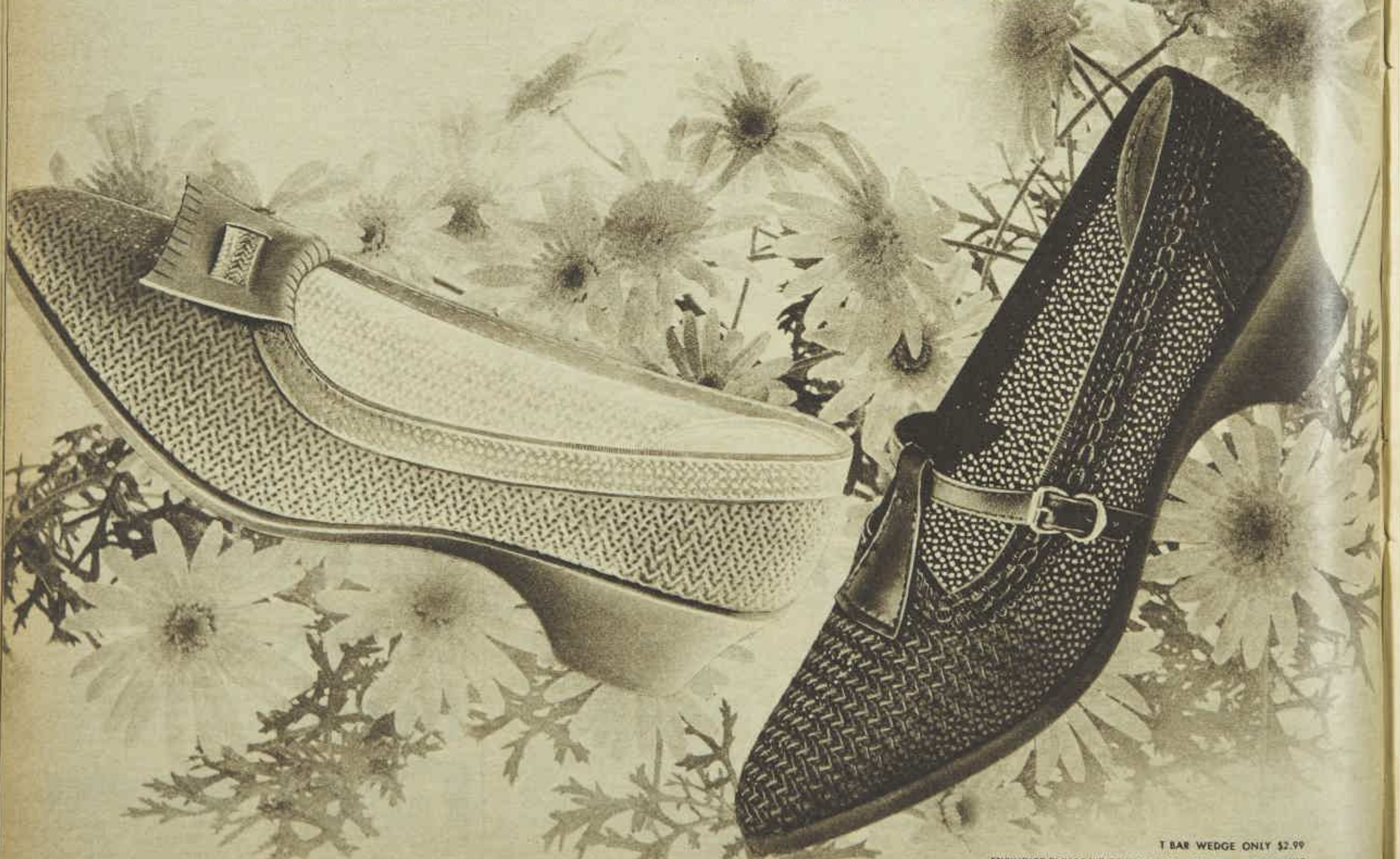
Time to kick-up your heels! Float on the heel-to-toe flexibility of Hollandia's weightless wedge. Just 5½ozs. of sheer comfort. More? Cool nylon mesh that breathes—m-m-m-m bliss! Natural, Navy, Brown, Black, White. **From $2.50.**



T BAR WEDGE ONLY $2.99
ENQUIRIES PLEASE WRITE HOLLANDIA, BOX 136, LILYDALE, VIC.

★ Women's angles on angling . . .

①

FISHING SUITS HER PALETTE

● *Mrs. Carter . . . "fishes" for art.*

IF your husband were a keen fisherman, constantly away at weekends throwing a line for pleasure, wouldn't you complain, in the hope that he'd take up another more practical hobby—like lawnmowing, for instance?

Melbourne housewife and mother Mrs. Con Carter, of Doncaster, whose husband is a dedicated trout fisherman, said she wouldn't dream of breathing a word of protest to her husband about the time he spends away from home.

She couldn't wish for him to do anything better—because where he goes SHE goes, and while he sits for hours, waiting for bites, Mrs. Carter captures landscapes and seascapes on her drawing-board.

"The only reason I can paint so much is because my husband is a keen fisherman," she said.

"It's when the trout are deciding to bite that I get some of my best painting done.

"The countryside where my husband fishes is always inspiring. And when he disappears happily for hours, so do I. In return for letting me share his hobby, I usually provide a painting or two each year to hang in his office."

The Carters enjoy fishing and painting in the Buckland Valley, and on Wilson's Promontory and the Flinders Ranges.

Mrs. Carter makes rough sketches on location, then puts them on to canvas in her studio—which unfortunately is not conveniently located at home.

Each day she walks a quarter of a mile to a studio she rents in a private garden.

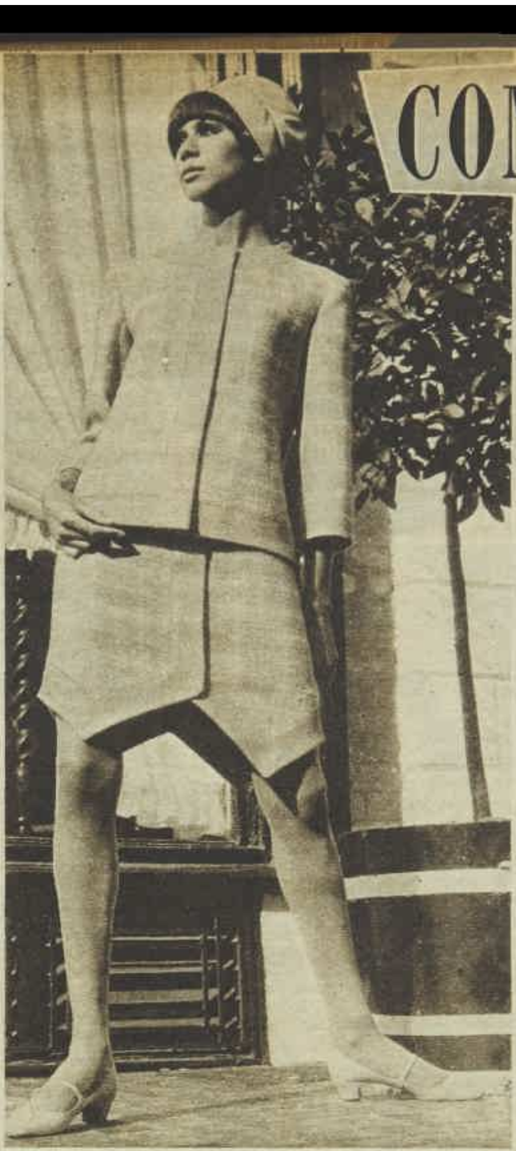
She said: "I began to paint so much that the house became littered with my work and I had to advertise for a studio. Every room at home is occupied."

But Mrs. Carter hopes that when her son Dennis, 24, completes his architecture course this year, and her daughter Judy, 21, takes a flat, she will be able to paint at home.

She began painting lessons in 1947, but found that with small children it was difficult to continue seriously.

She took up studies again in 1958, and has since won several art prizes. She will present 30 of her paintings in an exhibition on November 21 at the Victorian Artists' Society, East Melbourne.

COMPACT



☆

Points of view

● London designer Clive apparently couldn't quite make up his mind with this suit, recently shown at an autumn preview.

The jacket is quite conservative. But the skirt!—Knee-length in some parts, mini in others.

Our Mere Male reckons a designer should have the Courreges of his convictions!

☆

WHEN THE FIREMAN 'DELIVERED' THE STORK

■ In all the 1600 years' history of a famous monument nothing like this had ever happened to it before (writes Mrs. J. Lucy, of Sydney).

Walking down from St. Augustus' Temple in Ankara, capital of Turkey, looking for a taxi, I was startled to hear the sound of a fire-engine. My guide from the Tourist Bureau said in halting English, "Let's go!" and we hurried around the corner. In front of us the fire-engine halted at a tall column, 60ft. high, which was set in a small, bordered garden.

As we watched, the fire-engine slowly raised its mechanised extension ladder until it reached the top of the column. "That's Julian's Column, built by the Romans in AD 300," my guide said.

A hundred or more people had gathered, all as intrigued as we.

"There's no fire," I said to my guide. "What are they doing? Cleaning the column?"

"I'll inquire," he replied.

After a few minutes he returned and said, "Look!" I followed his gaze to the top of the column. "A stork's nest—they come here every year," he went on. "If you look closely you can see bits of straw from the nest hanging over the top.

"There were two baby storks in the nest when their parents flew off this morning to get food for them. The two babies apparently tried to follow their parents, thinking they, too, could fly.

"But they fell to the ground, their wings breaking their fall slightly in their efforts to rise. One baby stork was killed, but the other was quite unharmed.

"How to get it back to the nest? Someone thought of the Fire Brigade."

The fireman now had the baby stork under his arm and began climbing the extension ladder, which had been put in place after a good deal of manoeuvring the ladder to the top of the column.

Having reached the top, the fireman put the baby stork in its nest. The stork found its feet, and then, standing erect on its long thin legs, peeped over the top, completely unconcerned at the fuss.

The fireman watched the stork for a few minutes, and, seeing that it was quite at ease and disinclined to fly again, he climbed down.

The ladder was quickly withdrawn and the fire-engine quietly moved away.

Later in the day I returned to find the baby stork still standing erect, and looking from side to side at the nearby trees and over the city from its lofty and famous 1600-year-old perch — no doubt waiting for its parents to return with its dinner.

● *The baby stork safely at home.*

② Worms have Althea hooked

● *Worm turns — up.*

ATTRACTIVE, sun-bronzed Althea Burrows, of Stradbroke Island, Queensland, makes her living by catching worms for fish bait.

The 34-year-old blonde catches up to ten dozen worms a day. She charges tourists and fishermen a dollar a dozen.

The 6ft. (sometimes longer) worm that turns into money for Althea is known to biologists as Onuphis teres; to fishermen simply as the sea worm.

It is limited to Australian shores and is common on the beaches of New South Wales, Queensland, and South Australia.

Though usually in the 6ft. category, certain king worms reach 8ft.

The front half dozen segments of the creature are stronger than the rest of the body, and are specially developed for digging. The lower half of the body is used for holding on to the sand.

The worms have very strong jaws and can give the unwary a nasty nip.

Althea's working day begins at 9 a.m. and for about three hours she patrols the waterline.

Her method of capture involves the use of a "stinkbag," which is nothing more than an old piece of fish at the end of a length of rope.

She trails this behind her over the sand in the backwash of the tide. The worms detect a feed passing over their hiding-places and poke out about half an inch of their heads to reconnoitre.

Althea spots a momentary appearance and gently strokes the spot with a tiny morsel of meat. This time, when the worm emerges, his head is trapped between Althea's fingers and the whole creature dragged out into the open.

With professional pride, she said, "When an amateur tries this method he usually only manages to snap off the sea worm's head."

Althea lives with her four-year-old daughter, Louise, in a small house on a hill overlooking the ocean. She says candidly that making money by catching worms is only part of the attraction of her unusual job—"It's really just an excuse to be able to stay out in the sun all day."

She has lived on the huge island, at the mouth of the Brisbane River, for 28 years. She started catching worms as a child.

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"WE ARE SCARCELY JAMES BOND LADIES"

—Say Louise and Ida Cook, but their skill and courage in a top-secret rescue mission would put most cloak-and-dagger heroes to shame. They saved 29 souls from Hitler.

LIKE most well-bred English ladies, the Misses Louise and Ida Cook are retiring by nature. They are sisters and in their early sixties. Louise is a former civil service typist; Ida is a writer of light, romantic fiction.

They live in a small, comfortably shabby flat in London and make a serious hobby of listening to grand opera.

Although their income is adequate, they are conservative. They save slivers of soap, wear good tweeds chosen for their enduring style, permit themselves only the luxury of custom-blended tea.

It is hard to believe that a quarter of a century ago these two quiet English spinsters risked their lives in an extraordinary, imaginative and daring mission to save 29 doomed strangers from Hitler's Gestapo.

They represented no government, no secret agency—only themselves and, perhaps, the human race.

Ida Cook insists that their rescue mission would never have started if they hadn't decided to go to the Salzburg Music Festival in 1934.

"See here," she said emphatically, "we're not heroines. It was not a cloak-and-dagger-type operation. We are scarcely James Bond ladies!"

And Louise added, "Everything we did was legal. Perfectly legal. Except—oh, well—if you count the smuggling!"

Last year, when the two sisters were officially honored and decorated by the Israeli Government for their heroism, a spokesman explained that "the reason it has taken this long to recognise them is that they did their job so well no one realised how well they did it."

Recently, we talked to Louise and Ida Cook in their home in London, took tea with them at a West End hotel, and went with them to the theatre.

Louise is two years older than Ida and is more subdued. She is also taller and thinner.

Both look like "pure" Saxons, with the high, square cheekbones, fine white skin, and ruddy cheeks of the English country dweller.

Ida likes bright colors and favors a red hat over her carefully combed greying hair. Louise usually wears brown and grey clothes.

"So serene"

The impulse to be generously decent undoubtedly is implanted in childhood, and so, perhaps, are the elements of courage. The Cook sisters remember their childhood and young girlhood as a period when life was so stable as to be almost timeless.

"There were four of us," Ida said. "Louise and myself and two younger brothers.

"Our parents were harmoniously married, and our lives were so serene we could scarcely tell what day it was.

"I can't ever remember a mean word or a cruel act.

"My father was a Government tax official. He was unmistakably the head of the family, but never tyrannical. My mother had a great imagination and humor.

"We were reared with kindness and without any pressure. No one ever urged us to get ahead or to make money or even to sustain the family pride. It wasn't necessary."

For several years the family lived in Barnes, on the outskirts of London. "It was *still* quite countrified then," Ida recalled.

"There were green fields and woods to walk in, and in the early summer we bought home-grown strawberries very cheap. They were half a crown for a quarter of a bushel.

"We ate them with thick cream in huge soup bowls."

Like many English country homes, the house they lived in was said to be haunted.

A dastardly murder, in which the victim was dumped down a well and the well filled up on top of him, had occurred, supposedly, in the early 18th century.

"I saw the ghost only once," Ida said.

"He always appeared on the stairs, and one night when I was on my way to bed I saw moonlight glinting off silver buttons on a man's cutaway coat. I stopped at the bottom of the stairs and considered scuttling back to the sitting-room and asking my father to tuck me in bed.

"But I calmed myself, straightened my back, went on up the stairs past the ghost or whatever it was, flew into my bedroom, and pulled the covers over my head."

Louise added, "But Mother felt she talked to the ghost often.

"Once she reported that she had stopped him on the stairs and said, 'Poor man, why do you hang about here so forlornly? I can understand that your spirit is still upset because you met such a sudden and violent death, but, after all, it happened two centuries ago—why don't you go to rest?'

"And Mother said the ghost whispered to her, 'You don't understand. You've got

● *Louise and Ida Cook, the gentlewomen whose love of music led to dangerous adventures.*

By Jhan and June Robbins

it all wrong. I'm not the victim—I'm the murderer'."

Other than the ghost that came with the house, there was little excitement in the Cooks' family life. The parents did not entertain and seldom accepted invitations.

"So we saw no one but ourselves," Ida said.

"We played at hide-and-seek and hare and hounds. We read to each other. It never occurred to us that we were lonely.

"There were all the small animals in the woods—rabbits and fieldmice. We never knew the jolly companionship with our parents that many children today have.

"Mother and Father were both far too reserved to kiss us.

"We did have many books and some toys—the kind of conventional stuffed animals that English children are given.

"It was **rather a Christopher Robin-type childhood,** modest and **independent but** very secure."

Their father was fond of delivering lectures on moral behaviour at teatime.

The sisters remember that one afternoon he told a story about a man in the community who had been liberally rewarded for returning a lost horse.

The owner had given him a pound — and the happy recipient had got drunk for a week and landed in jail.

"'Served him right,' was Father's opinion," Ida recalled. "He warned us that it is wrong to accept any reward for doing a kindness.

"We children never disputed Father, but later we asked Mother what we would do if we ever found a diamond necklace.

"She replied most satisfactorily that in her opinion anyone who was so careless as to lose a diamond necklace ought to pay something to get it back."

Louise said wistfully, "For weeks we looked in haystacks and ditches, in watering troughs and mulch heaps, for stray diamond necklaces — but we never found one."

The children went to school and began academic classes at the age of six. Although they are today devout Church of England members, they disliked Bible study in class.

"I thought the story of Adam and Eve was miserable," Louise said. "I couldn't believe that God had written it — it seemed so mean.

"I hated the picture of an angel with a sword forcing poor Adam and Eve out of the garden.

"They were all naked. I kept thinking how chilly they must have been."

When World War I began, the family moved to Alnwick, a country town in Northumberland, near the Scottish border.

There the girls completed their secondary-school education, and when the war ended and the family returned to London, both were ready to go to work.

A gramophone

They took the civil-service examinations—Louise was top of her year in Latin—and went to work as copying typists.

Their salary was two pounds six shillings per week, and they were considered very lucky.

"It was about that time," Ida recalls, "that we discovered music.

"We hadn't had the conventional exposure to piano lessons as children and had no opportunity to go to concerts.

"But Louise went one day to a lecture sponsored by the Board of Education. The speaker used a gramophone to illustrate his points."

Louise came home in an excited daze and said, "We must buy a gramophone!"

The next day, the two sisters put down a deposit on a hand-cranked model that sold for £23 and bought ten records at 7/6 each, including Bach's "Air for G String," "Un Bel Di Vedremo," with Galli-Curci, and "Oh, Sleep! Why Dost Thou Leave Me," with Alma Gluck.

"A generation that has grown up with radio will find it hard to believe that we'd never really heard music," Louise said.

"We listened to those records during all our spare time, and at the end of the month our tastes and our lives were changed.

"We saved up enough money to go to a Covent Garden opera. Soon we were spending all the money we could squeeze from living expenses for opera and concert tickets.

"In October of 1924, we heard Galli-Curci. Oh, happy day. She was singing in concert at the Albert Hall.

"We were told that she sang opera only in New York.

"We wrote Galli-Curci a fan letter — we were still only silly young girls — and we told her we admired her.

"While we were writing the letter, we suddenly decided we would save our money and go to New York to hear her sing opera. So we told her about this project, too.

"Stars in those days had time to answer letters.

"Galli-Curci wrote back a charming note. We have it still among our dearest souvenirs.

"It read, 'If you ever succeed in coming to America you shall have two tickets for everything I sing. Meanwhile, come and see me on Sunday night to say goodbye.' "

Ida and Louise, dressed in black skirts, frilled white shirtwaists, and little hats, paid a demure call on the vigorous and handsome Italian soprano.

She repeated her gay invitation to meet her in New York.

The sisters embarked on a rigorous savings plan. Ida gave up sweets. Louise found that a penny bun without fruit was just as filling as a penny-ha'penny one with currants.

They never took a bus if they could possibly walk, but wondered if that were a real economy, when their shoes required mending more frequently.

"When we told our parents what we were doing," Ida remembered, "Mother said, 'Well, it's your money,' but Father said, 'I do think that is a very odd way to spend it.' "

Although neither sister was a skilled needlewoman, they made their own travel wardrobes, using patterns from a magazine called "Mabs Fashions," for the London working girl.

They sailed third class on the Berengaria in the autumn of 1926.

Disembarking in New York on a West Side pier, they asked a taxi driver to recommend a cheap, respectable hotel. He took them to a family hotel on Washington Square.

Then they consulted a map and walked more than thirty blocks uptown to Thirty-Ninth Street, arriving at the Metropolitan Opera House just in time for the evening performance of "Traviata."

Ida said, "I think Madame Galli-Curci must have been rather astonished to see her shy little stage-door admirers actually surface in New York City, but she recovered admirably, gave us some tickets, and insisted on writing a letter to Mother telling her that we were all right."

Mme Galli-Curci was so intrigued by the girls' devotion to opera that she invited them to her apartment and kept a motherly eye on them during their stay.

They went home a few weeks later, after having heard approximately 100 hours of opera and agreeing that they couldn't wait to hear more.

"You understand we weren't frustrated musicians," Louise said.

"Neither of us could sing a note, but we were becoming rather expert and appreciative listeners.

"When we got back to the civil-service office that we worked in, we converted three or four other girls, and we spent a few seasons going to Covent Garden together. It was such good fun."

It was about this time, the Cook sisters said, that well-meaning friends began to nag them about getting married.

"They are still nagging," Ida said with a twinkle.

"We met nice young men, but the fact is, Mr. Right just never came along. Not for either one of us.

"After World War I there were simply not enough men to go around in England, and many women of our generation made the choice of dignified spinsterhood rather than marry someone uncongenial.

"Perhaps Louise and I felt a bit regretful, but I don't remember that we suffered."

The following year the sisters made another trip to the U.S. to hear Lawrence Tibbett, Ezio Pinza, Rosa Ponselle, and made friends with all three.

When they returned, Ida left her job in the civil service and became an assistant fiction editor for a magazine firm.

● *Galli-Curci*

"They ran short stories and serial fiction," she said. "My job was to do the lay-out—arrange the size of the illustrations and copy.

"At times it got frightfully dull. I decided to try to write light fiction. To my vast surprise it began to sell."

A few years later, in 1934, the Viennese conductor Clemens Krauss came to Covent Garden to conduct the operas "Arabella" and "Schwanda."

Ida and Louise, still stage-door fans, snapped a photograph of him as he left the building.

Ida said, "We were just using a little box camera and knew nothing about photography.

"But the picture turned out to be marvellously flattering and dramatic—so much so that we had a copy made and brought it to his wife, Viorica Ursuleac, a Rumanian soprano.

"She was very pleased. She said, 'But, of course, you are going to Salzburg this summer.'

Assassinated

"We had no idea of doing so. We couldn't afford it. But I was so muddled I replied, 'Yes, indeed, we are going to Salzburg—wouldn't dream of missing it!'

"Suddenly it seemed like a great idea. Louise and I had visions of ourselves sitting on a green hillside in the foothills of the Austrian Tyrol listening to great music and perhaps hobnobbing with Clemens Krauss.

"Late in July, Chancellor Dollfuss, of Austria, was assassinated. But we didn't take it seriously. No one seemed to.

"All we worried about was whether it would stop our music holiday.

"They closed the Austrian border for a few days, then opened it again, and off we went."

At Salzburg, they were delighted to be introduced as "Galli-Curci's English girls."

Viorica Ursuleac introduced them to a white-haired woman, Mme Mita Mayer-Lismann, from Frankfurt, who was the official lecturer for the Salzburg festival that year.

"I'm afraid we had silly prejudices," Louise told us. "Somehow we felt people with double-barrelled names could not possibly be very good."

Clemens Krauss explained that Mme Mayer-Lismann was going to England, where she was scheduled to give several lectures.

He took Louise and Ida by the hand and said seriously, "I want you to take care of her. Look after Mita. Promise me that you will."

The two sisters promptly agreed. They thought he was asking them to see that she was invited to tea and taken around to the Tower of London and other sightseers' places.

In Salzburg, many people spoke of the body of legislation that was under preparation in Nazi Germany and designed to deprive Jewish citizens of their civil rights.

Clemens Krauss was among those who realised that serious trouble was coming, and he began to try to persuade his Jewish friends in the musical world to migrate, while there was still time, to Switzerland, England, or America.

Few people paid any attention to him. Those who listened said, "Krauss, don't worry so much. We Jews are

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"SCARCELY JAMES BOND LADIES"

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

used to threats of pogroms. It will all blow over."

"In England," Ida said, "there was even less conception of what these laws could mean—that people could be rounded up and shipped off to concentration camps.

"When Madame Mayer-Lismann came to London we asked her what she wanted to see, and she said she was interested in architecture, so we took her to Westminster Abbey.

"She asked, 'Is this a Catholic or Protestant church?' Then we went to St. Paul's, and she asked the same question.

"I thought it a bit curious, so I asked, 'What is your religion?' She looked surprised and replied, 'I'm Jewish. I thought Clemens told you all about me!'

"If Clemens Krauss thought we were sophisticated enough to get his message to 'take care of Mita,' he must have been very disappointed.

"We weren't alert to the Nazi-Jewish problem, because the whole world was asleep—even the few English Jews who were our acquaintances.

"We simply never thought of Jews being any different from anyone else. A few weeks later Madame Mayer-Lismann went back to Germany."

Late in 1935, Ida published a light, romantic novel, "Wife of Christopher."

She used a pen-name—Mary Burchell—her mother's first name and the name of her father's mother.

To her astonishment, the novel sold well and publishers asked for as many more like it as she could produce.

Ida recalled, "I left my position in Fleet Street and stayed home to write. It was marvellous fun.

"I was under no illusion that I was writing great literature, but I didn't feel like a cynical hack, either.

"They were clean, lively stories dealing with the kind of people I had known all my life.

"There was one book about a girl whose fiance jilted her; another about a girl who fell in love with a man who was trying to run her father out of business; still another about a girl who got her start in opera.

"None of the heroines was Louise or myself. But they might have been. They were real to me.

"I began to make what seemed like a large amount of money—as much as a thousand pounds per year—and since neither Louise nor I had much use for it we just put it in the bank.

"I kept thinking, a little uneasily, *What's it for?* Why has this been given to us?"

We were talking to the sisters in the sitting-room of their flat. Both of them had chatted eagerly while speaking of their childhood and their early adventures among the opera stars, but now they were suddenly silent.

Ida got up from the flower-printed sofa and went to the window, looking down sombrely at the small green courtyard below.

Louise patted the white china teapot. When they began to speak again it was more slowly.

Ida remembers hearing people say that what Hitler was doing to the Jews—on the legal surface it was only a separation of the Jewish culture from the German nation—was a sensible idea.

She heard people argue that Jews were always Jews first and national citizens second.

"Minority groups have no national perspective," she recalls someone saying. "They work for their own interests and take no responsibility for the country.

"Their religion and their culture tell them they are an independent entity—so let them be!"

"We didn't know enough about it to argue," Ida told us. "But the truth began to break through to us when we went to Frankfurt to visit Madame Mayer-Lismann in 1937.

"At a party or a concert, someone would say, 'Where is Herr So-and-So?'

"A strained silence would fall. Then someone else would say quietly, 'They took him away.'

"So when we returned to England we knew that decent people—even artists and intellectuals—were being mistreated.

"When the British Jewish Refugee Committee appealed for funds we began to contribute money.

"And since we are not the kind of people who just write cheques and forget about it we discovered that the lives of men, women, and children were literally hanging on their ability to get out of Germany.

"We decided to help. And that's how it all started."

What quickly developed was a desperate race against time to save musicians, artists, writers, and intellectuals whom the Gestapo had particularly marked for early death.

The sisters were scarcely surprised to find that Clemens Krauss, now director of the Munich Opera House, was aiding the anti-Nazi underground.

He told them that hundreds of men and women were in immediate danger.

"Get out as many as you can," he begged them. "Get them to England if you can, but get them out!"

Hitler knew

Ida said, "In England, we don't realise the political importance of musicians, poets, and artists. We look at them as strange fellows who wear berets and behave rather interestingly, but we don't take them very seriously.

"The idea that a poem could make a dent in a regime or a symphony rally a revolution sounds absurd.

"But all tyrannical governments always move first against the artists. They know that one Francois Villon, one Sibelius, one Yevtushenko is more dangerous than thousands of armed men.

"When you kill the artists, *you kill* protest. And Hitler knew it."

Getting refugees out of Germany and Austria was an agonising exercise in ultimate frustration.

"No country would admit migrants without any money," Louise said.

"Germany wouldn't let them take any money with them — there was a limit of about a pound. Most of them had very little time to make up their minds.

"After the Anschluss — the seizure of Austria — in 1938, the order went out that every male Jew between the ages of 18 and 60 was to be rounded up and sent to a concentration camp.

● *Ezio Pinza*

"Several weeks' notice was supposed to be given, but in some cases men were taken away in 15 minutes.

"The only way to avoid it was to sign a form guaranteeing that you would get out of the country in eight weeks.

"Many signed but had little hope that they could make it.

"To get into England, you needed, if you were a man, to guarantee that you would not become a public charge and to submit documentary proof that you intended eventually to go to another country.

"A child without its parents could be brought over if an English family would legally adopt it until it was 18.

"A woman could come on a domestic permit, provided she gave evidence there was a job waiting for her."

By the winter of 1938, the Cook sisters were fully committed to help. Louise took a crash course in German and learned to speak the language competently in a series of 25 lessons.

"I knew better than to try," sighed Ida. "Louise, dear, you've always had the brains."

Louise lined up their task and organised it with the cool aplomb of a general.

"Now, then," she said briskly, "there are five things we must do. Locate the refugees. Screen out those who are in most desperate situations. Decide which of these have the best chances of being rescued. Find English sponsors for them. Smuggle out their belongings so that they can have waiting for them in England enough valuables to convince the British Government they are not paupers.

"It's very simple, really," said Louise, "but, Ida, we must organise and co-ordinate."

"Yes, certainly," Ida agreed.

"Well, here's how we'll manage," Louise said, and began to write.

Posing as rattlebrained opera buffs, they shuttled from London to Cologne by air on Friday evenings and returned on the Channel night boat from Holland in time for Louise to get to work on Monday morning.

"Anyone who has travelled knows that air people don't talk to boat people," Louise said. "We hoped the frequency of our visits would be less noticeable."

When questions were asked, Clemens Krauss provided an alibi.

"He scheduled his music to suit our convenience," Ida remembered.

"He even loosened the strain by letting us choose our own opera — just imagine!

"If we sent him word through the Refugee Committee that we needed an excuse to come to Frankfurt or Munich on a certain weekend, we included an operatic title in the message and that's what he would perform.

"We sat in the audience feeling rather guilty at having such an enjoyable evening and nervously wondering whether the man behind us was a Gestapo agent.

"On the way back across the border we would chatter loudly. 'Well, Krauss was magnificent, as usual. Let's come back next week and hear "Tosca"!'"

"We built ourselves a reputation," Louise said. "The men in Customs used to chuckle, 'Here come those two *verrukt* (crazy) English ladies. They are only poor office workers and they spend all their money to come here to listen to German opera.'

"We came into the Cologne airport each Friday evening with practically empty suitcases, shivering in our tweed suits.

"And we went across the Dutch border on Sunday wearing furs, sparkling with jewellery, and scarcely able to drag our bags.

"We were smuggling out people's lives.

"A great many nasty remarks have been made about so-called rich Jews who fled the Nazis and took their millions with them.

"It is so absurd.

"There may have been a few who were shrewd enough in the early 1930s to salt some escape money away in Swiss banks. But the vast number just had to sell everything they owned and convert it into assets that could be smuggled. Furs and jewels. That was about it."

Many a middleclass German Jewish housewife who'd never owned so much as a coat with a fur collar suddenly found herself in possession of a necklace or ring that represented the family's life savings.

Ida recalled, "We had to refuse most of the earrings, as they were nearly all designed for pierced ears.

"We had never had our ears pierced.

"When we started smuggling, we discussed the idea, but we were advised that the puncture marks would be very conspicuous for a long time.

"It was the kind of small detail on which we could very easily have been tripped up."

The sisters pleaded with everyone they knew in London to help them collect furriers' labels.

"Any of the furriers would have given us labels, but nothing looks newer than a new label in an old coat," Louise explained.

"So we went around London appealing to well-dressed women to rip labels out of their coats.

"Once they caught on, it was quite a fad.

"We used to go direct from the airport or train station to the home of the prospective refugee.

"There we would rip off the German labels, sew in the London ones, pin on the jewellery, stuff our suitcases, and go on to the hotel.

"Clemens Krauss told us that a good underground trick to avoid suspicion was to stay at a hotel frequented by the Storm Troopers' officers.

"In Berlin, we stayed at the Adlon, calmly walking past Herr Goering in the lobby, our bosoms quivering with smuggled jewels.

"It didn't shake us, but the refugees who wanted to get in touch with us were a bit nervous."

As weekend followed weekend and Clemens Krauss saw to it that the opera season was prolonged, the Cook sisters calmly transported valuables from Frankfurt, Munich, and Berlin to bank vaults in London, where they remained until the owners claimed them.

Ida said, "In 1939, we got in a little deeper.

"Time was getting short then. Everyone expected general war in Europe to break out before the end of the year and that England would be in it. Then, of course, the borders would be closed and we could no longer play our role as opera trotters.

"Both of us nearly forgot about earning a living. Oh, blessed light romance that kept the money rolling in.

"We spent our time during the week pounding on doors in London, begging for guarantors for these desperate people.

"It was hard work.

"Lots of English thought that the Government ought to admit refugees and perhaps build camps for them, but when it came to personally guaranteeing their welfare it was another story. We made endless telephone calls and visits."

Once, Ida got a soapbox and headed for Hyde Park Corner, the free-speech area in London.

She said, "I was talking to a crowd of about fifty persons when I felt someone jog my elbow.

"I looked down and saw a sleazily dressed young man. I had no way of knowing whether he was with me or against me.

"I shook him off, but he kept tugging at my sleeve.

"He asked permission to speak, and I said impatiently, 'No, no, that's not allowed—get your own crowd.'

"He jumped up on the box when I stepped down, however, and he said, 'I just want you to know that I have just escaped from Germany, and everything this lady says is true. They are getting ready to slaughter the entire Jewish community. Please! You must help others to come here!'"

The Cook sisters soon were conscious that they had a following in Europe.

Letters addressed merely to "Ida and Louise" were received at the British Jewish Refugee Headquarters.

A German in Frankfurt who was a Roman Catholic put an apartment at their disposal for the purpose of interviewing refugees.

(The room was later used by a Roman Catholic priest who had been smuggled into the house. It was set up as a chapel, and the priest administered last rites to Catholics who were headed for concentration camps. In 1943, when Frankfurt was all but flattened by Allied bombers, the apartment house was one of the few buildings that was not destroyed.)

As many as 15 men or women crowded into the little apartment on Saturday and Sunday mornings and anxiously presented their qualifications to the Cook sisters.

Said Ida, "It was a grinding experience.

"Suddenly we found we had the power of life and death in our hands. And we had to figure out in pretty short order which ones could probably be saved if we worked hard and moved fast and which Jews hadn't much chance.

● *Lawrence Tibbett*

"When chances were equal, we took the young. But we tried to keep families together.

"You understand," she insisted, "that we weren't playing God. It was more like gambling at Monte Carlo.

"I still shudder when I think about it.

"The Jew who had a practical skill — an electrician or an engineer — sometimes made it ahead of the intellectual.

"The one who had converted all his material assets into diamonds or what-have-you and was able to demonstrate to his English guarantor that he would not become dependent on him had it over the man and his wife who were still clinging—as though furniture were a part of life itself—to their bedsteads and family portraits.

"And everything had to be done in such a hurry—such a terrible hurry. There was no time to think or to argue.

"We prayed a lot. If you can pray on the run. I think you have to listen quietly to an answer to prayer. But there was just no time."

"Sometimes," Louise remembered, "we would get a case worked through and cable the visas and entry permits, only to find that, a few hours before, the Storm Troopers had knocked on the door. The candidate had disappeared."

In such cases, sometimes a good strong bluff worked.

Ida told us about one such time: "A man had been imprisoned in a small country town, and his mother was beside herself, thinking he would be transferred to a concentration camp before we could do anything for him.

"I promptly typed out a very pompous letter stating that one of London's most prominent citizens was giving the guarantee in this case and that if the man didn't show up in London it would be brought up in the House of Commons.

"I took the letter to a well-known London solicitor and persuaded him to put a big blob of sealing wax on it and to sign his name in bold black ink.

"The seal said, 'Supreme Court of Adjudicature of Great Britain.' It looked very impressive.

"We took the document straight to the German keeper of the small-town jail. He was so overwhelmed he turned his prisoner loose in ten minutes.

"They probably shot the poor man for it."

Ida said, "We were warned that if we got involved in trying to rescue anti-Nazis or Communists, we would probably be arrested as spies and shot.

"I remembered the stories I had heard in my childhood about Nurse Edith Cavell, and I was quite frightened. I wondered how Louise and I would stand up to that kind of thing.

"We talked it over with Mother. She said that perhaps she'd had a share in this through bringing us up to do a bit of kindness.

"She could understand that we'd be apprehensive—we'd be foolish if we weren't.

"But she said she was a little psychic, as we knew, and she felt we'd be all right.

"Louise and I couldn't imagine any of our musical friends being Communists, but we certainly knew many must be in the underground.

"We decided that the most sensible thing to do was simply not to ask. If we were ignorant, our nerves couldn't betray us."

There were some disturbing moments.

Once, as they boarded a train for Holland, two uniformed jackbooted S.S. men fell in behind them, entered the same railway car, and sat menacingly in their compartment during the entire journey.

"We didn't dare to speak to each other, for we had no way of knowing whether they understood English or not," Ida said.

"We both opened books and began to read.

"Soon I discovered that I could communicate with Louise by holding my finger under words on the page of my book. It was a slow business, but I managed to point out, 'Calm — in — trouble—breathe — deeply.'

"Louise began to giggle. I thought, good grief, is she becoming hysterical?

"Then Louise opened her purse, brought out a small package of chocolates, unwrapped it carefully, and held it out cheerfully to the S.S. men.

"You never saw two more disarmed villains in your life. I mean, one simply doesn't offer chocolates to Storm Troopers!

"Talk about your secret weapons!

"Insolent"

"When we got off the train, they went off in another direction and didn't even bother to see that we crossed the border.

"At other times," she continued, "it was necessary to meet rudeness with arrogance.

"If we had crumpled, we'd have been in difficulties.

"I'd so like to meet — if he is still alive—the incredibly insolent Customs inspector who got on the train at Vienna.

"His eye was caught by the rosy lustre of an oriental-pearl necklace, which was being worn with purposeful carelessness on a cheap jersey.

"I think he suspected the necklace was being smuggled out, and he was visibly gathering his nerve to make an arrest.

"It was obvious that the only protective resource was the famous British ability to stare down strangers.

"'That is a very beautiful necklace you are wearing, Fraulein,' he said.

"He got a cold shower of English hauteur and a lofty, 'Why not, Herr Inspector? Do I look as though I were accustomed to imitations?'

"'Certainly not,' he said hastily. 'I only meant to ask whether you bought it in Germany.'

"'Scarcely,' was the contemptuous reply. He was about to leave the compartment whe he was called back. '*Mein Herr!*'

"'Your servant, Fraulein.'

"'You seem to be implying that there is something wrong with my appearance. What is wrong with me?'

"'Nothing, nothing at all.'

"'But there must be!'

"'*Nein, nein*, no offence, Fraulein.'

"'What is the name of your superior? Does he know that you feel free to insult single ladies?'

"'*Nein, nein, nein.*'

"And that was that — the poor man scampered up the aisle as though the Grenadiers were at his heels."

Jacques Heliczer, the noted sculptor, was within a few hours of arrest when he was

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

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"SCARCELY JAMES BOND LADIES"

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

interviewed in Vienna by the Cooks.

He is now a resident of New York City, and we talked to him there. He is a short, wiry man in his middle fifties.

He has a high, broad, bony forehead, silver-grey hair that is beating an orderly retreat toward his crown. The upper part of his intense, emotional face is nearly obscured by enormous horn-rimmed glasses.

"When I first met the Cooks, I was afraid they were Nazi spies," he told us.

"There were a lot of spies around in those days.

"But I knew the order had already been signed for my arrest and the Gestapo was just waiting until they were ready for another round-up. It's inefficient to arrest people one by one, you know.

"You have to take chances to survive, however, and I decided that I had to trust the Cook girls.

"I told them everything — that most of my family were already in concentration camps, that I had been jailed for three weeks for making critical remarks about Nazism.

"But they weren't interested in a confession — that wasn't their purpose. They wanted to uncover every scrap of information they could use to save me.

"I told them all the details of my career. I'd won lots of prizes, including first prize in drawings at the World's Fair in Paris in 1937 and another first prize at a big exhibition in the Mannes Gallery in Prague.

" 'What was it?' Miss Ida wanted to know. They were always interested in the arts. I told them it was a bas-relief of Tomas Masaryk.

"Miss Louise exclaimed, 'The president of Czechoslovakia? Why can't he help you?'

"I explained that he was dead. 'But he's got a family. Here, let me try!'

"Within minutes, this wonderful lady, who was too naive and good-hearted to dismiss the faintest chance, had Jan Masaryk himself on the telephone.

Who was Alice?

"To my astonishment, Masaryk said he would get me a visa within 24 hours.

"And he did. I went to England and then to the U.S.

"Skilled interviewing and leaving no stone unturned — that's what enabled the Cook sisters to save so many.

"They are wonderful ladies. May God always bless them."

In March of 1939 the Cook sisters received a message from a friend of Clemens Krauss in Berlin. It said, "Get Alice out — they are going to take her husband!"

Louise recalled, "We hadn't the faintest idea who Alice might be.

"We had no way of checking back. We puzzled about it. Clearly, the writer had expected us to recognise the name.

"What kind of woman is so well known by a single name? Someone in the arts, we agreed. An actress like Marlene? A ballet dancer like Jeanmaire? No one seemed to know.

"Then it occurred to us that it might be a designer, like Chanel.

"We began to ask our few well-dressed friends — the ones who had lent us the labels for the fur coats — and a woman said, 'But Alice, of course! She is the best-known milliner in Berlin.

" 'She makes hats for Frau Ribbentrop and Frau Goebbels. But she is not Jewish. I should have thought she was safe.'

"We wondered briefly if we were being booby-trapped. There was always that possibility.

"There were at least 50 others begging us for help.

"But we went to Berlin to interview Alice. If the situation hadn't been so tragic, it might have been good fun.

● *Clemens Krauss*

"Ida and I had never been to an elegant fashion salon before. There were crystal chandeliers and mirrors and swatches of velvet and clouds of veiling and wisps of expensive perfume.

"It was hard to believe that just outside the door was unspeakable cruelty."

Alice told them that some months before, her customer Frau Ribbentrop, the wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, had advised her to divorce her husband, who was Jewish. Alice refused.

Her husband had escaped across the Dutch border. She tried to follow, but was caught and brought back.

She said she would be in prison if it weren't for Frau Ribbentrop, but she desperately wanted to go to England, in the hope that she could rejoin her husband.

"You have no idea how little interest there was in sponsoring an 'Aryan' German milliner," Ida said.

"There were just no takers.

"Then we went, somewhat reluctantly, to a very formal social tea at the home of a friend. We appealed for help for Alice and a man and his wife agreed to guarantee her.

"Alice got to England and started a modest new career.

"Needless to say, we have a closetful of heavenly hats we seldom wear. But Alice never saw her husband again.

"Apparently, the Nazis got him in Holland eventually."

One of the last escapes the sisters handled was that of Jerzy Maliniak, assistant conductor of the Viennese State Opera and a close friend of Clemens Krauss.

"Maliniak was fired from his job because he was Jewish, and he couldn't get another job for the same reason.

"He and Gerda, his non-Jewish wife, and their little daughter were just quietly starving to death.

"Maliniak was Polish by birth, but they wouldn't let him cross the border.

"Krauss said, 'They have made up their minds to kill him. I doubt if you can help him. All he wants now is to save his wife and little girl.'

"We found a lovely musical family in England, who adopted the child. But we were determined not to stop there.

Brother Bill

"We appealed wildly for sponsors for Jerzy and Gerda. We managed to get a shaky, but I think well-meant, guarantee. It was unsuccessful.

"Louise and I didn't know where to turn.

"Then our brother Bill — who was usually very silent, unless he thought he had something worth saying — suddenly looked up and said, 'You can take my post office savings book if you like and a statement. I'm a permanent civil servant. See if they will accept a guarantee for the two of them from me'."

On that same day, however, the sisters received a cable: "Jerzy not home. Helpless. Gerda." They knew they were too late. It was July, 1939.

Ida says, "For the first time we broke down. We just cried from sorrow, frustration, wild anger — and, probably, all those months of strain and fatigue.

"We are not the kind who weep easily — we are stiff-upper-lip type of people.

"I told the British Home Office, 'Go ahead with the visas, anyway. We'll get them out somehow!' "

Gerda had walked with her husband to the Munich police station, kissed him goodbye, and watched him enter.

As she was returning to her apartment a neighbor warned her that the Gestapo was waiting for her there.

For two days Gerda lived on her feet, walking up one street and slipping down an adjacent alley, afraid to stay in any one place.

She went to the British Consulate, but the clerks were not aware that the visas for her and her husband were on the cross-Channel cable.

They let her rest for a few hours, and then they opened the back door and asked her to leave.

She went to the Polish Consulate and proved to an official's satisfaction that she was technically Polish by marriage. The official said, "Well, we can send you to Warsaw." She reluctantly agreed to go.

Still fearing immediate arrest, she walked for another twenty-hour hours until the train departed. She didn't

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68

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HEAD ON THE SILL

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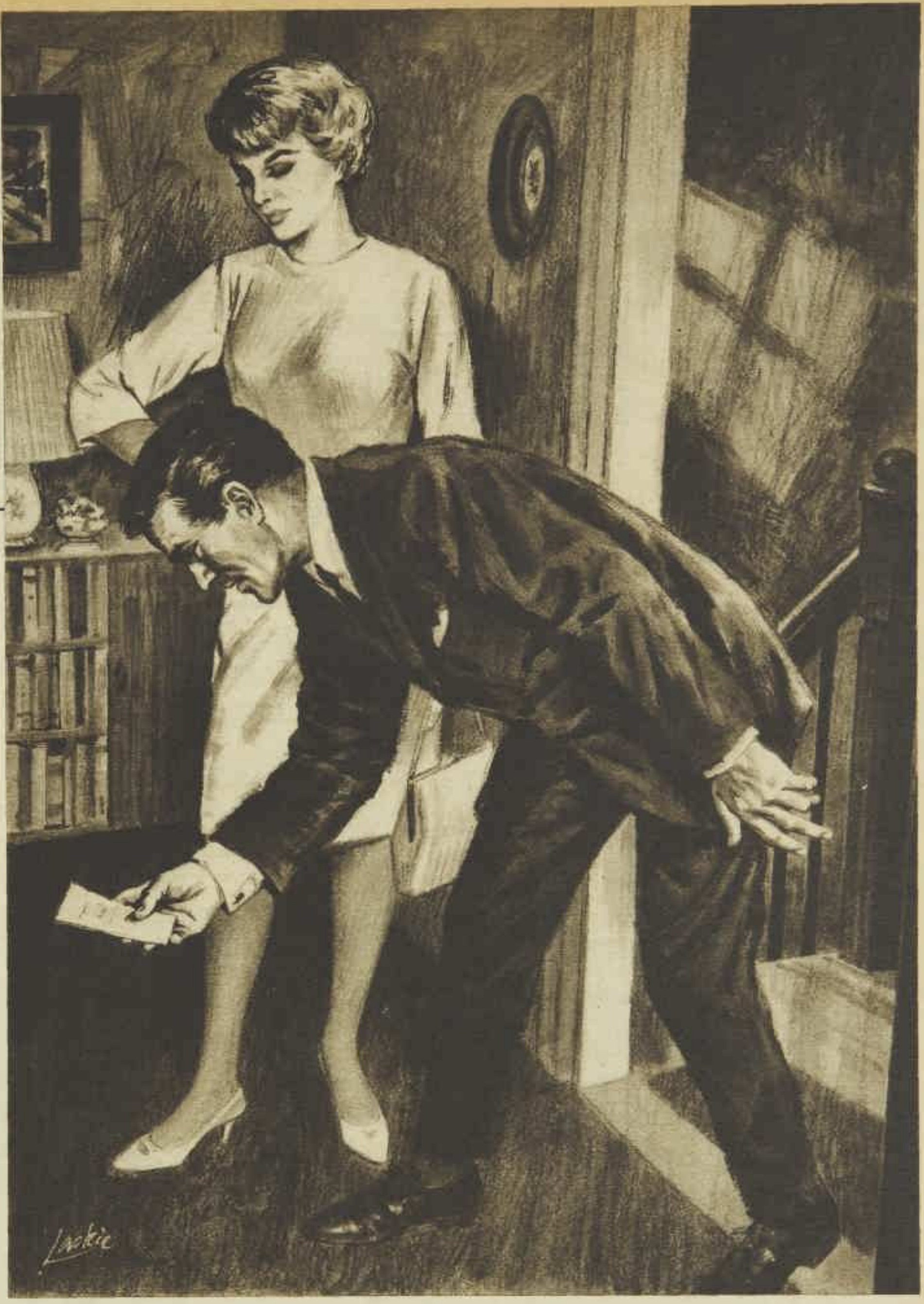
By MARGOT NEVILLE



Polly watched apprehensively as Francis stooped to pick up the note from Ernest.

POLLY NICOLSON was lying on the bed watching her husband shave, an occupation — if occupation it could be called — to which she brought a newly married interest and a love-rapt eye.

He had plugged in his razor and was standing getting rid of the twenty-four-hour-old stubble that was bronze in color and a little lighter than his straight brown hair. His other hand held a newspaper, of which the headlines were receiving but perfunctory attention.

They had got up late, had a leisurely meal, combined breakfast and lunch, and now he was getting ready to go off to his job. How wonderful it was, she thought, to have a husband who didn't have to rush off at some unearthly hour. Though, of course, you paid for it at the other end by rarely having him home in the evening.

The room in which the two were thus engaged was a spacious bedroom, which was just as well, because Francis Nicolson was a spacious sort of person who needed a lot of room to manoeuvre in, and Polly wasn't noticeably tidy. The light in here was always tender and kind, coming through the doors on to the balcony of the first-floor flat, for the balcony was wide and deeply roofed.

Francis Nicolson, a newspaper man, was thirty, Polly was twenty-three. They had been three months married. Meeting and loving and throwing themselves straightway into marriage had left them no time to search for that block of land and that architect with those ideal plans, and to shop for furniture and linen and china. They were unencumbered in every way, both by material possessions and close relatives. Polly's parents were country people and Francis's paper had moved him from Melbourne to Sydney; so they could, and did, enjoy full self-containment in this furnished flat in this waterside suburb where the harbor lay like a sheet of ever-changing colored glass below their back balcony.

Usually at this hour their talk was domestic; today it was less pleasingly harnessed to Ernest Evans, the tenant of the other flat on this floor, a subject which had occupied their thoughts rather too much of recent weeks.

Now, Francis opened it by saying: "What have you got on for today, darling?" and before she could answer: "Having a guest for dinner?"

"I hope not, but he's about due, I'm afraid."

"You're mad. You're absolutely mad," he said.

"I know. I know. My heart sinks when I hear the knock and see him standing there with a parcel of steak or something under his arm and suggesting that we 'team up' as he's alone and so am I. What can I say but, 'Of course, come in'?"

"You could say, 'Look, Ernest,' you could say, 'get the hell out of here, I've had you. I've had these damn visitations of yours because you're too lazy — you great slob! — to cook your own dinners and've got too little resource to stay alone after them. I've had standing over the hot stove,' you could say, 'grilling your steak when I was just going to finish up last night's cold meat and have a bit of peace and a read and wait for my darling husband to come home.' That's what I'd say."

"You wouldn't say anything of the sort. You're far too kind hearted and —"

"Well, something like that, anyhow. I'd give him a damn good hint that I didn't want to be disturbed. You just invite victimisation."

"Just because I cook poor Ernest a piece of steak, you stand up there and lecture me as if you were Freud."

"You're evading my point. It's not that you cook Ernest a bit of steak. It's that you pour your sympathy out on everyone like a fountain. You weep with Miss Oxley when she throws a temperamental fit, you spend hours worrying when Violet Hopkins can't pay her bills, you fight the battles of that ill-conditioned youth Leo when he's impertinent to his stepfather."

"I see. I see. You'd rather I was one of those hard-hearted Hannahs and confined myself to your little troubles, would you?"

"I don't mean anything of the sort. You know quite well what I mean. What I mean is, you should try and remember that the world's motto is gimme, gimme, gimme, and that if you don't put some limit on your response to it, you'll become a sucked-out shell before you're many years older, and I'll be left nursing a nervous wreck, and the people you've been trying to bear-up will be running around merrily without a thought for you."

Polly sank back on the pillows. "All right, all right, don't let's talk about it any more. I know I'm just a feeble-minded idiot and you wish you'd never married me."

He came over to the bed, lifted her up, and kissed her. "Darling . . . you're perfect! You're the nearest thing to heaven on this earth. I'm only trying to stop you wearing yourself out."

Francis's anxiety for Polly's health was not as unreasonable as it sounded, for only a month or two before their marriage she had been in a car smash which had resulted in broken bones and pneumonia, after which the doctor had prescribed that vegetable existence which is so medically desirable and so practically unattainable.

He went back to the dressing-table and started to comb his hair.

She said: "You know, it's odd that Ernest should have made so many enemies. Can it be entirely his fault? I know he's got a chip on his shoulder—"

"A chip? A damn great log, more like. I can't stomach the chap myself. He's snooty and superior and always on the watch-out not to be done down. And it gets my goat to see him sneak his hand into his pocket and bring out his loose change and steal a look at it and count it."

"Well, everyone counts their money sometimes."

"All right, but like various other intimate little acts it shouldn't be done in public."

He glanced at his watch, buttoned his shirt, and tied his tie. He shrugged himself into his coat. "How's the Battle of the Window going?" he asked.

"Badly. It's going from bad to worse, actually."

"It's bound to, it can only do so. That's what I was warning you about. Damn fools, the pair of them. I implore you, Polly, to keep out of that one."

"I'd find it hard to," she said pensively. "It's impossible not to be sorry for both of them."

He received this with a snort. She followed him to the door.

"Do you want the car this afternoon?" he asked. "I could do with it."

To page 46

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HEAD ON THE SILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

"That's OK. I'll go by ferry." At the door he kissed her again. She watched him run down the stairs, then shut the door and went to the sitting-room window. As usual, at the gate he turned and waved to her, and as usual, with a drop of the spirits, she waved back as though she were never going to see him again.

When three months ago Miss Geraldine Oxley finished converting her roomy old house into four flats, she could have let the three flats — the fourth was for herself — ten times over, so she was able to select ideal tenants: the Nicolsons, a nice young married couple for the bigger flat above, and two bachelors, one upstairs and one down.

But before many weeks were out Miss Oxley discovered that two seemingly ideal tenants, bachelors though they be, do not add up to the ideal if they conceive a violent antipathy for each other and live in a state of feud. This was the state of affairs between Ernest Evans and Robert Lerrel, Miss Oxley's so carefully chosen bachelors.

Evans was about thirty-eight. He had a loud, dry voice, a dry, prematurely lined face, and dark, dusty-looking hair, and carried his tall figure with an exaggerated cock-o'-the-walk erectness. He worked in a city bank. His was not one of those jobs that bring a man into daily amicable contact with the public, but was, so Robert Lerrel said, scrabbling about among dog-eared documents in some smelly vault where his native propensities sprouted like poisonous fungi.

This mordant picture of Evans by Lerrel was not painted until after various encounters between the two. Lerrel was by nature a peaceable man. It was doubtful if he had ever crossed swords with anyone until he and Evans came to live under Miss Oxley's roof. He was small, neatly made, and had a dark Spanish-looking face that was a little too large for the rest of him. His manner was dignified and courteous, his attire studiously avoided any hint of the artist.

Lerrel designed women's dresses for a manufacturing firm. His sitting-room in the ground-floor flat was part studio as well, and the occasional glimpse of him through the door, sitting at his drawing-board, had seemed from the start to act as an irritant on Evans. The trimness and order around Lerrel, the withdrawn quiet of that small sketching figure brought a superior smile to Evans's lips. Meeting him in the hall as they went their ways in and out, or in the garden or the garage, Evans would greet him:

"Ah, good morning. And what does Madame la Mode dictate for the coming season?" Or, "That fickle jade fashion? Are we to see short skirts or long? Do put me in the picture."

At first, these remarks had sounded purely facetious and drew from Robert a polite token smile, but soon Evans's words had carried such an undertone of ridicule that Robert forbore to take any notice of them but just passed his tormentor by, in silence, and went into his flat and shut the door with speaking quietness.

Denied this chance to quarrel, Ernest soon found another sparring ground.

In the passage that crossed the back of the house there was a window giving on to the side garden. There seemed no earthly reason why Ernest Evans should have any interest in this window. The only possible explanation could be that once or twice, from his chair under a tree on the lawn, he had caught sight of Robert shutting it. The next move was, therefore, inevitable.

Soon, on entering the house, Ernest took to strolling down and opening the window before mounting the stairs to his own flat above. Robert, on his return, took to strolling down and shutting it again. It was, of course, easier for Robert if he was working in his studio when he heard Ernest's meddling touch on what was definitely out of his territory; then he need only open his door when the other had retreated and reverse the operation.

From Monday to Friday, the advantage was wholly with Robert, for Ernest was an office slave and had to leave the house on the tick of eight-thirty, whereas Robert, being his own master, could wait until Ernest had taken off and so ensure that the window was snugly shut all day long.

At the weekend, however, The Battle of the Window moved to and fro fairly equally. But on this fine Tuesday afternoon, not many hours after Francis Nicolson had questioned Polly about Ernest decided that the Cold War had lasted long enough.

He let himself into the house with his latchkey, shut the front door noisily to announce his return, stepped across the hall, turned right to the passage window, and threw it up on a note of defiance. Whistling breezily, he went upstairs to his flat and shut that door — also with a noisy snap — then quietly opened it and came down again to the bend of the stairway. As he reached it, Robert's door opened and Robert crossed the hall quietly.

Ernest was on his heels, and as Robert turned from the now shut window, they faced each other.

Ernest said: "May I ask why you're so determined to doom us to live behind sealed windows?"

Robert looked him up and down coolly. "I find myself under no obligation to explain my reasons to you."

"Do you think perhaps you haven't got one?"

"Oh, yes, I have. A perfectly valid reason."

"Which is?"

"That the air outside is ten degrees hotter today than in."

"And what about the other days?"

"Then, maybe, it's ten degrees colder," Robert drawled with a droop of his heavy eyelids.

"I see. You just don't like air. I thought that must be it. Any air — air from the garden, air from the sea. You prefer a nice cosy stuffy fug. That it?"

"This is an outrage!" Robert's small figure quivered with indignation. "What possible right have you got to dictate to us on the ground floor as to what we shall do with our doors and windows? Stick to your own domain and stop making yourself obnoxious down here. I don't know how Miss Oxley puts up with you."

"Don't you? Well, frankly I don't know how she puts up with the airlessness down here. When I open the front door, sometimes the air in the hall's as heavy as a hothouse. Scented soap, and paints, and

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ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

HEAD ON THE SILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

lavender and old lace! I can't get to this window quick enough to let in a little manly breeze."

Robert said, on a dangerously quiet note: "You offensive swine!"

Robert's growing anger seemed to be honey to Ernest; his enjoyment of it spread like a smile across his face.

The sight of this glee checked Robert, momentarily. He said in a cooler tone: "This is too petty. Brawling like a couple of slum women over the back fence!"

"Anyhow, this damn window's going to stay open."

"We'll see about that."

"We shall."

Each laid a hand on a brass window-lift, Ernest straining to raise it, Robert to hold it down. Then Ernest, using a shoulder, shoved the other aside and sent him staggering against the wall. The window flew up. Robert, white to the lips, strode up the hall and into his flat.

A little later, being reasonably certain that his enemy would have departed, he emerged again and went across and rang at Miss Oxley's door. It was opened by Harriet Wright, Miss Oxley's elderly, faithful, disapproving, family retainer.

The blow that struck Harriet when her mistress had converted the old home into flats had been a smashing one. Harriet could neither forgive nor forget it, though her duties were a fraction of what they had been before. she had to do now was help Miss Oxley and look after the stairs and hallways, but the iron had entered into her soul with the loss of status. Desecration, that was what it was in Harriet's eyes.

HARRIET had a long dolorous face well fitted to express disapproval. She expressed it now with every line of it as she stood aside to admit the little man who not only worked with his hands at a profession close to a trade, but went in for vulgar rowing with a fellow inmate.

Hearing Robert Lerrel's voice, Miss Oxley called from her bedroom: "It's you, is it, Robert. Come in here."

He went in.

Miss Geraldine Oxley's temperament and outward seeming did not entirely match. In appearance, she was small, almost frail looking, neat in features and attire, but she was capable of extremes in her loves and hates. In the main, she was hospitable and tolerant, a good neighbor and a good friend. It is no mean feat to be a good landlady, but Miss Oxley was that, too, showing just enough interest in her tenants and not too much. At sixty, her face was firm and unlined, and her hair a becoming white which contrasted well with her dark eyes.

She had just shampooed and blue-rinsed and was setting her hair when Robert appeared. Devoid of coquetry, comb and curler in hand, she sat at her dressing table and continued to roll the strands of damp hair and pin them into place.

Too agitated to sit down, too full of fury to trust himself to speak for a moment, he stood stiffly behind her chair.

"What is it? Are you feeling ill or something?"

"No. Not ill. Outraged!"

"Oh, gosh! Ernest Evans again, I suppose? Why do you let him get under your skin?"

"He's dangerous, a lunatic. Just now he resorted to physical violence. He shouldered me aside most violently, asserted that he would have it open. As though it was any affair of his! It's gone beyond all bearing. I'm going to ask you to come out into the open and state to him quite definitely that he's not to lay a finger on that window again."

A look of distress appeared on Miss Oxley's face. Robert watched her unrelentingly; gave her full time to speak; when she didn't, said: "Otherwise I'm afraid I'll have to look for another flat."

"Oh, Robert, you wouldn't? You'd never do that? I'd be heartbroken. Heartbroken!"

"I'd be very sorry myself, Miss Oxley," he said primly. "This flat suits me very well indeed. I live on the ground floor, and I like having so few people around me, and old rooms big enough to work and move about in. And if I may say so, you won't get many better tenants than me."

Which was true, if a good tenant is one who is silent as a ghost, as undemanding as a statue, and as discreet as a monk. All these things Robert Lerrel had been until The Battle of the Window erupted.

"But, Robert —" she began.

"If that man isn't made to leave that window alone — now, now as from this very day — I leave here this day week. You know you find him as obnoxious as I do," he said, "as everyone does. Is there one of your friends roundabout whose feelings he hasn't outraged? You know my request But you're afraid."

"Afraid?" she quavered.

"Yes, afraid to provoke him. Because you think that if you antagonise him he'll take his revenge on you or one of your friends. Spread that story about young Leo, for instance."

"What?"

"Ah, you thought I didn't know about that! You thought he'd kept it to himself, did you? Not he!"

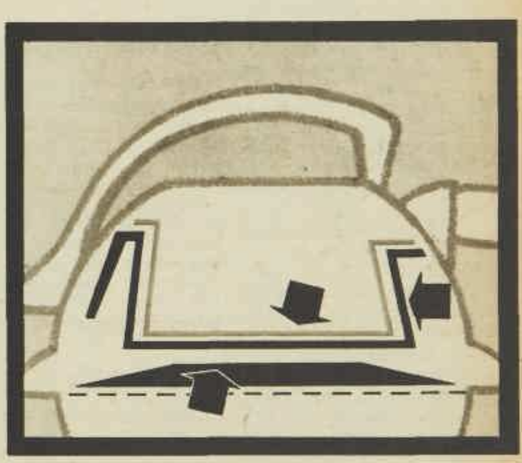
Unseeingly, Miss Oxley started to tidy the dressing-table, put the top on setting lotion bottle, comb beside brush. The Battle of the Poker Game! Then it was too late? Her face was flushed, her hands were trembling.

To page 49

Hoover Constellation

world's most powerful suction- unique dust collection system

This is the exciting new Hoover Constellation—now, more than ever, the most beautiful, most efficient cleaner you can buy. Still the world's most powerful suction, and wait till you see all the exciting *new* features—plus the features that have made Constellation the top-selling cleaner in Australia. The exclusive "walk-on-air," double-stretch hose and fingertip suction control.



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High spirits in the Himalayas

From page 15

These hill-tribe people and the Sherpas are among the fittest races in the world and can travel at an amazing rate up steep mountains loaded with these huge baskets and always barefooted. Incidentally, if it were not for the Sherpa porters, the mountaineering expeditions to the Himalayan peaks would not have been possible.

That evening we reached Pati Bang Jung, a little village at the bottom of the next valley, but not without much gesturing and dumb-show with tribesmen encountered on the way, as sometimes the track petered out. We slept in a deserted old barn, protected by the village policeman.

Here we caught up with another group of trekkers, with a Sherpa guide, also heading for Tarke Kiang. The next day we set out together for Turum Makung, a village eight miles away.

From the top of the first mountain on our route we were able to see the peaks of the main range for the first time, breathtaking in their beauty.

Here a New Zealand boy was forced to turn back because his feet had become severely blistered, so our party now consisted of the Sherpa guide and his huge basket of food, Jacques, a Dutch boy, George, an American, Sue, my English friend, and myself, an Australian — a truly international party.

From this point it would have been impossible for Sue and me to continue alone because of the complete absence of tracks and the vagueness of our directions.

We descended to a river, stopped for a swim in the freezing water, and wound our way along the river bed for three miles, crossing many times. The way was quite treacherous in parts.

The mountains rose steeply on both sides of us, and in every direction the country was dotted with tiny villages and terraced rice fields.

When we reached Turum Makung, the entire population of the village, with the livestock and dozens of little children, turned out to welcome us. These people of the hill tribes live in appalling conditions in dirty, wooden huts, sleeping with their buffaloes, goats, fowls, and dogs. Between birth and death, some never wash.

Here we slept upstairs in a wooden house — the bottom storey is always used to house the animals. To get to the top storey of a Nepalese house one climbs through a hole in the wall, up a rickety set of stairs, and then through a hole in the mud floor of the living-room.

Sue and I slept in an empty fodder-room, and all night fought off huge rats running over us and nibbling at our sleeping bags. For an evening meal we had bought a chicken from the headman. It must have been the oldest, toughest bird in the village, but it tasted wonderful to exhausted and hungry travellers.

On the third full day we climbed another mountain, descended to a river, and came to a suspension bridge across a deep gorge.

The bridge consisted of two thin planks suspended on chains, which swung nerve-rackingly as we inched our way across.

Second drop-out

Here we discovered that the American boy was with us no longer; he had stopped at the river for a swim, lost sight of us, and never caught up. We waited three hours, and the guide went back to the river, but could not find him, so now we assumed he had taken the alternative route and hoped to meet him where the two tracks joined up five miles farther on.

We never saw him again —he turned back.

That night, after a meal of rice, goat's milk, dried beans, and village pumpkin, we slept on a veranda in front of a goat's stable.

On the fourth day we gradually ascended into the Sherpa country, and it became very cold. In the afternoon there was a sudden, brief blizzard.

The wind almost blew us backward down the mountain and it snowed heavily. After taking shelter in a Sherpa house we set out again at 4 p.m., somewhat refreshed by hot rice wine, *rukshi*, distilled by Sherpa women in the dark, smoke-filled hut.

In the evening we reached a tiny village nestling in the snow on the mountainside 10,000 feet above sea-level. We shared a hut for the night with a Sherpa couple and their two small sons.

We slept on straw mats by the fire, as the temperature was now below freezing point in the evenings.

Throughout the journey, Shetty, our Sherpa guide, wore only a pair of old shorts given to him by the Dutch boy, a thin shirt, and a pair of old sandshoes. He ate two meals a day, mostly corn mash and sometimes a little rice mixed with very hot red pepper to give the tasteless food flavor.

The next day a warm sun softened the snow and made climbing particularly difficult and treacherous. We moved on all fours.

Late in the morning the track flattened out a little as the party wound painfully round the mountainside, and suddenly there it was — Tarke Kiang, the largest Sherpa village in the Halumbu district.

The village consists of a large settlement of wooden huts, the biggest hut belonging to the mayor, his family, and relations. Between the maze of huts are dirty, tiny cobbled streets.

In the mayor's house we were treated to drinks of Tibetan tea, sour and oily, amid curious stares from the family surrounding us. That afternoon we met the entire male population.

They closely examined all our clothes and gear, and tried to sell us their beautiful hand-made Gurkha knives, found only in Nepal and Tibet. Having brought with me a dozen or so small kangaroo pins, I distributed these among the children, much to their delight, and they immediately stuck them in their small black caps.

For the entire afternoon we ate hard, beaten rice soaked in cold, sour tea, drank rice wine and rice beer, and conversed by signs.

In the evening we noticed much preparation for a feast to celebrate one of the many Buddhist religious festivals. In front of all Sherpa houses hang prayer flags on tall poles, and from the window of the mayor's house we could see these flapping slowly in the wind.

The entire village sat in the street in front of the mayor's house, and much eating, drinking, and singing took place.

The food consisted of mashed potatoes and carrots served on slabs of tasteless rice bread spiced with hot peppers, which made it extremely unpalatable to Western tastes. Then came rice, buffalo meat, and buffalo milk, mixed together on platters.

Wine and beer

By midnight all the villagers were more or less intoxicated from the unlimited supplies of rice wine and beer. We joined in their celebrations and were given a warm and wonderful welcome by these bright and happy people.

Everything the community need for living at this altitude, except what is grown locally, must be carried from Katmandu by the Sherpas in their large baskets.

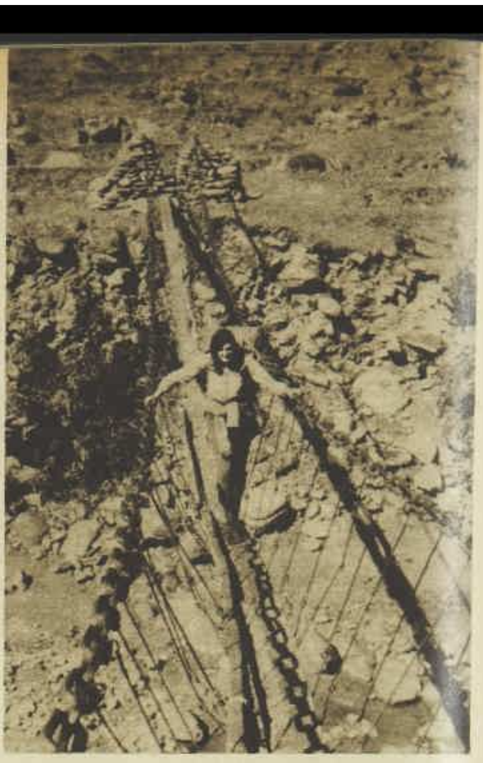
Any little items that we could give them were more than welcome—empty tins, matches, newspapers, and candles.

We lay awake all night on the wooden floor of an empty house, an icy wind whistling through large cracks in the walls.

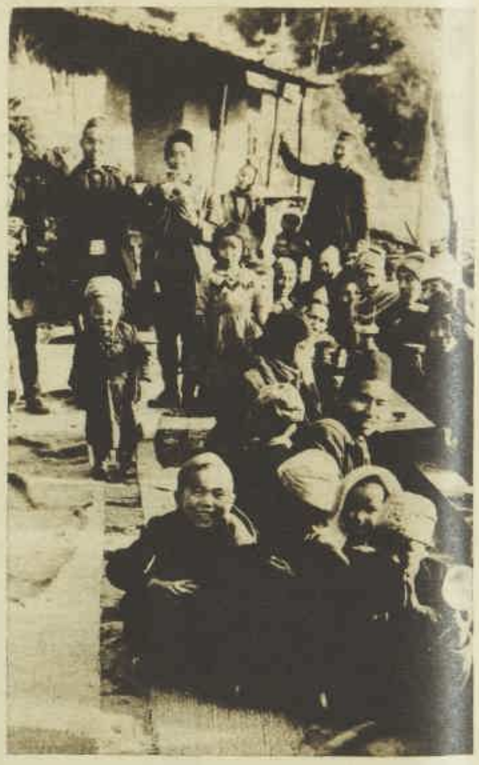
Having only enough food left for three days, we had to turn back the next day. In soft snow and mud, climbing down was worse than climbing up.

We had almost reached a creek bed when the rocks beneath Jacques gave way and he fell into the water, luckily not injuring himself, but smashing his expensive camera into small pieces.

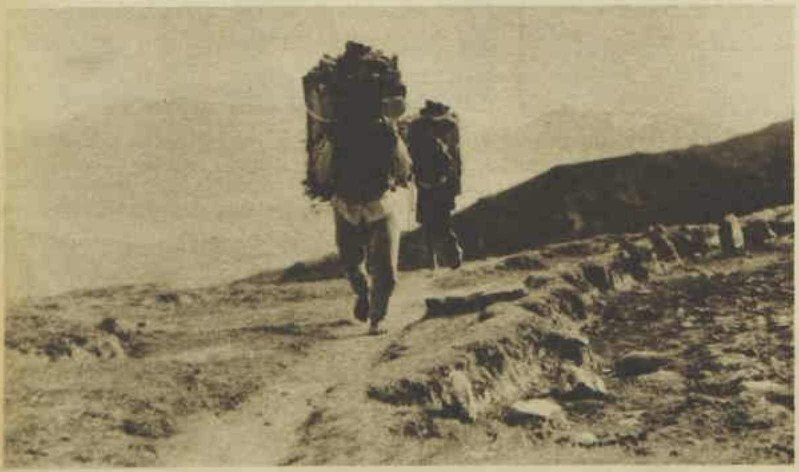
Our trek had been a wonderful experience, most unforgettable and most difficult physically. Some day I hope to return to Nepal and again climb up and up into the unforgettable and dreamlike land of the Sherpas.



"THE BRIDGE was suspended on chains, which swung nerve-rackingly as we crossed."



"THE ENTIRE village sat in the street, and much eating, drinking, singing took place."



"HILL TRIBESMEN carry huge loads, the weight taken on the forehead."

"WE CAUGHT UP with another group of trekkers, with a Sherpa guide."

HEAD ON THE SILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

"He's already told about it," Robert pressed home.

"Told whom?"

"Mrs. Hopkins, for one. She told me."

"Violet Hopkins? I shouldn't think he'd have got a very sympathetic audience there!" she shrilled with The Battle of the Poodle in mind.

"Quite possibly not, but that's by the way. The point is, it's a little too late for you to think that if you placate him you'll keep his vile tongue from wagging."

"Oh, this is so dreadfully unpleasant for me!" As if it weren't bad enough, that coolness that had come between her and the Perryman household after her two years, charge of Leo while they were absent!

"Of course it is, how could it be otherwise? I'm most awfully sorry, too, but it's not my fault."

But sorry was the last thing that Robert Lerrel looked. Rather one of triumph was his expression as he turned and went out with that proud, straight carriage of his.

Left alone, Miss Oxley, now in undisguised distress, walked to the window and stared out across the garden across the road toward the Perrymans' house, which was perched high up on the hill and commanded from its front windows a majestic sweep of bay and bridge and the distant city.

FARTHER down from Miss Oxley's, on the corner at which the road curved away round the bay, was the Hopkins's house, a low wooden cottage which had crouched there since long before the handsome residences nearby grew up to mock and overshadow it. Violet Hopkins and her daughter Sabrina were friends of Miss Oxley, too.

Yes, Ernest Evans would have to be dealt with.

She went back to the dressing table, dried her hair, and combed it.

Now she was ready to go up and have it out with Ernest. He was in the house, up there alone. She had only to open her door, go up the stairs, knock on his door, and say —

No, don't see him now. Wait till tomorrow. Get her own difference with him settled first. There had been a number of small brushes between them about it, from each of which she had retired not exactly worsted but certainly not victorious. Tonight, she would absolutely have to put her foot down.

The Battle of the Milkman.

. . . .

Polly Nicolson's dinner hour came and went without any sign of Ernest Evans. She spent the evening precisely as Francis, in his wisdom, had advised, with a plate of cold beef on her lap in the sitting-room, a book to hand, and peace within, waiting for her husband to come home. The exact time for that was elastic, and if Francis wasn't very late he would ring her and she would get into the car and go along and pick him up.

She finished her meal and switched on the reading-lamp and read for a couple of hours.

With the last gleam of twilight, the last cicada had stopped, abruptly, like a tap turned off in mid-flow, and from the four flats in the house not a sound of life issued.

Then the bang of the front door below echoed through the house. Someone was running up the stairs. Steps crossed the landing, knuckles rapped on the Nicolsons' flat door, hurried, furious.

She threw down her book and ran to the door.

It was Ernest at last, but no cheery ingratiating Ernest, parcel in hand, suggesting that they team up for a bite of dinner. His clothes were plastered with dust, as though he had been rolling in the gutter, his hair was full of dust and leaves, there was gravel rash on one cheek and blood trickling out of a cut on the point of his chin.

"What in the world has happened? Oh, come in."

Ernest stepped through the hall and into the sitting-room and planted himself before the fireplace. He didn't attempt to rid himself of one small item of disorder, to brush the dust from his coat sleeve, or wipe away the drip of blood that hung at his chin-point.

"Yes," he said again: "Have a good look, Polly. You can bear witness to what's been done to me."

"Oh, you poor thing! What was it? A car?"

"A car? Ah ha, a car indeed!"

At about nine o'clock, he said, he had gone out for a walk — he often took a stroll before turning in early — and coming back had just reached that bit of road where there are several old houses with big gardens and overhanging trees. He had been walking along enjoying the cool air, not thinking of anything in particular, when suddenly — bang! they were on him — all in a minute.

It was a gang of young delinquents, half a dozen of them. Hard to say exactly how many because of the suddeness of the attack and the darkness. Oh, yes, yes, they'd obviously taken the precaution to shatter the street lamp there with a stone. Then they had waited in the shadow of the driveway for some unprotected citizen like himself to come along and had fallen on him. But he'd put up a good show. A couple of them must've carried away the marks of it. He'd caught one of them by the throat, but he'd wrenched himself free.

But what could you do against five or six? And all as strong and active as young tigers! One had landed him a punch on the chin here, and another had tripped him, and he'd fallen, and someone had kicked him in the thigh. He'd got up on his hands and knees, and they'd rolled him over again, and he'd let out a yell, a yell that echoed through the street.

Not that anyone had come to his aid, but it must have given them a fright, because they'd taken to their heels and made off. It was all over in a few minutes and he was alone, lying on the pavement, battered and bruised. Only to discover when he got up and assembled himself that they'd got away with his wallet! Fortunately there wasn't much in it, twenty dollars at the most.

Speechless, Polly listened, while she watched the dishevelled figure as he re-enacted the attack. And all the time she was conscious that this was a lead-up to something more, because an odd air of triumph was emanating from Ernest. He wasn't like a man whose enemies had laid him low, but, rather, like one who was anticipating a glorious revenge.

Ernest turned and took his glass off the mantelpiece and swallowed down the drink which Polly had given him. "Ah! Thank you, Polly, I needed that. And as I said, I needed you to be able to testify later to the mess they made of me."

"Of *course*," she murmured weakly. It was not a role she fancied. However — "You know the police number?"

Ernest made no move

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Hoover Keymatic's vigorous washing-action has extra power to get even this spotless

You could pour oil on his best shirt if you had a Keymatic — because no other automatic has such power to clean — combining washbowl movement with extra-turbulent currents from exclusive recessed pulsator. Rinses at controlled temperatures, spins driest of all.

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SAIL TALK

"You're one of the fortunate few to be blessed with a faultless skin."

"My HONEST skin?" "What on earth is 'honest' skin?"

"A skin that shows no blemishes, even without makeup. And I get it by using Bonne Bell 10-0-6 Lotion. It's great for ridding my skin of impurities, and it brings oily or dry complexions back to normal. Men like it, too—they tell me it's great for after shaving."

"Honest skin? I'd better tell my kid sister to get with it. She's worrying about her 'problem skin.'"

"She can buy it at all chemists and leading stores in two sizes: 4 oz. size, $1.05, and the 8 oz. economy size, $1.80."

Bonne Bell, Cleveland 7, Ohio

HEAD ON THE SILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

toward the telephone in the hall. He said: "Not yet. I'm not going to ring them yet. I have a little work to do about the matter myself. Later, no one will enjoy laying a charge more than I shall."

"What do you mean?" More and more Ernest was making her feel uneasy, suggesting to her that only half his story was told. "You are an odd man, Ernest. You come in here breathing fire against this gang and—"

"You won't think me that when I tell you." He took out his handkerchief and dabbed at his chin, lowered the handkerchief and examined the spot of blood with an expression of relish. "One of these young hoodlums," he said with weighty emphasis, "I'm pretty damn certain, was Leo Perryman — or whatever his damn name is."

After her first gasp of unbelief, Polly said, "No!"

This accusation, Polly thought, was the direct result of the trouble over that poker game at the Perrymans' a few nights ago.

Ernest Evans, through Miss Oxley, had become friendly with the Perrymans. He could, when he wanted to, exert a certain amount of charm, and they were not difficult people to please. With plenty of money and the wish to be liked themselves, their house was a pleasant one to visit, and others than Ernest found it so.

WITH Natalie Perryman, perhaps, more than the wish to be liked herself was the wish that Bruce, her second husband, should shine. She had met him on a voyage to England three years ago. He was everything that Natalie, if not blinded by love, would have ridiculed. But love had taken possession of her and she of Bruce, and Bruce, lifted into her set when she married him, had with astonishing rapidity changed; changed his tailor, his haircut, his vowel sounds, his tastes and party manners. Good-looking in a rather too obvious fashion and ten years her junior, Bruce had fallen on his feet.

Natalie's voyage to England had been to bring home her father, Mr. Dixon, after a serious illness, but what with the old man's convalescence and her own and Bruce's lengthy wedding tour, she had been away for the best part of two years, during which time Leo had been sent to live with Miss Oxley, a troubled period, for she had old-fashioned notions of discipline and inadequate power to enforce them.

However, now Mr. Dixon—he with his considerable fortune—was living with his daughter Natalie and Bruce, her husband, and her seventeen-year-old son. Old Mr. Dixon despised but tolerated Bruce; Bruce sought his favor unremittingly, refusing to react to any slight or criticism. Natalie loved Bruce with a fierce passion, which she tried to conceal from Leo; Leo, knowing himself supplanted in his mother's affections, was jealous of Bruce and resentful of her. Mr. Dixon was proudly fond of Leo; Leo permitted this fondness, while thinking his grandfather the original square and dripping with all manner of aged notions.

It wasn't often that the Perrymans were alone, but on that occasion a few nights ago, Ernest Evans and Miss Oxley had been their only droppers-in. Bruce had suggested a game of poker; low stakes, and the four sat down to play in the smaller sitting-room, with Mr. Dixon and Miss Oxley playing Scrabble in his little den across the hall.

Ernest was a touchy and watchful opponent when playing games. Tonight, as the luck went against him, he began to display more and more irritation, gathering up the pack, shuffling and dealing with would-be comic addresses to the cards for their cussedness and malice toward himself. The climax came when his luck appeared to have changed and he bet strongly on a full house. When Leo put down four knaves, Ernest's temper got the better of him.

Leo had been the dealer, and Ernest, with red face and snapping eyes, began to hint, at first in seeming fun and then in deadly earnest, that some sleight of hand had conjured that fourth knave into Leo's cards. In the following few minutes more than Ernest's temper slipped. Leo's furious repudiation of the charge, Natalie's indignation, Bruce's demand of an apology from Ernest were all on a raised note that brought Mr. Dixon across the hall to end the scene by requesting the guest to leave the house.

Polly knew all this. Sabrina Hopkins had told her about it, Sabrina having heard of it from Leo himself.

So now she said again: "Oh, no, Ernest, I'm sure you're mistaken. The idea's too fantastic for words. Leo! Leo out with a gang of delinquents, assaulting and robbing people!"

A tight-lipped smile played across Ernest's face. Going over to the table, he helped himself to another drink. "Oh, I know, I know! Everybody thinks him a model youth." Standing there, he drank half his whisky.

"About a fortnight ago two or three people were there when I dropped in, and during the evening I asked casually, 'Where's Leo tonight?' and his mother said, 'Shut away in his room working, of course,' and dear old granddad smirked and said what a fine lad he was, so steady at his studies for this scholarship he was going for. A few minutes later I went out to the kitchen to get some more ice, and, as I entered, the outer door opened and Leo appeared.

Ernest leant across the table, stabbing on it with his finger: "He was sweating and excited, he was out of breath as though he'd been running. The whole appearance of the boy reeked of mischief. He took one look at me and backed out as though I'd been the Vice Squad. Studying in his room, I don't think! I knew he'd been up to something, and now I know what."

"Well, I must say you've got a vivid imagination! He'd probably been doing nothing more sinister than running round after some girl. Sabrina or someone. What else do boys of seventeen think about?"

"Normally, yes. I say this kid isn't normal, and anyone should be able to see why. Study the set-up for a minute." Ernest spoke pontifically. "Brought up by a widowed mother, and no doubt the classic situation develops. He centres all his feelings on her, sets her up as a sacred figure. Then just at the most impressionable age he sees her throwing himself into the arms of this curly-headed nincompoop Bruce, and going around in an amorous dream."

"Oh, nonsense," Polly said. "That all sounds very fine, but it doesn't add up to a shred of evidence that he's become what's called a juvenile delinquent."

"I consider it my duty to carry this affair further. I'm surprised that you're not more sympathetic to me for not weakening," he said angrily.

"Well, I consider that you need a whole lot more evidence against Leo before you rush in and bring trouble on the Perryman household. Clean yourself up and I'll ring and get Leo across here and you can question him and hear what he's got to say for himself."

"Huh! Warning him in advance, eh, and giving him a chance to think up some thumping lying defence? Don't make me laugh." He plopped down his glass and stalked across to his own flat.

Polly, hearing the sharp bang of his door as he went in, stood in troubled uncertainty. What worried her was that though she had leapt to save Leo from Ernest's wrath, she wasn't one hundred percent sure that the boy was innocent. There was just that element of excess in everything he did — the way he drove the high-powered car Natalie had given him against her better judgment and her husband's advice, the extravagant way he squandered money, the sullen way in which he went about his own secretive courses.

Well, she could do nothing, and a few minutes later she heard Ernest's door open and him stamp down the stairs and out of the house.

. . . .

If any love could have been more doting than Natalie's for Bruce it would have been Sabrina's for her white miniature French poodle. Of prize pedigree, with an air of patrician disdain, clipped and groomed to the nth degree, its topknot tied up sometimes with a scarlet ribbon, sometimes with a royal-blue one or a little posy of flowers, Poppet the poodle was certainly something to admire.

However, Poppet, like many poodles, was an over-conscientious watchdog, and performed with relish those barking rushes to the gate when people passed or stopped nearby in the sedate road.

One day last week, Ernest Evans had been walking by, the gate was open, and Poppet rushed out full of zeal and noise in one of her sham attacks. Unfortunately for Ernest, Sabrina, unseen by him, was sunbaking in a bikini on the grass behind the hedge. She sprang up and ran out to call back and collect her treasure, only to see that little angel lifted on the toe of Ernest's shoe.

Without a moment's hesitation, Sabrina delivered a well-aimed kick on Ernest's shin and at the same time a blaze of furious words.

Ernest hadn't visited the Hopkins's since then, though up to then he had been on quite friendly, almost intimate terms with them.

Now, tonight, armored in his obtuse self-righteousness, he marched across the trodden grass toward the cottage which both age and its enveloping wisteria seemed to be threatening to bring down and lay flat on the little bit of pebbly foreshore.

Though Ernest rang the doorbell he was answered from the window.

Violet Hopkins put her head out. "Who is it? Oh, it's you," she said coolly and made no move to come and open the door to him.

Her head, framed in the window, had a Red-Indian quality about it. The cheekbones were high, the dark eyes narrow, the nose was a little too big, her hair was straight and black. At thirty-eight, Violet was still an attractive woman, but to be attractive was not her game. She was a tough little battler, keeping herself and her daughter on a small alimony from a deserting husband and by occasional relieving jobs as a doctor's receptionist.

Behind Violet in the lighted room, Sabrina was lying flat on her back on the sofa, her poodle on her stomach, a small transistor radio on her chest and a thin trickle of music surrounding her. Sabrina didn't even glance Ernest's way.

Violet said: "What do you want, Ernest?"

"Is Leo here, by any chance?"

"Leo? No. Why?"

"Have you seen him tonight?"

"No, we haven't. What do you want him for?"

"I want him for assault and robbery," he said flatly.

"What?" Violet squawked. "You're kidding!"

"I am not."

Stepping closer to the window, he recounted the story of the attack on himself and the theft of his money, and how he'd left his mark on one of the young devils.

Violet wasn't as patient a listener as Polly had been. Before he had well finished, she said: "Mad! I always knew you were mad. I know there's this pack of boys running around. They come across from one of the slummy suburbs somewhere. But to connect Leo with them—! Mad!"

She drew back. The window came down. Through the glass, she waggled three dismissing fingers at him.

Ernest stepped off the veranda and made his way back to the Perrymans'.

Better mannered than Violet, Natalie and Bruce Perryman made an effort to let bygones be bygones. Since Ernest's dropping-in was apparently an attempt on his part at an apology for the poker game episode, they received him with a show of politeness. Bruce offered him a drink. "Sit down, Ernest," Natalie said. Only Mr. Dixon's nod as he looked up from his book was unforgiving.

At forty-five, Natalie Perryman's hair was an improbably youthful gold and her figure painstakingly slimmed; and Bruce, at thirty-five, smoked a heavy pipe and adopted ponderous airs. She skimmed about the house whistling and singing, he ruefully patted an imaginary paunch and a still more imginary bald spot, both having the best will in the world of seeming to meet on the median line of forty.

Bruce ran the establishment,

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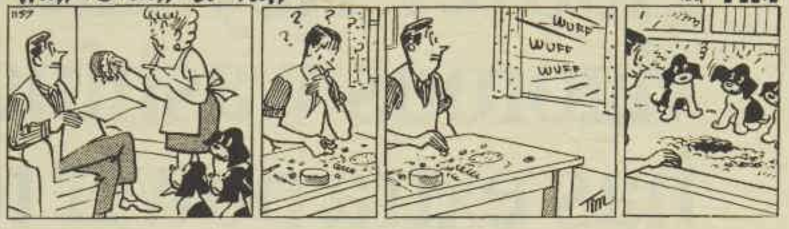
FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM



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WHEN our World Discovery Tour 1966 concluded earlier this year, we and the tour director, Mr. Keith Fuller, received many letters from grateful tourists. Some wrote:

MAY I THANK you for a pleasant trip. With the exception of one occasion I did not have to bother you at all on the ship, as I found the little booklet issued to us at the commencement of the tour covered practically everything. I had a most enjoyable trip over on the Orcades and the hotel was very comfortable. I consider the organisers are to be congratulated on a very big undertaking done well. — (Miss) **Phyllis Crotty,** Kingsford, N.S.W.

I WOULD LIKE to express my thanks for the wonderful work you have done on this tour. The organisation has been terrific for such a great number of people as you have had. A very grateful passenger.—**(Mrs.) E. Downing,** Camberwell, Vic.

WE WOULD LIKE to sincerely thank you and your staff for a really wonderful holiday, also for taking all the responsibility from our shoulders. Everything has been easy and splendid for us, and we have really enjoyed our tour to the full. All the best for your next venture. — **(Mr. & Mrs.) Ron Denholm,** Rosmy Point, Tas.

VERY MANY thanks for a delightful and very well-run trip. You have all been so helpful and considerate and I wouldn't have missed any part of it for anything. — **(Mrs.) Beth Fisher,** North Blackburn, Vic.

I WOULD LIKE to express our appreciation of all that the organisers and officials have done on this trip. Particularly the courier on the Continental Tour FD3 — Alberto — who treated all, from young to old, in a perfect manner and greatly enhanced our enjoyment of the entertainments chosen. — **Esme Harsant,** Monto, Qld.

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HEAD ON THE SILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

treating the comfortable 12-roomed house and the quarter-acre of garden with its tennis courts and lawns as though it had been a feudal estate and he its steward.

He had been busy with his "estate book," and Natalie sitting not far from his elbow, reading, when Ernest arrived.

Refusing both drink and chair, Ernest wasn't long in coming to the point.

At the mention of Leo's name, Mr. Dixon put down his book and stood up, a tall gaunt figure with thick hair like a mane of silver floss in the light of his standard lamp. Already a gleam of anger had begun to glow in his prominent pale blue eyes.

"Please, Mr. Evans," he said, his hand hovering agitatedly between waistcoat buttons and tie, "if you have come here to repeat any kind of complaint against my grandson I — I mean to tell you, here and now, that we don't intend to listen to it."

Natalie was on her feet, too. She went over to her father and took his arm. "Now, Dad — darling — don't get upset. You'll make yourself ill. Let Bruce look after this, whatever it is Ernest has come to say."

Bruce rose from his chair, and to the occasion, with his best head-of-the-family manner. "That's right, dear. Now, Ernest, what's wrong? What's the trouble?" He lifted the lid of his tobacco jar and filled his pipe.

Geared now to repeat his story and his accusation of Leo, and his reason for it, as many times as anybody would stand and listen, Ernest plunged straight into it. It was as though the other three were rendered completely dumb by the enormity of the charge. Natalie's mouth was wide, but no words came; Bruce stood staring; the nearest approach to utterance was Mr. Dixon's labored breathing. It was he, the old man, who made the first move to end the nightmare. Taking a step toward Ernest with uplifted hand, he ordered him out of the house.

But Bruce intervened. "Oh, no! Not this time, Mr. Dixon. This fellow's not going to be allowed to leave here and go around spreading this story. We've got to refute it. He's got to produce his evidence this time."

"That's just what I want. I only wish to have some sort of inquiry set afoot. Because I mean to go on with it. That's why I came to you first — to give Leo the opportunity of clearing himself."

He looked round with an expression of pure nastiness at the tell-tale signs of a settled little group of three: Natalie's and her father's books, Bruce's papers and pens, a coffee tray with three cups on it.

After the survey he asked; "Where is Leo?"

"Where he always spends his evenings at present, in his room, studying for an important examination."

"Exactly. Shut away by himself in his room with its veranda door! He mustn't be disturbed, no one must go near him, he's working. So no one does! And I say—"

Bruce cut him short. He went to the door. "Leo . . . Hey, Leo, come along in here a minute."

After a minute, Leo came in. He stood just inside the doorway and cast a guarded glance at the four waiting in silence.

Leo was a strongly built, handsome boy who looked several years older than his age. Everyone must have agreed about his good looks, but there was no general agreement about the inner man. Miss Oxley thought him ruined beyond redemption; Violet Hopkins called him merely a mixed-up kid; Natalie murmured that at times he was a little difficult; Bruce claimed him as the classic normal adolescent and a first-rate type.

"Leo," Bruce said now: "Old man — what have you been doing this evening?" Bruce's question was indulgently parental.

Leo's reply was tonelessly laconic: "Working."

"All the evening?"

"Yes."

"Since eight o'clock when we finished dinner?"

"Yes."

"Did you — now you understand, old chap, that I wouldn't be querying your movements for frivolous reasons, or that I'm in any way —"

"Get on with it." Leo leant against the doorway and fumbled for his cigarettes, looking at his stepfather unblinkingly from under his heavy eyebrows.

Under the stare, Bruce shifted from foot to foot. "Well, then. Did you leave your room at any time during the evening?"

"Yes, once. I went to the bathroom. What's all this in aid of, anyhow?" he asked.

Ernest strode across the room and faced Leo. "You know damn well what it's in aid of. You know damn well you were out with a gang of your boon companions and beat me up along the road there."

Not a glimmer of surprise appeared on Leo's face. He lifted one insolent eyebrow. "Is that so? Did somebody beat you up? I'm delighted to hear it."

The room boiled over. Voices were raised to shouts. Threats and counter-threats flew, of charges to be laid of assault and robbery on one side and writs for slander on the other. The only person who might have been thought to be enjoying himself was Ernest, whose face glowed with the joy of combat as he watched Bruce and Natalie and Mr. Dixon flounder in their insulted fury.

Leo alone remained silent, waiting his moment. As Ernest turned to face him again, he said: "Sorry I missed out on the earlier job, but here's for now." His hand flew up and caught Ernest a jabbing punch under the jaw that sent him staggering back against the bookcase.

Ernest recovered himself quickly, straightened up, nursing his jaw. "Thanks, Leo. That won't make it any easier for you."

"Well, it's eased my feelings a whole heap. What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to put the matter into the hands of the police and tell them that I suspect you were mixed up in the attack. Some of these young thugs'll be known to them. They can pull in a couple of them and soon make them tell who are the members of their pack and who was with them tonight."

Natalie gave a cry. "Oh, Ernest! Ernest, you wouldn't! Oh, Bruce — Leo — this is monstrous!"

Mr. Dixon staggered to his chair and dropped into it. His hand went up and covered his eyes as though to shut out the picture of his beloved young grandson hauled up before a magistrate. Assault and robbery . . delinquency . . . his promising career in ruins . . . disgrace for them all!

Bruce said: "Listen, Ernest, look here. You won't do that. This is a damnable groundless accusation. You won't do it. The police'd laugh at you and your so-called evidence. You won't be so inhuman. Even if you can't make this charge stick, the bringing of it will injure an innocent lad and devastate his mother and her father."

Hands in pockets, Ernest stood erect, feeding on the honey of their pleading, delighted with his power to humiliate the people who had ordered him out of the house.

He waited a moment, a dramatic pause, before he said: "So you expect me to walk out and put the incident out of my mind? Well, I don't mean to. But I'll go this far. I'll give Leo one chance. If he'll come to me and confess and apologise — damn well admit what a shameful young blackguard he is — I'll let the matter drop for his mother's sake. Otherwise —" He pushed the unresisting Leo aside, strode up the hall, and went out and banged the front door after him.

. . . . .

It was ten o'clock that night when Polly rang Francis and asked how soon he'd be leaving the office. He said — right then, but not to wait up for him or come down to the ferry. She said, yes, she would, she'd like to.

At half past ten she took her keys and ran down the stairs. She hadn't heard anything of Ernest since he had stamped out of the house earlier on his wrathful errand.

At the foot of the stairs Harriet was kneeling with brush and busy hands. Resentful of all comers, Harriet most deeply objected to Ernest Evans and frequently followed his passage up the stairs with dustpan and brush.

Polly said: "Heavens, at this hour, Harriet!"

Harriet sniffed and muttered something about Mr. Evans, and that people that'd never been taught to use a doormat shouldn't be let live in decent houses.

MISS OXLEY'S flat door was open as Polly crossed the hall. In one small pool of light, Miss Oxley was sitting in her sitting-room looking, as she always did, as though awaiting company. She was wearing a little black dinner-dress, and her newly set hair glistened in blue wavelets. Around her were all those choice pieces that she had kept for her own use. Not one piece of the twentieth century obtruded itself on the museum atmosphere of the room. It was to save all these relics from the antique dealer that Miss Oxley had turned her grandfather's house into a place of four flats.

Polly put her head in the door and spoke to her. "I'm just going down to pick up Francis," she said.

"Oh, yes?" Miss Oxley looked up from one of Robert Lerrel's socks that she was darning. But somehow, Polly felt that she hardly heard her.

Polly hesitated, wondering if Miss Oxley had heard of Ernest's accusation of Leo.

With a murmured goodnight, Polly turned away, slipped out the front door and shut it after her, and she went down the path to the gate.

Leo was outside it.

Polly looked at him in surprise, wondering whether he had been passing or about to come in — he stood so still when she appeared in the open gateway that she couldn't have said. She hadn't heard his footsteps. But, then, he was wearing rope-soled sneakers.

"Leo!" Polly exclaimed: "Where are you off to?"

"Just out for a stroll." He crossed the footpath and came into the garden, shutting the gate behind him. "I'm fed to the back teeth with being clamped to that desk with my nose stuck into those blasted maths."

"It's only for a few more weeks," she comforted him.

He gave a short laugh. "Yeah . . . they'll have something else lined up for me then! I'm to be one of the world's big scientists. Didn't you know?"

"Well, you did do rather brilliantly last term, didn't you?"

"That won't satisfy them. That's not enough by half. The better I do the more they hound me on. I've got to be a success with a capital S."

"Don't you want to be?"

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HEAD ON THE SILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

"Me? No. Why should I? Why should I sweat and swot when I'll have granddad's dough when he pops off? What do they think I'll do then?"

"What will you do?"

"I'll buy a yacht and they won't see me for spray. Chuck those books overboard, anyhow. Think of all the places there are to see! Polynesia, the West Indies, Greece. What about coming along, too?"

"Thanks, but it might interfere with Francis's job."

"Oh, you'll be through with him by then."

"You horrid little cynic."

"Huh! I've seen it in action. It didn't take Mum long to come to life again after Dad died and pick on that creep for her second."

"And very sensible, too. They seem extremely happy."

"Why not? He's on a good thing, and his best behaviour. Dad left her a packet. Beats me, though, how a girl as smashing as you would go and tie yourself down to getting married at twenty-three. Francis had you on, all right. You must've been soft."

"Have you heard what that slob Ernest is saying about me?" he asked, in a minute, in a casual tone.

"Yes, he came in to me with the story just after it happened."

"Did you believe him?"

"No, of course I didn't." Her tone was affectionate, filled as she suddenly was with liking for this good-looking youth.

"Me joining up with the local louts! Who does he think he's kidding? Me pinching his wallet with a few mingy dollars in it! It was a bomb to them, though, when he walked in with the story!" There was relish in his tone. "However, we stood up to him, and I gave him one to go on with. Of course, everyone knows what he is. No one'll believe him. Any more than you do."

She nodded in silence.

But did she believe in Leo's innocence or didn't she? she asked herself again. For the life of her she couldn't have said.

Suddenly he threw himself down on the grass, arms and legs spreadeagled. "What a night! Super!"

"Magical," she agreed. "I'm off to meet Francis."

But as she moved to go, she felt Leo's hand close round her ankle. She tried to jerk it free, but his clasp held her, threw her off balance, brought her down, into his waiting arms.

"Magical!" he mocked. "What are you going to do about it, then?"

"Leo! Behave yourself. Don't be stupid. Let me go."

Half laughing, half scared, she punched at him, thrusting away his face, his mouth that furiously sought hers, turning her face this way and that. They rolled over. His hands were pressed on her shoulders, hers were under his chin, forcing his head back.

His strength was overmastering, but his courage didn't match it, and in a minute she freed herself and sprang to her feet.

He scrambled up after her, caught her as she pulled open the gate and kissed her once, hard, with his eager young mouth. She pushed him away angrily, and he stumbled back against the thorny branches of a cotoneaster bush nearby. She crossed the pavement and jumped into the car and drove off.

Francis's ferry got in soon after she arrived, and, sitting in the car together before they started for home, she told him of the events of the night, of the attack on Ernest, of his outraged recounting of it to her, of his firm conviction of Leo's part in it, and of his speeding off, to accuse him.

Polly told it all — all except the small episode in the garden with Leo. That, she tactfully suppressed, knowing how it would arouse Francis's ire against the boy, whom he already far from loved.

Francis was grim about Ernest, half inclined to start up the subject again of her weakness in ever having anything to do with the fellow. Because there she'd be — as she must admit he had warned her earlier — dragged into taking sides in his filthy feuds, and find herself quarrelling with this one and that over something that had nothing to do with her.

Locking the car, Francis followed her across the footpath and opened the front gate into the quiet, dark garden behind its high hedge and bank of trees with its welcoming breath of heavy scent and dewy coolness.

AS the gate closed behind them, to Polly's surprise, Miss Oxley emerged out of the shadows and came uncertainly across the lawn toward them. It was shortly after eleven, and Miss Oxley was usually an early bird, in bed with her hot milk and her book by ten o'clock. As she reached them, Polly could see that she was trembling and in a plainly overwrought state.

Francis said: "Something the matter, Miss Oxley?"

She clutched the dressing-gown tighter and gulped hysterically. "The front door banged on me, I — I couldn't get in."

"How very annoying." Francis's tone was matter of fact.

Miss Oxley made an effort to pull herself together. She told them that she had only slipped out to leave the notice for the milkman on the gate when all of a sudden the wind had slammed shut the door. So tiring, so upsetting, walking about the garden waiting, waiting! . . .

Polly took her arm, making comforting noises as they went up the path to the house. Francis walked ahead with his key out, mildly impatient at the blown-up incident.

Inside the house, with barely a good-night, Miss Oxley made for the door of her own flat. She turned from them abruptly, as though to hide her face and avoid any possible questioning or discussion. The click of her front door had a dismissing sound.

Polly and Francis looked at each other with raised eyebrows.

"Odd," he murmured.

"Very."

The house was quiet, Robert Lerrell's door, across the hall from Miss Oxley's, was shut. There had been no light in his windows as they came toward the house. Polly and Francis went on upstairs.

As Francis opened their own door, a sheet of paper that had been pushed under it was lying on the carpet. He stooped and picked it up, shut the door and stood with his back against it. He read aloud:

"Polly, I'll be in to see you when you come back. I've got some concrete evidence now that'll shake you, something no one will be able to talk away. I'll bring it across.
E."

"Not tonight he won't," Francis pronounced, and threw the note on to the table.

"But, darling—"

"Thank you very much, we're not having any more feuding here tonight. You can keep your concrete evidence,

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:
Week starting Oct. 19.

ARIES
MAR. 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ Friends pop in and out a lot in your life, playing many roles, from the deceitful friend of the 21st to the steady reliable friend of the 24th who can help you. Romance burgeons.

TAURUS
APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ Matters of status, career, keeping up with the Joneses, loom large. There's an aura of intrigue about all this, 21st-22nd. However, you can build success — lasting, at that—23rd-24th.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ The 21st-22nd is a nasty spot when you could get all fenced in through muddling judgment. However, 24th compensates solidly. New ideas or ventures could last.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

★ Cupid could whisper honeyed cadences of love on the 21st—but with a forked tongue. However, the 24th is very good for romance and for dealing with the opposite sex.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, lilac. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

★ This little segment of the future looks quite bright, but it has a false glitter in the middle —21st-22nd—which spells deceit, marriage-wise. From then on, it is fine, especially 24th.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

★ Don't let the planet Mars get you to kick over the traces, 21st-22nd. There's a lot of mental smog about then. But 23rd-24th is ideal for action, mostly for career, status.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, red. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

★ Although the thrillingly unexpected could happen romancewise, you could be thinking more of money. Anything, financially, could happen. 21st-22nd you could lose some; 24th-25th gain some.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, gold, red. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

★ This week should prove interesting for you, since your mental powers should be on the upswing. Personal affairs could be unreliable, 21st-22nd; but romance has good stars 23rd-25th.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

★ Your busy brain could be working overtime — and that's saying a lot! However, 21st-22nd, don't write important letters, and beware of treachery. The 23rd-24th is much happier.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22—JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Friday, Sat.

★ Be your cautious self 21st-22nd. It's a deceptive, muddling time affecting loved ones and the home. Your ruling star makes happy contacts, 23rd-25th, which helps straighten things out.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

★ If you intend to project a new idea—and what Aquarian is not inventive—don't act 21st-22nd. There's deception. Good stars prevail, 23rd-25th, and help finances as well.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ You could go wool-gathering on the 21st-22nd, indulge in more than your customary day and night dreaming. But the 23rd-25th brings you down to earth with beneficial effects.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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HEAD ON THE SILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

Ernest, and as far as I'm concerned you know what you can do with it."

Polly picked up the note from the table and read it again, sighed and pushed a strand of hair back behind her ear, stood looking down sombrely at it.

Francis went across and put an arm round her and kissed the top of her head. "Polly, I won't have it. You worry me. You're underweight and over-sympathetic. You think about other people too much and yourself too little. You won't go to bed when you're told and you won't eat up your spinach. Stop it!" He dropped another kiss. "Any eggs in the house?"

"But, Frankie, if he knocks at the door—"

"He won't get a chance to knock at the door. While you're doing the eggs — let's have them scrambled — I'll drop over and hear what he's got to say, tell him you're too tired to see him tonight."

"Don't say anything," she begged, "that'll—"

"Hurt his feelings. No, all right, I won't." He opened the door again and crossed the landing.

Polly went through to the kitchen and started to get things ready for supper. Her movements were absent, revealing where her thoughts were really straying: Ernest, leading his gay dance of hate, sucking in tormented people to join him, scenes of anger and violence, a cacophony of ugly sounds that drowned out the softness of the spring night blowing in the window.

She looked up at Francis as he came in. "Well?"

"We're in luck. He must've thought better of it and gone to bed and to sleep."

"Are you sure?" How unlike Ernest not to have waited up to deliver this plum!

"Of course I'm sure. I rang and rang. The man must have more sense than I gave him credit for. Come on, darling, shall I heat the pan?"

But later, in bed, with Francis asleep beside her, Polly stayed wide awake, feeling that there were strings attached to her from the other dwellers in the house. She recalled Miss Oxley's curious behaviour in the garden, her appearance, all jittery and wild, her silence and avoidance of them when she had bolted into her own flat and shut the door almost in their faces. Mild, well-mannered Miss Oxley! What was it all about?

The thought of her down there alone with some fear or trouble on her mind, and no one to share it with, nagged at Polly. It was all very well for Francis to accuse her of being over-sympathetic, but to turn aside from someone perhaps in need of help — well, she admitted it, it was just what she couldn't do.

Miss Oxley stood a little in awe of Francis, and Polly felt sure that if she had been alone the other would have poured out the cause of her distress. Gently, with the utmost caution, she turned back the bedclothes.

Francis half woke and clutched at her. "What is it?" he mumbled.

"Nothing, darling. Nothing, go to sleep."

He obeyed and she slipped out of bed, found her dressing-gown in the dark and put it on. She left the flat and crept down the stairs. Enough light came in through the landing window to light her as she went.

Below, in the hall, the fanlight over the front door let in a half-moon of radiance, showing her the console table with the flower arrangement of white blossom on it and, above, the empire mirror.

Down there she paused, brought up against the realisation that she couldn't see whether Miss Oxley, like Ernest, had got over her upset and gone to sleep. Were her lights on or off?

Noiselessly Polly opened the front door and crept along past the bedroom window — that was dark — and down the side toward the bathroom, the kitchen.

BUT she never reached the kitchen. She was stopped dead on the path a few paces from the window— the window of contention— in the cross passage beyond the stairway.

It is doubtful whether a horror that breaks upon you suddenly brings a greater sense of shock than one of which the outlines, only dimly discerned, gradually take shape before your peering gaze and declare themselves for what they are.

As Polly approached the window, warningly her heartbeat began to quicken, gathered further speed. Her body stiffened; her feet refused to move forward; and all at once it was as though the garden was filled with a coldness.

What was she seeing? What was it?

A tall tree on the lawn cast its shadow over the window. But there was something there. On the sill, And the window wasn't quite shut. It was held open a few inches. By — the "something."

Then, her eyes growing accustomed to the darkness, slowly, slowly, shaped for her the outline of a head. A head with dark hair, turned a little aside on the sill, fixed there when the wide, heavy window had come crashing down like a guillotine on the back of Ernest's neck.

That was what no one could fail to see, and say: Francis, the doctor, the police, summoned and on the spot in a few minutes. Guillotined. Ernest like a *victim of* The Terror had been cut down as though by that avenging knife.

Detective - Sergeant Manning of the CIB said that he reckoned the bloke had had a pretty quick and painless end, the guillotine in his opinion being just about the most merciful method of capital punishment.

Detective-Inspector Grogan nodded absently and agreed that Yes, that was right, he wouldn't have had a lot of time to think about it.

Standing inside the passage at the window where Ernest Evans had met his sudden end, he and Manning were discussing the case after the removal of the body, after the endless comings and goings of police experts.

The night was more than half through, but murder, like a souffle, mustn't be allowed to sink before full attention is given to it; before fingerprints fade out or the wind can play with some fragment of material or dust or hair; and well before the people concerned in it have had time to collect themselves and adjust their faces and their attitudes to suit the occasion. A touch of early hysteria, or an involuntary display of hostility or love is a dividend for the police well worth working round the clock for.

The doctor had been able to fix the time of death with some accuracy. Evans couldn't have been dead much more than an hour when young Mrs. Nicolson — according to her account of how she happened to be there — came upon him. She hadn't fainted, she had said, nor screamed. She had been too stunned by what she found herself looking at to move or speak. Though at first, of course, she had thought it was some kind of appalling accident. Then she had managed to pull herself together and run back into the house and up the stairs and wake her husband.

They had gone down, and, switching on the light in the passage, seen how he was held there by his head, his legs twisted sideways dangling on the floor.

Her husband had instinctively gone to lift the window to release him, but realising that he was dead and that it might be no accident, but murder, had drawn back and gone straight to the telephone to ring the doctor.

As the two detectives stood there, the light streaming out from the passage showed the gravelled path, the lawn beyond and the spreading tree under which so often Ernest had sat to read at weekends or on spring evenings after coming home from his job at the bank. A creeper, clinging tightly to the wall, outlined the window. To the left, away through the trees, the lights round the bay lay rippling on the water like shaken satin ribbons.

A peaceful scene to leave, an all too pleasant world to be tricked out of.

The blue curtains were now drawn aside as far as they would go on their wooden rings, showing the window itself for the solid structure it was. the house having been built in the days when solidity meant more than elegance and lightness of effect.

All of a piece, Grogan thought; all of a piece this window was with those times, spacious, dependable, and, in this case, fatally heavy.

The drawn-aside curtains showed one other feature, too,

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HEAD ON THE SILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

and over this Grogan and Manning brooded for a long time.

Finally, leaving the window, they went back along the passage, up the hall to Miss Oxley's flat, and were led into the sitting-room by Harriet Wright.

The clock on the white marble mantelpiece showed the unfamiliar — unfamiliar to Miss Oxley, that is — a.m. hour of two-thirty, and the four people waiting in the room looked up with almost relief on their faces at the sight of the two inquisitors. Shut in with their own thoughts, forbidden speculation by the dictates of civilised behaviour, the waiting hours had etched new lines on Miss Oxley's face and smudged blue shadows under Polly's eyes. Robert Lerrel's always pale skin was a sickly white, and Francis's severe expression had hardened into a watchful anxiety about Polly's visible wilting.

She sat curled up on the sofa, finding it hard to rally from the shock of Ernest's murder.

The night, which had earlier been so mild and springlike, had grown colder, and bars of warming rays shone out from the fireplace designed for a heap of burning coal.

Grogan stooped in passing and held his hands at them for a moment and said, Yes, the night had turned chilly, and how cheerful it was to get a bit of a warm-up.

IN fact, the inspector's face and manner were themselves calculated to warm up the atmosphere of even such an occason as this. Small talk fell from him as he took a chair and sat down, briefly scanning each face with his amiable let's-get-together glance.

Sergeant Manning remained standing; and Harriet Wright stood stiffly, too, as though to suggest that such unwelcome guests must soon be shown out by her and dusted off the premises.

Grogan leant back in his chair and crossed his legs in leisurely fashion, as though about to indulge in some more of that chit-chat on the subject of the sudden change in the weather. Instead, hand's clasped across his belt, he said: "Miss Oxley, would you have any idea how the supporting cords of the lower sash of that window where Evans was killed came to be cut?"

"What?"

"Yes, and cut recently. Shreds of it are lying on the ledge not yet dusted off or blown away. They've been cut neatly through, an inch or two from the pulleys."

In the silence that followed, eye avoided eye and movements were stilled — Francis's jigging foot, Geraldine Oxley's restless hands, Polly's cigarette halfway to her lips.

Then Robert Lerrel said in a tone as composed as the inspector's own: "Yes, I cut those cords." The effect was as though he had said: "Yes, I killed Ernest Evans."

He got up and went over to a table, murmured to Miss Oxley: "May I?" and poured himself a brandy. "I don't actually need a bracer, you know," he said coming back, "because I've got nothing to confess beyond that piece of miserable buffoonery." Upright and dignified and precise in his movements, he stood, glass in hand, facing the inspector.

"What would be the reason for your action, Mr. Lerrel?" he asked.

"We'd been having a stupid quarrel for weeks as to whether that window should be kept open or shut."

"Him wanting it open, eh?"

"Yes. So down here we were condemned to having a hot westerly blowing in or a cold southerly. The dispute became more and more ridiculously heated—actually, I think, because Evans and I were natural opposites. Introvert and extrovert, cerebrotonic and somatotonic, man of peace and man of wrath, oil and vinegar"; and sparing neither himself nor Evans, Robert recounted all the engagements in The Battle of the Window.

"I didn't enjoy it," he explained. "Evans did. That marked the greatest difference between us. I should have known better. By wrangling with him I was feeding him with an exquisite pleasure. Anyhow, tonight, on his way out somewhere, shortly before nine o'clock, I heard him step down the passage and open the window — one last time, poor Ernest!—and after he had left the house I picked up a razor blade and went out and shut it again and cut the cords. A childish gesture, a moment's enjoyment of the picture of him coming home and throwing it up again and finding it acting on its own — playing my part in the drama — bringing itself down as he turned away!"

Miss Oxley lifted her hands despairingly. "Oh, Robert, Robert, what a disaster!"

He nodded. "Yes, I have to admit to being the innocent instrument of his death."

Grogan asked: "When did you have the last dust-up re the window?"

"Early after lunch today. I didn't see him again. As I told you, I heard him go out this evening, and having cut the cords I went back to my rooms and started to write some business letters."

"Ears cocked for the fun, eh, when he came back?"

"Well, I suppose so. I thought it would be rather amusing. But I was disappointed. I did hear him return not long after, but to my surprise he didn't go near the window. He ran straight up the stairs, and in about half an hour's time he was down again, but still by-passed our battleground. I couldn't make it out. Hardly a change of heart, I thought. However, as I'd finished my letters, I took them out to post them." He stopped suddenly, looked deeply into his glass, then giving an almost imperceptible nod took up his story in the same composed tone.

"Coming back from the pillar-box, I stopped at the corner outside Mrs. Hopkins's house — they're some people we know down the road — and spoke to her daughter Sabrina. She was giving the poodle an airing." Another brief pause, another hard stare down into his glass. "From her I learnt of all the horrid doings that Evans had just been involved in."

The level voice went on without pause or emphasis: The Battle of the Poker Game, The Battle of the Poodle. Pretty little Poppet with her topknot tied up with ribbon actually on the toe of Ernest's shoe! The gang of hoodlums, their attack on him. No doubt the inspector had noticed the cut on Evans's chin? His rushing home and pouring it all out to Mrs. Nicolson. Then his sallying forth in a rage to accuse Leo, the boy opposite, Mrs. Perryman's young son, of being one of the gang; his attempt to extract evidence about Leo's movements that evening

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It was evident the two men intended to make their escape even at gunpoint

THE GETAWAY

By JOHN SAVAGE

WHENEVER I get sleepy at the wheel, I always stop for coffee. This time, I was going along in western Texas and I got sleepy. I saw a sign that said Gas Eat, so I pulled off. It was long after midnight. What I expected was a place like a bunch of others where the coffee tastes like copper and the flies never sleep.

What I found was something else. The tables were painted wood, and they looked as if nobody ever spilled the ketchup. The counter was spick-and-span.

Nobody was there, as far as customers. There was just this one old boy — really only about forty, getting grey above the ears — behind the counter. I sat down at the counter and ordered coffee and apple pie. Right away he got me started feeling sad.

I have a habit: I divide people up. Winners and losers. This old boy behind the counter was the kind that they *mean* well; they can't do enough for you, but their eyes have this gentle, faraway look, and they can't win. You know? With their clean shirt and their little bow tie? It makes you feel sad just to look at them. Only take my tip: Don't feel too sad.

He brought the coffee steaming hot, and it tasted like coffee. "Care for cream and sugar?" he asked. I said, "Please," and the cream was fresh and cold and thick. The pie was good, too.

A car pulled up outside. The old boy glanced out to see if they wanted gas, but they didn't. They came right in. The tall one said, "Two coffees. Do you have a road map we could look at?"

"I think so," the old boy said. He got their coffee first, and then started searching through a pile of papers by the telephone, looking for a map. It was easy to see he was the type nothing's too much trouble for.

After a minute or two, he came up with the map. "This one's a little out of date, but . . ." He put it on the counter, beside their coffee.

The two men spread out the map and leaned over it. They were well dressed, like a couple of feed merchants. The tall one ran his finger along the Rio Grande and shook his head. "I guess there's no place to get across, this side of El Paso."

He said it to his pal, but the old boy behind the counter heard him and lit up like a light bulb. "You trying to find the best way south? I might be able to help you with that."

"How?"

"Just a minute." He spent a lot of time going through the papers again. "Thought I might have a newer map," he said. "Anything recent would show the Hackett Bridge. Anyway, I can tell you how to find it."

"Here's a town called Hackett," the tall one said, still looking at the map. "It's on the river, just at the end of a road. Looks like a pretty small place."

"Not any more. It's just about doubled since they built the bridge."

"What happens on the other side?" The short one asked the question.

"Pretty fair road, clear to Chihuahua. It joins up there with the highway out of El Paso and Juarez."

The tall man finished his coffee, folded the map, put it in his pocket, and stood up. "We'll take your map with us," he said.

The old boy seemed startled, like a new kid at school when somebody pokes him in the nose to show who's boss. However, he just shrugged and said, "Glad to let you have it."

The feed merchants had a conference on the way out, talking in whispers. Then they stopped in the middle of the floor, reached inside their jackets, and pulled guns on us. "You sit where you are and don't move," the tall one said to me. "And you, get against the wall."

The short man walked over and pushed one of the keys of the cash register. "Every little bit helps," he said, and he scooped the money out of the drawer. The tall man set the telephone on the floor, put his foot on it, and jerked the wires out. Then they ran to their car and got in. The short man leaned out the window and shot out one of my tyres. Then they took off fast.

I looked at the old boy. He seemed a little pale, but he didn't waste any time. He took a screwdriver out of a drawer and squatted down beside the telephone. I said, "It doesn't always pay to be nice to people."

He laughed and said, "Well, it doesn't usually cost anything," and went on taking the base plate off the telephone. He was a fast worker, actually. His tongue was sticking out of the corner of his mouth. In about five minutes he had a dial tone coming out of the receiver. He dialled a number and told the Rangers about the men and their car. "They did?" he said. "Well, well, well . . . No, not El Paso. They took the Hackett turnoff." After he hung up, he said, "It turns out those guys robbed a supermarket in Wichita Falls."

I shook my head. "They sure had me fooled. I thought they looked perfectly all right."

The old boy poured more coffee. "They fooled me, too, at first. Then I got a load of their shoulder holsters when they leaned on the counter to look at the map. Anyway, they had mean eyes, I thought. Didn't you?"

"Well, I didn't at the time."

We drank without talking for a while, getting our nerves back in shape. A pair of patrol cars went roaring by and squealed their tyres around the Hackett turnoff.

I got to thinking, and I thought of the saddest thing yet. "You *knew* there was something wrong with those guys, but you still couldn't keep from helping them on their way."

He laughed. "Well, the world's a tough sort of place at best, is how I look at it."

"I can understand showing them the map," I said, "but I'm damned if I'd have told about the bridge. Now there's not a snowball's chance in hell of catching them. If you'd kept your mouth shut, there'd at least be some hope."

"There isn't any—"

"Not a shred," I went on. "Not with a car as fast as they've got."

The way the old boy smiled made me feel better about him and me. "I don't mean there isn't any hope," he said. "I mean there isn't any bridge."

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Murlex is the modern wonder Cleaner for Housewives — Business Girls Motorists — Factory Workers Painters and Tradesmen

HEAD ON THE SILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

from Mrs. Hopkins and her daughter.

There followed more of this last point than even Robert was interested to speculate about. For the detectives wanted to know how much likelihood there was of this charge against the boy being true, but received only murmured disclaimers from those present.

The negative tone of these disclaimers was not lost on Grogan. There was a lack of conviction in each one of them, and an obvious uneasiness at the question. If this Leo, he thought, had been a good kid they'd have sprung to his defence all right. They knew more against him than they knew in his favor, that was for sure. He'd get nowhere fast by probing here.

He turned to Polly and questioned her about Ernest's visit, taking her over every word of that explosive episode.

WHEN she could remember no more, Manning said: "Anyhow, the deceased hot-footed it off, did he, to try and get evidence against the boy. Did he get any?"

Francis's hand went toward his pocket, then catching sight of Polly's imploring face he stopped short. The bit of crumpled paper in his pocket seemed to be burning a hole there. Neither he nor Polly, sitting here like dummies before the police came in, had said a word about it to Miss Oxley or Robert Lerrel. Why now—

"You got something there you're in two minds about," Grogan said suddenly. It was a statement, not a question, and he got up. "I wouldn't advise you to keep anything back from the police, Mr. Nicolson."

"What the hell do you mean? I haven't the slightest intention of keeping anything back," Francis said furiously; furious with himself for being so transparent, furious with Polly for her imploring glance that had made him waver, furious with the unfortunate dead man for not having been more explicit in his melodramatic note.

He took the scrap of paper out of his pocket and slapped it down on the table in front of the inspector.

Grogan took it up and read it, handed it to Manning.

"Where'd this come from?" Manning asked, scanning it, turning it about, reading it again.

"I found it pushed under our door when my wife and I got home at a quarter past eleven tonight."

"And did he come across?"

"No. I went over, but he didn't answer the door. Couldn't, poor devil, he was dead by then."

The note was back with Grogan. "Why did he address it to your wife and not to you?"

"Because," Francis said crisply, "she was the only one around the place who could put up with him, the only one who sticks her neck out through kindness of heart and lands herself in other people's emotional messes."

"You didn't like him yourself, did you? Evans, I mean." Manning's tone was loaded with suggestion.

Francis looked straight back at him. "I did not. You're welcome to that statement."

Grogan nodded, put the note in his pocket and turned back to Robert. "Yes. Yes," he said. "Now, Mr. Lerrel, what time was it when you got home from the post and having that talk with the young lady down the road and that?"

"I couldn't say the time exactly. I made myself some tea and went to bed and to sleep. I was woken by voices in the garden."

"Did you look at the time then?"

"Yes, it was ten minutes to eleven."

"Could you hear who it was talking?"

"Oh, distinctly. It was you, Miss Oxley, wasn't it?"

She nodded. "I was talking to Ernest Evans," she said.

To Grogan's question as to whether their raised voices meant that there was some trouble between her and Mr. Evans, she said, Yes, and then, No, one couldn't rightly call it trouble. They had had a very small difference of opinion about a note he had written to the milkman.

"So he'd written a note to the milkman, had he? An unpleasant note, was it?"

"Well," she said, "I don't know that one could quite call it unpleasant."

"What did it say?"

Miss Oxley apparently didn't dare to claim ignorance of it, but even her powers of circumlocution were taxed to repeat Ernest's note without letting slip through that it was both insulting and threatening. Even watered down it appeared that Ernest had written that if the milkman didn't stop that infernal rattling of milk bottles every morning at 4 o'clock he'd find himself out of a job just as quickly as he, Ernest, could get in touch with his boss. Mr. Evans had complained — or rather mentioned several times to her — about the noise the man made and had said that, perhaps, it would be better to — sort of — write to him direct. But she hadn't really wanted him to do that.

Well, at ten-thirty Mrs. Nicolson had put her head in the door and spoken to her, before hurrying off to the wharf to meet her husband.

"That was about the time, wasn't it, Polly?"

Polly nodded. "Yes, it was just half-past ten."

Well, then, Miss Oxley had gone to bed, she said, and at a quarter to eleven had heard Ernest Evans come in and go upstairs. But he came down again in a few minutes and opened the front door and went out, very quietly, and she guessed what he might be doing. Sure enough, he was back almost at once, and she had put on her dressing-gown and crept out — quietly, too — and there was the note tied to the gate. Unfortunately, Mr. Evans must have been watching from somewhere, for he came hurrying out and — and after a little talk about it he had decided to let the matter drop.

And then Mr. Evans had gone back into the house and unfortunately the front door had banged, shutting her out.

Questioned further, she told them that he hadn't come back and opened it, and she had been a little surprised at this, but she hadn't rung to be let in — she didn't bother to wake her maid, Harriet, she hated waking people from sleep — because she knew the Nicolsons would be returning before long.

Grogan turned to Francis. "When you and your wife got home, what time would that be?"

Francis thought back. "A quarter past eleven."

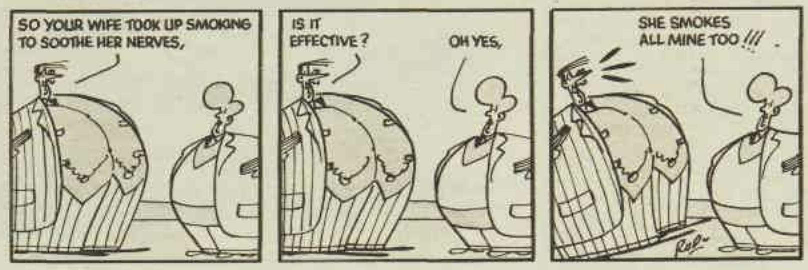
"Well, did either of you notice this note tied to the gate?"

"I can't say that we did," Francis said slowly.

To page 58

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD


SO YOUR WIFE TOOK UP SMOKING TO SOOTHE HER NERVES,
IS IT EFFECTIVE?
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Pad cut open to show protective filling.

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FAMILY APPLE PIE WITH CHEESE

Ingredients: 12 oz. prepared shortcrust pastry; ½ cup sugar; ¼ cup water; 4 cloves; 4 cups peeled and sliced apples (3 medium apples); 4 oz. KRAFT Tasty CRACKER BARREL Cheese, sliced.

Method: Roll out 2/3rds of the pastry and line an 8 inch pie plate. Roll out remaining pastry to fit top of pie and set aside.

Bring sugar, water and cloves to the boil in a saucepan. Add apples, cover and simmer gently until just tender, approximately 10 minutes. Cool. Spoon apples into pastry case and cover with pastry top. Crimp edge. Cut an air vent in the centre to allow steam to escape. Bake in a hot oven (425° F. Gas, 450° F. Electric) for 30 minutes or until pastry is golden brown.

Top with slices of CRACKER BARREL Tasty Cheese and serve, or return pie to oven for a few minutes to melt the cheese. 5 to 6 servings.

All spoon and cup measures are level. An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.

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*Reg'd Trade Marks

"Did you ever toast marshmallows before?"

HEAD ON THE SILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

"But that's not to say it wasn't there," Polly put in quickly. "It might have escaped our notice."

"I guess not, Mrs. Nicolson," Grogan said. "I don't think you could've missed seeing it if it'd been there. No, Miss Oxley, I don't reckon that this affair between you and Evans was as friendly as what you say. I suggest you pulled that note off the gate. Right? Am I?"

A faint nod, a murmur to the effect that perhaps she might have done so.

"What did you do with it?"

"I put it in my pocket."

"That gown you got on?"

Her head went back. "Yes."

"Can we have a look at it, please?"

She drew her hand out of her pocket, but all it contained was a fistful of scraps, a piece of paper torn through again and again into tiny shreds.

It wasn't difficult for everyone to visualise the real facts of that last scene of The Battle of the Milkman; both tempers furiously lost; the loud dispute, waking Lerrel; the note snatched between them, torn by her into fragments; Ernest strutting away indoors with the threat of writing another, her waiting, shut out after the door banged; her not ringing, not because she didn't want to wake Harriet, but because she was waiting to do battle again when Ernest returned with his second offensive note.

But when he didn't come out again, Grogan wanted to know, had she just gone on waiting for the Nicolsons?

And, yes, she said.

Waiting for a full half-hour? Wasn't that funny? Hadn't she gone round — to one of the windows, maybe? — to try and get in?

Oh, no, no, she was too worried, too upset.

Francis broke the uneasy silence by saying: "But how? How could he have been taken so unawares?"

Manning's melancholy pop eyes looked over at him as though in pity for his lack of imagination. "If someone," he said, "if someone propped the window up with a stick with a long bit o' string tied to it, the contraption would've been hidden by the curtains, wouldn't it? Eh? See? Then say they get off a bit in the garden and give Evans a call, knowin' he's somewhere near. He sticks his head out to see what's up, and one jerk of the string and down comes the window."

"With enough weight behind it to break his neck?"

"Easy. Have you tried it?"

"No. No, I haven't."

"No. Or," Manning went on, "they could've been standin' face to face, and the one outside's holdin' the window up with their arms raised, casual like. They draw Evan's attention to somethin' below on the path, he goes to stick his head out to look, and in the split second before his shoulders follow, the other brings the window down with a bash on his neck."

When the detectives decided to stop their questioning and the room had emptied, only Harriet lingered to shake off the hateful impression of the inspector's back on the cushion and rub up the pile on the carpet which the sergeant's detestable feet had flattened.

As Polly and Francis were climbing the stairs, she feeling that she would never get to the top of them, Francis said, putting a hand under her arm: "What did I tell you? I knew that if you got mixed up in any way with Ernest Evans, disaster would follow. Fighting his battles and all that! And if you hadn't been running down at midnight to make cups of cocoa for Miss Oxley, you'd never have been the one to find the body."

Polly murmured, "I know. But for heaven's sake don't let us start up our own private inquiry at this hour."

They were at the top of the stairs, he was putting his key in the lock. They entered the welcome quiet of the flat.

RIPPING off his tie, Francis went straight through to the bedroom, but Polly, too weary to feel sleep, wandered aimlessly, then went into the bathroom and undressed and had a shower.

Languidly, she reached for her towel and started to dry herself.

In a minute, the silence that she was savoring was tempered by a sound outside somewhere. On the landing, perhaps . . . footsteps . . . somebody moving out there. A bumping sound. Who was it? What was anyone doing up here at this hour? Unless, of course, it was one of the policemen going into Ernest's flat again on another of their searching forays.

Then another sound came to her, a sound that made her drop the towel and reach for her dressing-gown.

She listened again. Now there was silence.

On leaving the house, Grogan and Manning had strolled in the garden for a while discussing the case. A big garden that sloped down to the harbor at the back and spread itself spaciously on each side.

Pausing on the confines of the lawn at the back, the detectives turned to leave. From there could be seen the side windows of Robert Lerrel's flat, and, above, on the top floor, those of Evans's.

But all this was in darkness now, only dimly seen; there was just the outline of the solid four-square family home against the sky.

Suddenly, as they turned toward it, a light sprang up, a light on the landing whose window was directly above the one where Ernest had met his death. And then, in this oblong of light, a figure was seen, a dark shape against the brightness, robbed of identity by that light behind it. Arms raised, it was close to the low, open window.

Grogan started to run toward the house, cutting diagonally across the grass. As he ran, the figure teetered perilously in the opening for a moment, then toppled, twisted and turned, and fell crashing to the gravelled path below.

Poor Harriet Wright, lying there dishevelled, with a broken neck, had herself added one more black mark to the house whose respectability she had toiled so tirelessly to preserve.

To be continued

MEET ●
FAIRY WEBB
WOOLWORTHS WONDERGIRL &
private eye

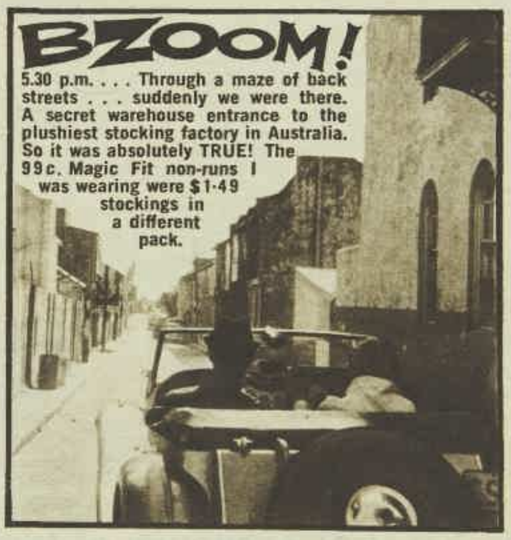
2.30 My mystery contact was the Man from S.T.A.T.U.S. Cool, dark, devastating! I could feel it was going to be an exciting case.

4.00 p.m. . . . After the brief I knew! My stockings intrigued him . . . I was wearing the very nylons he was trying to trace.

POW!
4.05 p.m. . . . The Man from S.T.A.T.U.S. was trying to find out how Woolworths could sell a 14/11 stocking like Magic Fit non-run for only 9/11.

Disguised as "Penguin Hunters" we waited for the mystery van to appear. "Divine assignment," he murmured, "legs like a model" (Fairy Webb, the Woolworth wondergirl, I thought with a smile.)

4.55 p.m. . Suddenly the mystery delivery van arrived! The loot was rushed in by two men . . . and they were off. We tailed them in the 'G.'



BZOOM!
5.30 p.m. . . . Through a maze of back streets . . . suddenly we were there. A secret warehouse entrance to the plushiest stocking factory in Australia. So it was absolutely TRUE! The 99c. Magic Fit non-runs I was wearing were $1·49 stockings in a different pack.

9.30 p.m. . . . in the roof-top lounge:
"Shopping at Woolworths must be like buying things wholesale," he murmured. The Man from S.T.A.T.U.S. was impressed. "You've got champagne-and-caviar taste, darling ... with a genuine bargain-hunter's instinct! Clever girl!"

Dear Diary . . .

It's true! Buying nylons from Woolies is JUST like getting them wholesale. It's the clever thing to do. The man from S.T.A.T.U.S. said Woolworths sell as many stockings as all the big stores put together!

KAZAAM

THAT'S why they can sell at wholesale prices! For special assignments, I wear glamour 2-way stretch sheers MAGIC FIT at 79c. or MAGIC FIT NON-RUN at 99c. Whip into Woolies. and try a pair yourself! Fairy Webb

MAGIC FIT 15 denier 2-way stretch fits tall and small girls. High hemlines, too! No wrinkles! 79 cents.

MAGIC FIT NON-RUN 15 denier. No ladders! No wrinkles! 2-way stretch for fantastic fit! 99 cents.

6 PACK 15 denier 6 perfectly matched nylons give magic wear of 5 pairs. $1.60.

FAIRY WEBB 15 denier sheer glamour! Micromesh seamless in newest colours. 55 cents.

FAIRY-WEB NON-RUN 15 denier. Guaranteed ladder-proof! Weeks of wear with normal care! 65 cents.

W681/11.5/WW

LONDON IS SEEING DOUBLE!

AUSTRALIA'S identical Kessey twins look alike, dress alike, act alike, speak alike, and think alike. They even have the same fillings in their teeth.

The only difference between these two 21-year-old actresses from Perth is that Katherine was born five minutes before Karen.

The girls, now working on television in England, at first caused confusion with producers. The answer?

"It's simple, really," said Karen. "I wear a gold ring on my right hand. A producer insisted on it in desperation."

But it is not really *that* simple. Even their father, Mr. Glynn Kessey, who played cricket for Western Australia, cannot always tell them apart.

Since birth, the similarity between Katherine and Karen Kessey has been uncanny.

At the age of six, Karen lost a front baby tooth. The occasion was one of celebration and relief. At last the twins could be told apart.

But just one hour later Katherine's "identical" front tooth fell out.

Even their illnesses came in twos. Karen got measles and the next day Katherine had them, too. It was the same with mumps. But only Karen gets seasick.

At school the twins could not resist the occasional prank.

"Karen was never brilliant at biology," said Katherine, "and I didn't study it.

"Anyway, one day I stood in for Karen at a biology class. The teacher came round looking at our work, and, peering over my shoulder at my exercise book, she said, 'You really are showing marked improvement, Karen'."

There is a strange, telepathic link between them.

One day Katherine set off to school on her bike. Karen stayed at home — and fell doing acrobatics.

At exactly the same time, Katherine fell off her bike—for no apparent reason.

Both were concussed, and put to bed while the doctor was called. He found that they had an identical bump on their heads.

This link even operates when the twins are far apart.

When they arrived in England just over a year ago, they parted for the very first time.

"Finders keepers"

Karen went to Wales to do stage work for six months and Katherine went to an Essex theatre, about 125 miles away.

"One night I was halfway through an act when suddenly I had a feeling that something had happened to Katherine," said Karen. "I phoned her during the interval. She had fallen on stage and had concussion.

"It's handy being identical," answered Karen to a question about boyfriends. "I'm Karen, not Katherine" — or vice-versa — was always a good line, she said, to kill an unfavored suitor's romantic conversation.

"But we don't argue over men," Katherine said. "Finders keepers is our motto."

And if they double-date, then they wear different dresses so as not to confuse or embarrass their escorts.

Their acting careers have run along similar lines. They started in little theatres in Perth before being chosen for twin roles in "Stop the World I Want to Get Off" in Sydney and Melbourne.

When they were auditioned for the Australian production of "The Crucible," the director could not decide which twin he wanted for the part.

So he compromised—and Katherine and Karen played alternate nights.

One of their infrequent rows blew up over which twin was to appear on the last night. Eventually they agreed to interchange between acts—much to the annoyance of their co-actor when he later discovered the switch.

In England, Karen and Katherine have signed a two-year contract with a London agent.

So far they have played only twin roles on TV. In one series they played bathing beauties, which was not difficult with their 34-23-34 figures.

They appeared in "Emergency Ward 10," too. Again they played the part of twins. One was dying with a kidney infection and the other had to give one of her kidneys.

"Karen played the twin who was dying, because she likes sympathy," said Katherine, laughing.

But now they want to start playing separate roles.

"Katherine prefers comedy and I like more serious parts," said Karen.

"But we both have the same ambition, to act in a West End production."

If one got a leading part in the West End, would they interchange?

"Yes," they said in chorus, "if it was a long run."

● The Kessey twins, 21-year-old Katherine and Karen, make a pretty picture against the old-and-new skyline of London. Yet when these attractive redheads were born their mother, they hear, cried because she thought they looked just like "identical skinned rabbits."

For teenagers

● Although Katherine helps Karen to carry the garbage down the steps of the twins' London home, Karen does a larger share of the housework. She's also the family "chauffeur," while Katherine, who cannot drive, has a shrewd "head for business."

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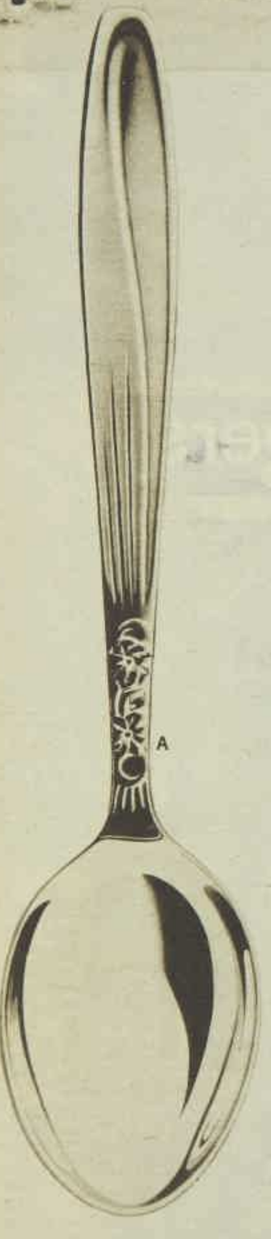

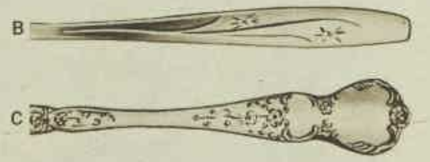

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HERE'S YOUR ANSWER

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

1000 MILES BETWEEN THEM

"I AM a 19-year-old country girl, and have fallen in love with a man who my parents forbid me to have anything to do with. He is a 34-year-old Italian Catholic. Mother insists I am merely fascinated by his looks and charm. But I know this is not so. I have been infatuated before, and learnt much through it. I can see his faults and accept them, and this makes love more real. I've had all I want of a fast social life. Now I just want security; and he can give me this. I wasn't attracted to him at first, but we eventually found each other. We didn't date because my parents refused to allow me to go out with an Italian. They do not disapprove of him as a person, in fact, Mother is very much attracted to him, as he is courteous and has a wonderful sense of humor. My problem is, we are now nearly 1000 miles apart. He asked me to write, but Mother forbids it, and I just don't know where to begin to fight this problem. Please help me."

"Heartbroken," Qld.

● What a star-crossed love story yours is! But if love is as real as you say it is, it will find a way of surviving, and eventually conquering, opposition. Do be honest with yourself, though! Too often it's the very idea of "forbidden" love that holds the magic — if the going were easy you might be surprised at your feelings. This, coupled with the fact that he has the fascination of a man from a far country — how irresistible this can be! — and the maturity of someone in his thirties, may well have snared your heart. The 1000 miles between you will test how deep your feelings go — they won't keep you apart if love is *really* there!

Shy of romance

"I USED to go out with a very nice boy. I was, and still am, very much in love with him, but he doesn't seem to care for me. He always talks to me, telling me his problems and secrets, and asking me what I have in my glory box, can I cook, and if I go out with someone else he gets very jealous. He never takes me out now, but often sees me home from a club we both belong to. I am told he likes me and says nice things about me, but the only time he shows me any affection is when we are fooling around. He has no steady girl. How can I find out his true feelings without asking?"

"In Love," N.S.W.

● It seems you have given your heart to a young man who is set on steering clear of any attachments. Obviously he is more than a little interested in you, or he wouldn't confide in you as he does, or show jealousy when you date someone else.

But, just as obviously, if you try to force the pace, you will scare him off permanently. Your best bet is to sit tight and hope he realises that a steady girlfriend (you) is not such a bad thing after all.

LOVE ANALYSIS

"I AM 16, and like a man who is in his twenties. I have known him for almost one year, and the more I see him the more I like him. The trouble is, when we are with people he is the complete opposite of what he is like when we are alone. If he sees me watching him, he blushes and looks extremely selfconscious. But when we are alone he jokes, talks on all topics, and is simply wonderful. Why this sudden change? (I've studied psychology as a hobby, and have given him an analysis of his character.) He now tells me that he is going overseas for about two years. Do you think writing is a good idea? And how can I suggest it to him?"

"Hopeless," Vic.

● Poor man! Your analysis of his character has ignited an over-awareness of his shortcomings — no one is perfect — which he is particularly conscious of in public. Alone with you, he can relax and be the "simply wonderful" person he really is. By all means write him while he is away — but let HIM suggest it. And next time, remember the successful heartcatcher boosts her man's morale sky-high instead of shooting him down in flames!

"Why am I fickle?"

"I AM almost 18 and have been going with a boy a bit younger than me. Now he seems to be getting serious. How can I tell him, without hurting his feelings, that I do not wish to go steady? This problem has cropped up many times in the past — I go out with a boy and lose interest when I know that he has fallen for me. Please tell me why I am so fickle, and how I can let this boy know how I feel without losing his friendship."

"Troubled," S.A.

● There's nothing fickle about losing interest once you've won a boy. It shows you are just a normal teenager, who enjoys an element of uncertainty in romance. Your only mistake is your wish to hold on to this boy by friendship. You're giving him false hope. Why not be kind, and release him — as painlessly as possible, of course!

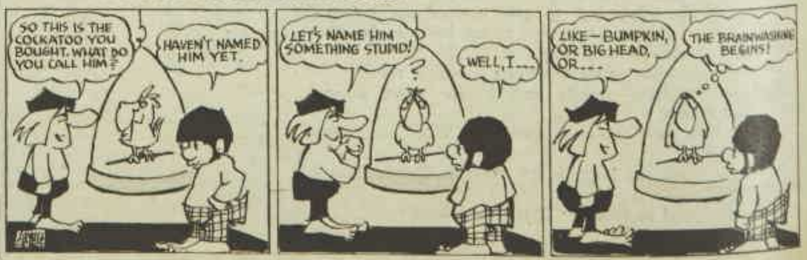
She wants him back

"I AM 15 and have a problem. Last year I went around with a boy whom I did not really like. As I realised I was just using him, I did not want to continue the association for fear of hurting him. After four long months he finally took my subtle hints. Since then I have dated several other boys, but none of them has the affection for me that he had. He's dating a girl in my year at school, but the romance is not booming! How can I possibly tell him I like him now — I truly do! — and that I was a stupid fool to let him go? I have tried to forget him but find it impossible. Do I deserve him?"

"Unhappy," N.S.W.

● I don't think "deserving" comes into it. But short of telling him you're sorry I don't see what you can do. Are you prepared to eat humble pie? Before you do, ask yourself whether it's he you like, or just the affection and flattering attention that you haven't had from other boys.

BEATNIK


SO THIS IS THE COCKATOO YOU BOUGHT. WHAT DO YOU CALL HIM?
HAVEN'T NAMED HIM YET.
LET'S NAME HIM SOMETHING STUPID!
?
WELL, I...
LIKE — BUMPKIN, OR BIG HEAD, OR...
THE BRAINWASHING BEGINS!

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

PARIS HEADLINES

THERE are more ways than one for a girl to wear long hair.

Hairstylist Jacques Dessange, a young man who ranks with such greats as Alexandre of Paris, likes the pretty blonde style pictured above, and believes it is destined to shine on the spring/summer, 1966, beauty scene.

The style is called — for obvious reasons — "The Fall," and makes much of gorgeous hair texture and natural sheen.

Film stars and pop singers such as Francoise Hardy, Marie Laforet, Catherine Deneuve, and Catherine Spaak are among the long-hair pioneers of Paris, and the heroines of the three new films recently showing on the boulevards all affect a fall of hair which they sometimes vary by letting it stream down at the back.

Opposite number to "The Fall," and also widely admired by the young, almost had to be "The Fling," with all hair held on one side with gardenias or some kind of sparkly hair ornament.

Locks dressed this way are a top recommendation for formal wear.

Further proof that Paris is thinking longer, softer hair is in the headlines involving braids and tied loops inspired by Vietnamese girls.

— Carolyn Earle

AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING HAND LOTION
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Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay $2 for each letter used.

How's your English?

LETTERS

● ***It is important for me to pass English this year, and I am concerned that I do not have a wide vocabulary. With this in mind, I bought two small books, heading every six pages with a letter from the alphabet. Before I do my homework, I go through the dictionary, writing down, under their appropriate initials, words I do not know which can replace common wordage. Each night I find about six, later writing the words in sentences. Before I begin my search, I revise the previous night's list, and so gradually learn all the words. At the end of the week I ask my father to check the sentences. This is widening my vocabulary considerably, and if you have a similar problem, it could help you, too.***

M. BURKE, Croydon Park, S.A.

Stop sneering!

WHY is it that many people sneer at mental patients and regard working in mental institutions with contempt? Most patients are voluntary nowadays, and in spite of their misfortunes they often possess talent of some kind and charming personalities. Mainly out of curiosity, I took up nursing at a mental hospital (to the horror of many acquaintances), and I found it to be one of the most challenging, enjoyable, and enlightening experiences a person could have. — *"Trainee Teacher," Black Hill, N.S.W.*

Call a truce

WHAT is the matter with today's parents and teenagers? A vast majority of the modern generation have arguments with their parents about hairstyles, clothes, school reports, going out at weekends, and other similar problems. Almost all parents want the best for us, but in their eagerness to protect us, many are over-possessive and do not allow teenagers to have any independence. Parents who act like this are wrong. For teenagers think the older generation is against them.

It is time that both generations changed their attitudes. Teenagers should realise that parents are trying to help them, and parents should realise that their "babies" are growing up and want to be more independent. — *K. Shafar, Balwyn, Vic.*

☐

HOW many girls in their late teens does this description fit?

- *You have no money.*
- *You want to travel.*
- *You'd be prepared to hitch-hike anywhere.*
- *At the moment you're studying to get something behind you.*
- *You're sick of conforming to society and tradition.*
- *You love talking to people.*
- *You'd rather sleep under the stars than in a bed.*
- *You adore walking in the rain and being alone with your thoughts.*
- *You wear your hair long and never set it.*
- *You'd like to live an off-beat life, if only for the experience.*
- *You enjoy reading, especially poetry.*

—Wendy Coyle, East St. Kilda, Vic.

☐

Good idea

SOME people disagree with a mother working if she has teenage children. I am 13 and Mum works in a city office while my grandmother takes care of the house. I wouldn't have it any other way. It is the climax of the day when Mum comes home at 5.30. She always knows what's going on in town, and can tell me the latest fashions and films. In fact, I enjoy her company so much that I hardly ever "fight" with her. —*"M.A.," Panania, N.S.W.*

Wisecracks out

THOSE wisecracking disc-jockeys on the radio drive me up the wall! How about having a teenage girl DJ, who speaks properly and has a pleasant personality. How can one possibly try to like, or even believe in, a 30- to 40-year-old married man, who couldn't care less whether he played the music or not?—*Ann Boaker, Para Hills West, S.A.*

TEEN VIEW

● **One of the big differences between today's teenagers and those of our parents' day is the interest taken in current affairs. Many of our parents and their schoolmates took little or no interest in this kind of thing. World dramas like racial clashes in the United States and Communist activities did not affect them. But they are affecting us now. The younger generation realises that Australia is becoming more and more important in world affairs, and takes avid interest in our position today because it is the country we live in.**

—Dinah Mitchell, Edmonton, Qld.

ROUND ROBIN

Adair

HOLMES, SWEET HOLMES

I SEE that the Baker Street Irregulars are up in arms.

The Irregulars are fans of famous fictional detective Sherlock Holmes.

They are cranky about a suggestion that Sherlock was, in fact, a woman.

A literary "detective" believes there are clues in Holmes yarns that indicate a masquerade.

Now I think of it, it's been elementary, my dear, what's on.

Do you really think that Holmes played the violin with no strings attached?

Or that Sherlock kept running after hansom cabs? No, it was Sheer Look Hose running after handsome cads!

The Holmes-was-a-her theory makes me wonder about other famous detectives.

Is Georges Simenon's French police inspector really a lady called May Gray?

Of course, I've known many girls who are Untouchables.

I wonder if the Man from U.N.C.L.E. is, in fact, a Girl from A.U.N.T.I.E.

And that hero of years gone by—was the name Belle-dog Drummond?

For that matter, which sex was Sexton Blake?

Edgar Wallace created a character known as the Whistler.

Perhaps the truth is that the adventures were really those of the Whistler's mother!

It would be interesting if Ian Fleming's hero turned out to be Jemimah Bond, agent No. 5.

And what if that famous Chinese checker was Charlotte Chan?

Simon Templar could not be Simone, however. How many women are Saints?

There is one detective that a girl with a diet problem would love to be.

The Thin Man.

Saddle stitching is fashionable: and it's automatic with elna
new elna
world's best from Switzerland

corns

✻ WORLD'S FASTEST REMEDY

Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads soothe, cushion, protect. Stop pain almost instantly. Medicated discs remove corns. Sizes also for callouses, bunions. 42c (4/3) pkt.

Dr Scholl's ZINO PADS

FOR EVERY COMMON FOOT TROUBLE THERE'S A Dr. Scholl's REMEDY! AT CHEMISTS AND STORES

foot bliss

LIKE WALKING ON PILLOWS

Cushion your feet on these exclusive Schetex foam insoles. Protect callouses, prevent burning. Make walking a pleasure. Hygienic, washable, air-ventilated. 58c (5/9) pr.

Dr Scholl's AIR PILLO INSOLES

New Way to Hold Loose

FALSE TEETH

Firmly in Place

Do false teeth annoy and bother by dropping and slipping when you eat, talk or laugh? Just sprinkle on a little FASTEETH. This new, tasteless powder keeps teeth firm and comfortable. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste. Makes breath pleasant. Get FASTEETH to-day at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

THE MAGAZINE OF BRIGHTER READING 15c

Everybody's

You know you like to bring your clothes in from the line as clean as you had them in the washer. Hills know it, too! That's why they've spent two years intensive research seeking a way to make stain-free drying a reality.

Hills found the answer to ugly rust stains in PERMA-GAL, a new, exclusive galvanising process that just won't rust! And to make doubly sure you get years of stain-free drying, Hills use new PERMA-GAL on your hoist – INSIDE as well as out. Choose the safest way to complete clothes-drying satisfaction. Insist your hoist is branded Hills.

See the range of Hills hoists, Supa, Senior Standard, and Standard at all leading hardware and department stores. There's a size to suit your family – and it just won't rust.

HOISTS BRANDED Hills

JUST WON'T RUST!

1743

A PRODUCT OF THE

Hills HOISTS
GROUP OF COMPANIES

MORE THAN TWO MILLION HOUSEWIVES VOTE HILLS HOISTS SMOOTHEST, EASIEST, EVER MADE

AT HOME . . . *with Margaret Sydney*

● Thanks to the kindness of a reader in Victoria who has lent me a positive treasure — a bound volume of the English "Girls' Own Paper" for 1908-9 — I have done practically nothing with my spare time in the past week except over-indulge in slightly yellowed print.

DI and Kay have had nearly as much fun out of it as I have, avidly reading the beauty hints and the career advice, and hooting with laughter over the correspondence columns, the hobbies, the illustrations, and the ads.

And that, of course, raises one big question. Will some woman, lighting on today's copy of the Women's Weekly in the year 2024, find its record of life in the 1960s as hilariously funny as we find the GOP? Oddly enough, I don't think she will.

Certainly, the fashions will seem quaint, the fiction out of date, and some of the goods advertised too olde worlde to be true, but the relationships between people, and especially those between writers and readers, surely just can't alter between 1966 and 2024 in the way they altered between 1908 and 1966.

In those years, the GOP was gently, invincibly, wondrously snobbish. Advice columns were not to help people to nut out solutions to their problems but to teach them what their betters thought they ought to know.

The editor could write unblushingly about the differences between ladies and laundrymaids, and could carry on for column after column like a boring old maiden aunt about the mistaken taste in dressing of girls who worked (a class quite distinct, of course, from working girls).

And all this, I suppose, was fair enough in a time when churchgoers could accept as the ordained order of things that hymn verse that went "The rich man in his castle, The poor man at the gate, He made them high and lowly, And ordered their estate."

The amazing thing about this volume of the GOP is that you can read it from cover to cover (as I have done, enjoying every moment) without its raising a single laugh —except those that depend on its being 58 years old.

There's no trace of humor in it — not a single trace. Was laughter, one wonders, something for laundrymaids? Something as vulgar as dressing above one's station, or peeping into shop-window mirrors in public places?

A cold-bath cure-all (with icy water down the back)

THE fiction is perhaps the least interesting part—most of it too sugary sweet for modern taste—and the medical correspondent had a positive bug about cold baths.

He advocated them for everything (even heart troubles and rheumatism), to be taken first thing in the morning (in England's winter climate!) in a sitz bath, with the aid of a large sponge for trickling the icy water down your back.

Betty Keep's professional ancestor — the Lady who advised Those Perplexed About Their Clothes — had a short way with unconventional people.

The girl who wanted a sensible working dress and admitted that she didn't wear corsets was firmly told that "you can never remedy altogether the lack of shape and smartness that troubles you," and advised to pop into a moderately loose sailor blouse which "will not emphasise the lack of corsets."

Having turned from this to the corset ads, I could sympathise with that poor girl. They were pretty frightening garments, guaranteed to whittle and distort the figure so that a plumbline dropped from the fullest point of the bust would have hit the floor about a foot in front the toes.

A well-made corset, heavily boned and strapped and cross-strapped and laced and finished with hooks and eyes, then beribboned and frilled and decorated with lace edging, came pretty expensive—8/11 for the long-fronted low-busted white model with four suspenders, 5/11 for a plainer one with less decoration but equally immovable bones stretching from bust to thigh.

You could get a patent reducing corset in black, dove, or white, with real whalebone, which appears in the illustration to have more bones than any self-respecting whale ever carried with him.

The reducing corset looks as though it would have reduced any sane female to tears in the first half-hour. Yours for 10/6, IF the corpulency you hoped to conceal didn't measure more than 30in. at the waist. If it did, you had to pay an extra fourpence per inch.

Don't imagine that children got off scot free or were allowed to let their muscles support themselves.

"Every mother," several of the ads tell us, "should remember that it is essential at the very earliest age to secure the correct corset for her little one. There are special Royal Worcester Kid-fitting Corsets for baby which will ensure her growth in beauty."

I don't know, but I think that "kid-fitting" means that the brand of corsets fit like a kid-glove, and not that the advertisers were vulgar enough to refer to baby as a kid.

Baby also was an expandable term, likely to attach itself to the youngest of the family for years and years. The illustration shows a corset designed for a nine-year-old girl, and certainly designed to stop her getting any foolish notions about freedom of movement.

The bathers were fun, made in alpaca, turkey twill, serge, stockinet, or silk, and ranging in price from 4/11 to two guineas. Two styles—the "ordinary plain combination suit," or tunic and knickers (ankle-length) with matching cap and "trim little skirt to button over."

For the timid, water-wings were available at one shilling, and guaranteed to support weights up to 250lb. "Undoubtedly they admit of far more fun being got out of bathing than is possible when you dare not venture out of reach of the bathing-machine."

For more than ten years - proved, improved - creating cool comfortable conditions in Australian homes...

THIS YEAR

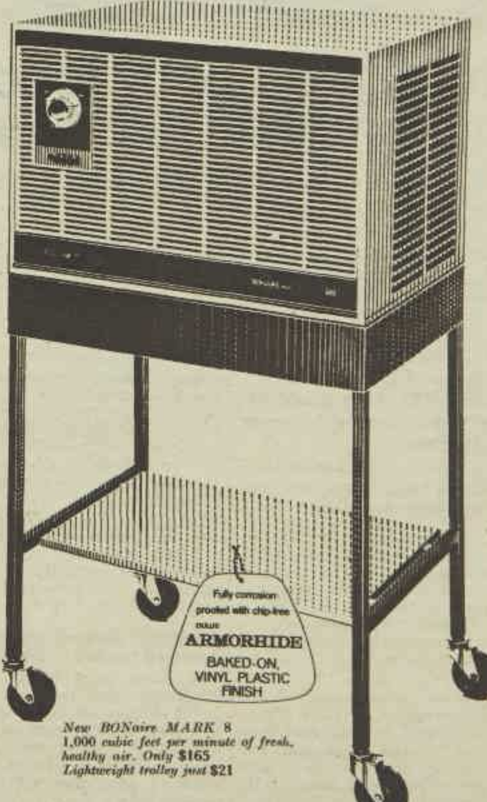
COOL DOWN with the ALL NEW

BONaire

MARK 8

AIRCONDITIONER

Designed to harmonise with all furnishing schemes


Fully corrosion proofed with chip-free
ARMORHIDE
BAKED-ON VINYL PLASTIC FINISH

The newest, nicest way to cool down your home . . . and at the lowest cost.
New BONaire MARK 8 features rich earth brown/mushroom colors to match any furnishings . . . contemporary, colonial, conventional. You'll love this new look BONaire, but most of all you'll appreciate these BONaire big benefits.
100% FRESH CLEAN AIR — FREE OF DUST AND POLLEN . . . FIVE HOURS COOLING FOR ONE CENT . . . LOWEST COST . . . EXTREMELY QUIET . . . NEW CORROSION-PROOF VINYL FINISH . . . TOTALLY SEALED MOTOR . . . COMPLETELY PORTABLE . . . PUSH BUTTON FOUR SPEED VENTILATING/COOLING CONTROL . . . SERVICE AND SPARES GUARANTEED . . . benefits that add up to years and years of efficient, economical operation. There's no complicated mechanism, lubricants or refrigerant problems either, and maintenance is at an absolute minimum.

Get the whole BONaire story, your free color brochure . . . feel the BONaire brand of comfort at your retailer today. Why suffer summer? Why not enjoy it?

New BONaire MARK 8 1,000 cubic feet per minute of fresh, healthy air. Only $165
Lightweight trolley just $21

BONaire CRUISER MOBILE AIR CONDITIONER. 2,000 cubic feet per minute of cool, fresh air.

BONaire 21 BUILT-IN AIR CONDITIONER. 1,800 cubic feet per minute, window or wall installation.

FEEL ALIVE, WORK BETTER, RELAX
LIVE IN THE COOL CLEAN CLIMATE OF
BONaire
the air conditioner you can afford

MANUFACTURED BY
B.D.H. INDUSTRIES PTY. LTD.
26 Deloraine Road, Edwardstown, South Australia

DISTRIBUTED NATIONALLY BY Dalgety TRADING COMPANY PTY. LTD.

● *Japanese vase*

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

COULD you please tell me about a pair of vases. There are no initials or number on them. They have been a family possession for more than 60 years. — Mrs. M. Brinsley, Gymea Bay, N.S.W.

The vases are Japanese. Faience ware of this type was produced by the Kyoto and Kaga potteries during the last quarter of the 19th century. A salient feature of the polychrome wares (that is, many-colored) is the use of slip decoration usually applied to the surface by means of a quill through which the slip—potter's clay in a liquid state — was trickled to make lines and dots forming borders, etc.

* * *

I HAVE a cedar wardrobe believed to be more than 100 years old. Inside one drawer is a sticker which says, "Manufactured by Alex W. Norton, cabinetmaker, 52-54 Hunter Street, Sydney." Can you tell me something about Norton and his work?—Mrs. Shirley Chittick, Moss Vale, N.S.W.

Alexander W. Norton was active as a cabinetmaker between 1855 and 1870. His Colonial furniture is made in the traditional Victorian manner.

HOME HINTS

● Readers win a prize of $2 each for these useful hints to help with sewing, mending, and cookery.

IF you are looking for cross-stitch designs to embroider on checked gingham, try the Fair Isle designs found in knitting books. These are very adaptable. — Mrs. P. Hollis, Perthville, N.S.W.

* * *

A couple of scrubbing brushes placed end to end, bristle side up, and screwed into your back porch or veranda floor, make very good mud-removers for shoes. They are easily removed and rinsed out when necessary. — Mrs. D. Walter, 20 Illoura Ave., East Ringwood, Vic.

* * *

Add the finely grated rind of a lemon when making sweet pastry for pies and tarts. This gives a delightful flavor, especially to apple pies.—Miss Vanessa Evans, "Forest Lodge," Attunga, N.S.W.

* * *

After painting or varnishing, it is a good idea to dip a cloth in kerosine and wipe the tin clean before putting it away. Directions can be read easily next time the paint is used. A kerosine rag is also the best way to wipe paint spots off the floor. —Mrs. S. Campbell, Flat 7, 657 Ruthven St., Toowoomba, Qld.

* * *

When cork tablemats become shabby, renew them by covering with wool or raffia. To do this, make a hole in centre of mat, and with wool or raffia, work in buttonhole-stitch from centre hole to outside edge of mat; this makes a neat edge. Many pretty color schemes can be worked to match your kitchen. — Miss L. Ramsay, 13 Stewart St., Taree, N.S.W.

* * *

If you scorch white or colorfast fabrics while ironing, immediately re-press the scorched area under a cloth wrung out in peroxide. The scorch will disappear.—Mrs. P. Stokes, 4 Ligar St., Bendigo, Vic.

* * *

Do not starch or iron the top hems when laundering curtains. The rods, even tight-fitting ones, will then slip through easily, and non-ironing is not discernible because the material gathers up. —Mrs. D. Edis, 23 Walter St., Claremont, W.A.

* * *

A hint for the handyman: Attach cup hooks at intervals down the side of your ladder. Cans of paint or water can be hung safely on the hooks when painting or washing the walls.—Mrs. O. Pukery, Judge St., Kalinga N16, Qld.

NEW CLINICALLY BALANCED NESTLÉ'S FEEDING PROGRAMME

why a good baby food should do more than just feed.

1. **Why it is important that Strained Baby Foods should be "taste matched" to Junior Baby Food.**
2. **The new Nestlé's balanced feeding programme and how it will help your baby.**

When baby is born, his five senses—sight, smell, hearing, touch and taste, are quite undeveloped. Gradually he learns to use his separate senses and with them he carefully explores the world. Learning, with your help and guidance, to recognise what's nice, what's nasty, what's good or bad for him.

He tends to be suspicious of new things, especially new tastes. That's why your choice of baby food is so important. Nestlé's Strained and Junior foods are carefully "taste matched." They lead baby gently from Strained to Junior baby food when a change in taste might easily upset him.

At the age of six months it can be a big jump for baby from Strained to Junior foods . . . strange new lumps and strange new flavours. But Nestlé's help you make the change as easy as possible by taking a great deal of extra care to "match" the flavours of Junior foods to all the Strained ones that baby has already learned to welcome.

Later, you'll find other, even more grown-up Junior foods that have no Strained equivalent. Add these to baby's menu gradually, to maintain his interest and broaden his "taste education."

A menu for growing—the clinically balanced feeding programme.

You know that baby's diet is important, and that his requirements change continually during the first year. His diet must be balanced for vitamins, protein and minerals; it must also be balanced for liquids and solids. A good diet will also help develop baby's digestive system and teach him to enjoy new tastes and textures.

To help you through baby's vital first year Nestlé's offer you a book on baby care including a complete guide to educational feeding — month by month. These "menus" are clinically balanced to provide a safe, sure, easy programme for meeting baby's continually changing diet needs (a sample is reproduced at right).

Lactogen plus baby food

The clinically balanced feeding programme, compiled by Nestlé's food experts is based on Nestlé's Lactogen (the complete milk formula) and Nestlé's Strained and Junior Baby Foods. Because they are designed to work together, a balanced diet becomes quite simple.

Complete Manual, free.

The book is free to all mothers. It deals with every aspect of baby care from pre-natal, to the end of baby's first year in a truly practical and comprehensive manner. Please write or call the Nestlé's Infant Feeding Free Advisory Service, located in all State Capitals or write (Box 423, P.O., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.).

Suggested programme 9-12 months

NOTE: Your doctor, clinic sister or hospital may recommend special varieties for individual infants and that vitamin C intake and iron be further supplemented.

On Waking: Breast or Lactogen feed.*

Breakfast:	Nestlé's Junior Food may be gradually introduced, e.g., Junior "Egg and Bacon Breakfast." A rusk or small piece of toast may be given additionally later on. Follow with breast feed or drink of Lactogen.* (Encourage Baby to start drinking from a cup if weaning.)
Dinner:	Nestlé's Junior Food, e.g., "Chicken Dinner" or "Liver, Bacon and Vegetable Dinner" followed by a dessert. Breast or Lactogen feed.*
4 p.m.:	Drink of orange juice and rusk
Tea:	Junior "Egg Custard with Rice" or "Chocolate Custard," "Mixed Fruit Dessert," or a fruit variety mixed with cereal and milk. Drink of fruit juice. Breast or Lactogen feed.*
Before Bed:	Breast or Lactogen feed.

N.B.- At least 1 pint of Lactogen or milk should be given daily.

* Details of Lactogen Feed on each Lactogen label.

Nestlé's
BABY FOODS

Nestlé's are specialists in infant feeding

PACKED
IN THE SAFETY OF
GLASS

NLS/2086/66

Artistry . . . Creative lady with a culinary flair . . . chooses distinctive Don furniture, upholstered in "NYLEX" Vinyl. Spills—even oily ones—won't damage this handsome upholstery. Feels soft and warm as a woven fabric—yet you have this wonderful built-in protection—and the most fabulous range of colours ever collected.

nylex

Pamper your creative instincts. Have this handsome 85" Sofa with lush, soft back cushions, 4" Dunlopillo crown seats and streamlined wood plinth. This room full of Don seating is specially priced at leading stores: less than $300*. This is your once-in-a-lifetime opportunity . . . see the Equation group now.

*Ottoman and 1204 chairs optional at additional cost. Individual pieces priced separately/Slightly higher in country areas.

Artistry . . . in a word it's DON

D288.1512c

The Summers children are into the ALL-BRAN even before Mum brings the fruit! They really enjoy its crisp nutty flavour. It's a great start to the day!

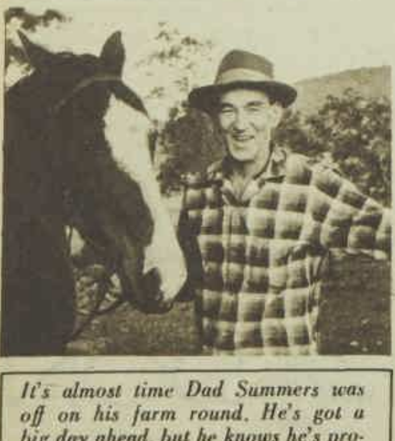
There's only one way to start a busy farm day

"By the time my husband and children have finished their early morning jobs, they're ready for a good breakfast," said Mrs. Summers. "We *always* start with a big plate of ALL-BRAN and fruit — it's delicious, and, of course, it's just the thing to keep everybody in trim."
Try ALL-BRAN for breakfast. It's good sprinkled over another cereal, or with fruit . . . and as well as *tasting* delicious, supplies the natural bulk everyone needs every day to guard against irregularity. You'll be amazed at just how much difference ALL-BRAN makes.

Christine's a great hand with the animals. This one is only two days old . . . likes its breakfast, too!

ALL-BRAN**
made by
Kellogg's*

NATURE'S GUARD AGAINST IRREGULARITY
**ALL-BRAN is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.
*Registered trade mark.



It's almost time Dad Summers was off on his farm round. He's got a big day ahead, but he knows he's protecting his health with ALL-BRAN.

Aha — breakfast time for the chooks! Jennifer and Paul take turns with the big pan of grain before eating their own breakfast of ALL-BRAN.
KB17

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

HIBISCUS: gay flower of the exotic islands

By ALLAN SEALE

● ***New Hawaiian varieties or old favorites — every garden is more beautiful for their presence.***

THE evergreen hibiscus, with handsome foliage and gay exotic blooms, is usually associated with Hawaii and other tropical islands. Known botanically as the Hibiscus rosa sinensis, they came originally from China, but as lovers of warmth and humidity they revel in a Pacific island climate and grow happily along the eastern coast of Australia.

They also adapt themselves to the dryer atmosphere of Adelaide and Perth, and have been grown in Melbourne gardens with surprising success, but won't stand severe frosts.

Except in very warm coastal districts, prune in early spring as new growth begins. In warm climates, such as coastal Queensland, a second pruning can be made in January to encourage another flowering in late summer and autumn.

To keep the plants more compact, cut to an eye or growth-bud going toward the centre of the bush, even if these canes carry flower buds. More buds will form.

When new growth is 4 to 6in. long pinch out the tips to encourage it to bush out, and repeat with the secondary growth that forms. This will delay flowering by a few weeks, but it increases the ultimate number of flowers and makes bushy, compact growth.

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Immediately after pruning start feeding, but don't give heavy applications of strong fertiliser in the early stages. Use a good complete plant food, diluted, over the soil below the outer branches.

Providing the plants have had plenty of water, repeat this feeding in four or five weeks, when growth is under way. Water well after each application.

When buds become plentiful, and during flowering, give the plant one of the liquid plant foods at the strength recommended on the package. Continue the liquid feeding until early April — then no more feeding until next spring.

A mulch of compost, well-rotted manure or leafmould around the root area will help to conserve moisture, and prevent sandy soil from overheating.

During the cold weather water sparingly, just enough to keep the soil damp. Any yellowing of foliage goes after pruning, when warmer weather returns.

Pest control: Caterpillars and grasshoppers may attack foliage, the hibiscus beetle, a small rounded green-to-black beetle, may eat small holes in the foliage. Weevils can enter and damage flower buds before they open. Thrips may also cause flower damage and, in some cases, bud drop. Green or grey aphids may attack unopened buds or young foliage.

All can be controlled by spraying with DDT or, better still, with a complete pest-killer at the first sign of invasion.

The combination-type spray is preferable because in very dry weather red spider just might attack the plant — a tiny, scarcely discernible mite which infests the underside of the foliage, leaving it with a pale, mottled appearance. This pest isn't affected by DDT. Control with Kelthane or pesticides which contain it.

Bud Drop: Apart from attack by insects, bud drop may come through excessive dryness and malnutrition in summer, or unprotected soil around the root area which has become too hot. In this case, mulch the surface.

Gardeners unaccustomed to hibiscus are sometimes unaware that the flowers of most types last only one day. The petals fold back to bud position before the spent flower falls, as if they have fallen without opening. This over-emphasises the incidence of bud drop.

PLANTING TIMES

The best time to plant hibiscus is from October to January, so they have time to establish with plenty of warm weather ahead. Choose a well-drained, warm, sunny position with some shelter from wind, not too crowded with plants.

They seem to grow well in slightly alkaline to acid soils. Only where the soil is known to be extremely acid need any lime be added before planting. Too much can cause yellowing of young foliage. Hibiscus is also fairly tolerant to salty, coast conditions providing it is sheltered from excessive wind.

In heavy soils inclined to cake badly, or in very light sand, mix a few bucketfuls of well-rotted compost, peatmoss, or similar fibrous material into the soil where the new plant will go. Dig the hole about a foot wider than the width of the container, and just slightly deeper.

When planting, the soil in the container should be damp (watered the previous day) so that it holds together without disturbing the roots.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3 — page 43

If it is in a plastic bucket, lay the plant on the ground and tap the top of the bucket until the root ball loosens and will come out easily and intact.

If in a tin, cut down both sides and across the bottom with a tin-opener or tin-snips. Lift the plant out on a spade when the sides are bent back.

Fill the hole with good loam or a mixture of soil and compost, firming down well between the roots and sides. Finish the surface in a shallow dish shape to make thorough watering easier. Don't fertilise for about a month, until the plant has had time to establish.

VARIETIES

Hibiscus have come a long way since hybridists began to improve the original Hibiscus rosa sinensis.

Over recent years there have been many spectacular types developed, of magnificent size, form, and color. Some of these are recently introduced hybrids from Hawaii and Florida — double types with daffodil-like formation such as Amazon, a cream with red centre; Bill Stayton, coffee-colored, with red centre; Halea Kala, scarlet, toning to lemon. Then there's the large ruffled King Kalakaua, deep scarlet; and White Kalakaua; and the outstanding Surf-rider, old gold, with a fluting radiating through the petals from a red centre.

These new varieties are compartively dwarf, growing only 4 to 5ft. and are suitable for growing in containers. Most are slow growers.

Many of the old varieties still deserve popularity. Their flowers may not be as spectacular as some of the newcomers', but they are hardy and free-flowering.

Camdenii, for example, would probably go back over a hundred years, but is still one of the most hardy reds. It flowers freely in bright scarlet, single flowers of good shape and medium size; average height 6 to 8ft. Apple Blossom, with pale pink blooms and a red eye, is useful where a vigorous, upright grower is desired, to 15ft.

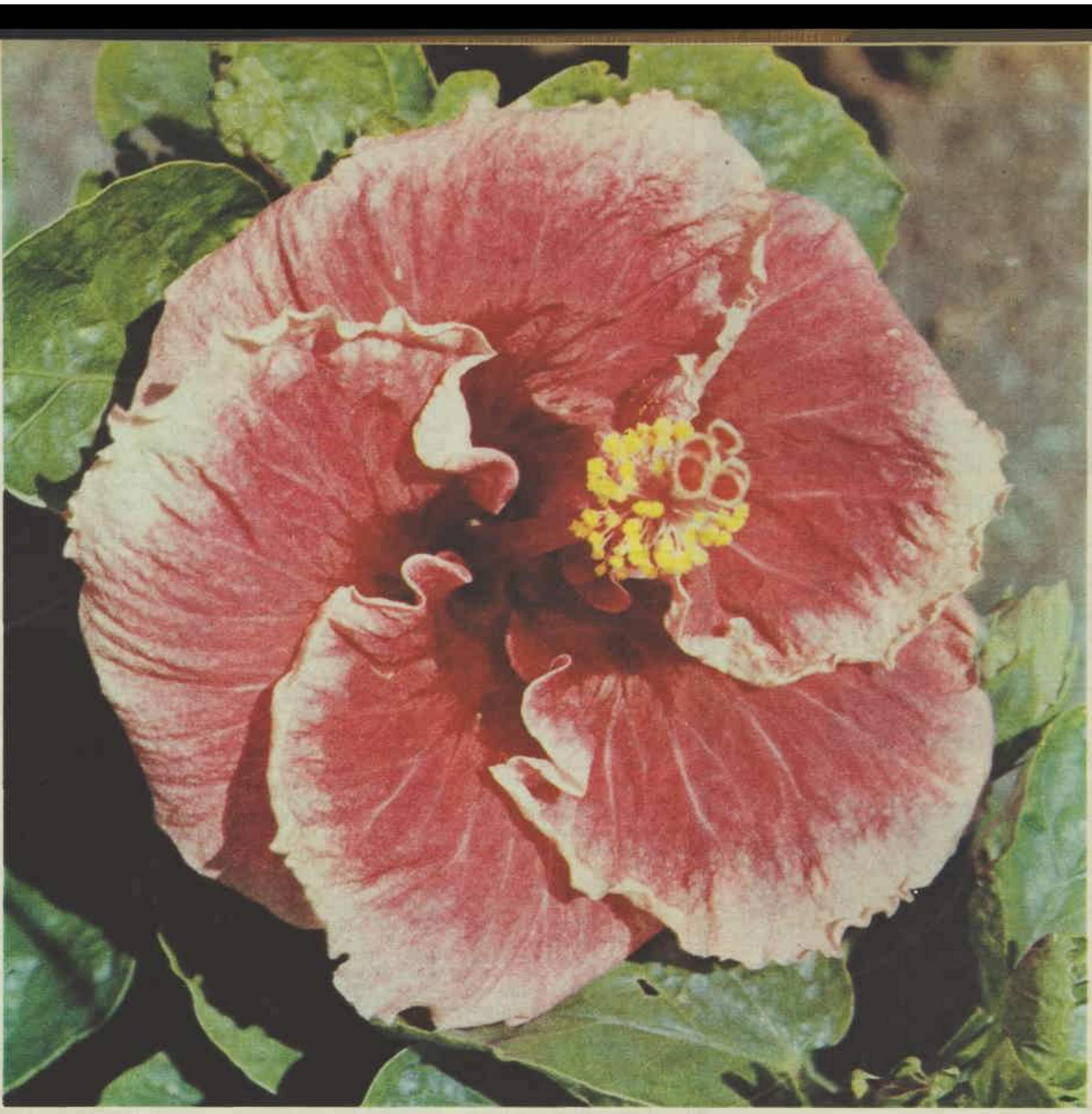
There are many varieties to choose from, both new and old.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

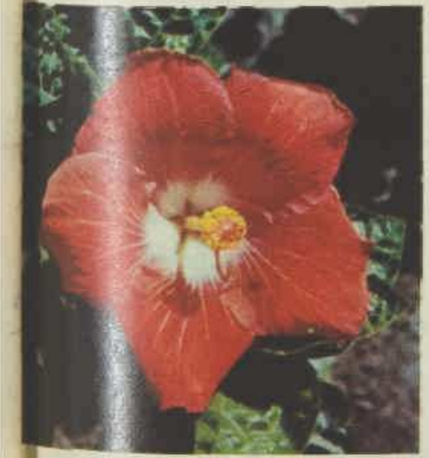
HAWAIIAN VARIETIES

The ultimate in hibiscus

● Cinderella's 8in.-across blooms of raspberry-red fade to deep vermilion, edged with white. The petals are fringed. The flowers will last for two days in cooler weather. This is a magnificent variety. It grows to about 4 or 5ft. high.

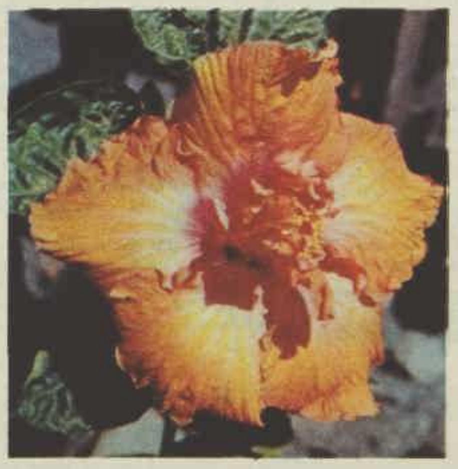


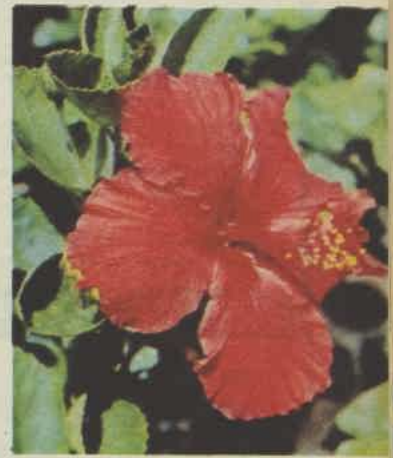
Staff photographer Ron Berg took these pictures at Hibiscus Park, Warriewood, N.S.W.



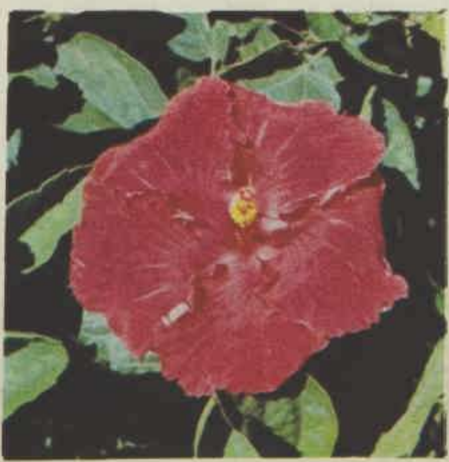
● Bronze Wings (left) carries 10in.-wide salmon-bronze blooms, which fade to brilliant orange, with white centres. It is a prolific flowerer, and will grow in a pot (this must be about 20in. across) for up to four years.

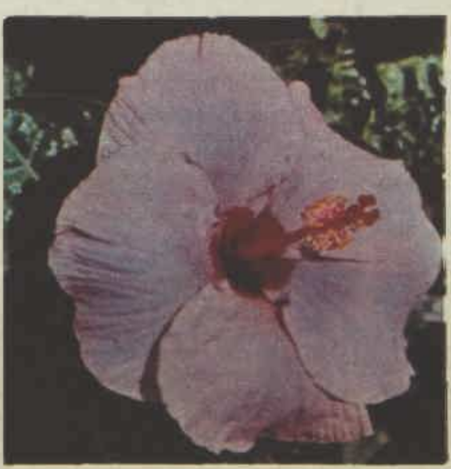
● The prolific McNiel Orange (right) is known as a cup-and-saucer double. Its 10in.-wide blooms have pink centres with fully overlapped petal — to 5ft.





● Ruffled, rich claret-red: Catavki (right) is a prolific new Hawaiian variety with large, glossy green leaves, and blooms up to 10in. across. It is hardy and vigorous, and will reach 5 or 6ft.





● John Massie (above), one of the few Hawaiian varieties to retain the original hibiscus-red color, was named for the late John Massie, a grower who did much to make the hibiscus popular in Sydney. It has an 8in. bloom, and was bred at Hibiscus Park from Hawaiian stock.

● Kunia Beauty bears prolific, bright lavender flowers with a red centre. The blooms are single, and up to 7in. across. The hardy bushes grow to 6ft.

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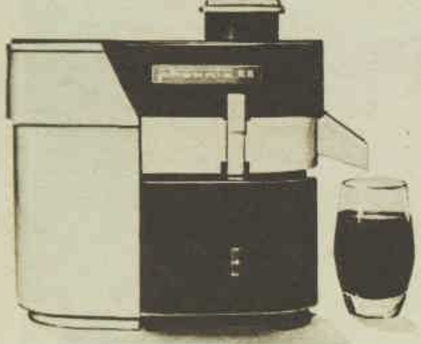

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PIT 66

THIS OFFER EXPIRES 31st DECEMBER, 1966

"SCARCELY JAMES BOND LADIES"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

dare return to her apartment to pack a suitcase.

She boarded the train, showed her ticket—bought with money she had borrowed from friends.

"She was so tired she was beyond commonsense," Ida said. "She expected the Gestapo to take her off the train at every stop.

"A kindly, grey-haired conductor asked what ailed her, and she poured out the whole story.

"He said, 'Give me your papers and I'll take care of everything.' He gave her an orange.

"She fell asleep, expecting him to betray her but feeling there was no further point in fighting to stay alive. When she awoke she was in Poland.

"In Warsaw she located her husband's relatives.

"Meanwhile, Louise and I were trying to find out what had happened. We were determined not to give up.

"Somehow, Jerzy managed to escape from the concentration camp. He joined his wife in Warsaw, the British visas were still valid, and in a short while they were in London.

Talk of war

"The family that had adopted their daughter reluctantly returned her to her parents.

"Summer was running out, and so was political patience with Hitler.

"There was a lot of war talk. Louise became ill, and I went to Germany all by myself.

"I was warned that if war broke out while I was there I would be interned for the duration.

"I remember taking a good, hard look at my dark blue British passport and thinking it was rather precious.

"I went to see a Mrs. Bauer and her daughter Ilse. They were supposed to come to England as .domestic workers.

"At the last moment Mrs. Bauer was refused entry because of a rheumatic knee. You can't be a very good floor-scrubber if you have a lame knee.

"I persuaded a doctor to sign a paper saying the rheumatism had been cured, and the Bauers were on their way."

"During one of those last visits," Louise said, "we boarded a train in Berlin and saw people herded along the lower end of the platform.

"It was a cold, rainy day, and many were in dresses or shirtsleeves, carrying bundles on their shoulders.

"Always the bundles! And the strangest things inside them.

"You'd think they would have a survival kit—things like honey, dried meat, aspirin, matches.

"But no, the bundles contained sentimental memoirs—photo albums, favorite books, lace scarves.

"I asked the trainmaster in a loud voice, 'What on earth is going on down there?'

"He shrugged and said, 'Only Jews'."

Ida told us about the last case they handled.

"I believe it was the most painful and suspenseful case we had," she said

"We don't know how he got our address, but a teenage boy wrote to us from a prison camp near the Polish border.

"It was on the site of a former racecourse, and 12ft. by 12ft. stalls that had once held one horse now held eight people. They were waiting for transhipment to a permanent concentration camp.

"The letter—which was in stilted student English—was so reasonable.

"The boy wrote that he realised he had no more claim to help than millions of others and that he didn't expect we would be able to help him, inasmuch as he had already been arrested.

"'I Jewish of both Polish and German nations,' he wrote.

"'My parents were taken away since six months. I have 16 years of age. I look not so much for help as for hope. I have migration quota for United States of America, but it will not be ripe for three years. It is hard to keep alive here without encouragement. Your sustaining is appreciated. I try to get this letter out'."

"Three years!" Ida said to Louise when they read the letter. "What a long time! Still, he is young. What can we do?"

Several days later Ida was asked to speak to a church organisation. She threw her planned speech aside and pleaded desperately for guarantors for the German-Polish boy.

At the end of her lecture, a man rose to his feet and said, "We have been considering the adoption of a refugee child.

"This one is somewhat older than we had in mind, but we would like to have him. We shall all share the cost."

All the church members present at the meeting stood up to signify their assent. And the sisters went quickly to start the proceedings, even though all the needed documents were missing.

"The girl clerk who usually processed these cases was by now a good friend," Ida said.

"She hurried through the application forms as quickly as she could scribble.

"Then she raised her pen and said, 'Oh, how terrible. We have just had an order stating we cannot accept anyone with a U.S. quota higher than 16,000. This boy's quota number is 16,522.'

"I got a good grip on the counter, and I said to this perfectly charming young girl, in what I am afraid was a terrible voice, 'My dear, I just am not going to write this boy and tell him to stop hoping.

"'You must think of something. I know you can!'

"She was just a young girl. She looked at me helplessly, and her eyes began to fill with tears.

"I snapped, 'Enough of that. You aren't in a concentration camp! Look in your silly rule book, and find us a way out!'

"I shall always be thankful to that wonderful girl, for a few minutes later she said, 'Miss Cook, I've got it! I'll write you a predated letter — say a week ago — asking for these missing papers.

"'That will start this case file several days before the new rule. He'll be eligible.'"

On such bureaucratic details did people's lives hang in late summer of 1939.

Having got the boy's British visa, they couldn't get him transportation. Every airline, train, bus was overbooked.

There was only one practical hope — a ship sailing from Danzig that was limited to children under twelve but had a few spaces for adolescents.

The sisters telephoned the owner of the shipping line. He told them that any vacancies would have to be filled on a first-come, first-served basis.

They cabled the boy.

"We got the passenger list, and his pame wasn't on it, but still we hoped he might have come aboard at the last minute," Ida recalled.

"On the day the boat was due, we went down to the docks to await it — the last children's transport from Poland.

"There were 200 little ones on that boat, and many of their parents had already been murdered."

The sisters had seen only a passport picture of the boy. They stood tensely beside the gangplank and scanned each face.

"We stood there for what seemed like hours. Then, suddenly, there he was!" Louise said.

"He came across the dock with a big, lanky stride, like an American cowboy. He had blond curly hair and grey eyes. He wasn't carrying so much as a knotted handkerchief. And he was smiling!"

The shooting war that broke out a few weeks later was accepted calmly by the Cook sisters. Both of them worked with the refuge committees.

Volunteer

"Mum and Dad took it all pretty stoutly except at the beginning," Louise told us.

"We got a call one day from Mum, who asked us to come home and reason with Dad. Of course we hurried down to see what the trouble was.

"We found Mum looking as out of sorts as we'd ever seen and Dad marching angrily up and down the garden path.

"'Your dad has volunteered as a stretcher-bearer!' Mum said. 'I think his mind is slipping a bit. He's 75!'

"'I'm as hale and spry as a lot of younger ones,' says Dad.

"'Mark my words, if you try it, you're more likely to be on the stretcher than at one end of it!' warns Mum.

"'Well, perhaps you're right,' Dad says.

"Then, the next day, Dad walks into the village and comes back in an air-raid warden's uniform! He served in it, too, throughout the war."

"I don't care for all this modern emphasis on hidden motives," Ida told us reflectively as we shared tea in the lobby at Claridge's, one of London's more formal hotels.

"There's altogether too much of this psycho-analysis. After all, what you are is what you do, isn't it?"

We accompanied the sisters to a performance of playwright Arthur Miller's "Incident At Vichy," a play dealing with the reactions of Jews rounded up in a single day in a small French city in 1940.

Both sisters took vigorous exception to Miller's hypothesis — that all of us, even persecuted Jews, have a streak of Fascism in us and that we are therefore equally guilty of Fascist excesses.

"Can't accept it at all," Ida said. "The motives of the minor characters are brilliantly sketched in.

"People did fool themselves, because they couldn't look the real horror in the face. They did lose their lives, because they couldn't abandon their furniture. They did delude themselves into thinking it was all a matter of class warfare.

"But Miller has never understood, as we did, the whole coarse, vulgar, loathsome truth of Nazism.

"Decent people can and do sin. Decent people can be cowardly, selfish, slothful, adulterous, idolatrous — but not Fascist. The human sinner cannot be a part of the Fascist condition."

In the Cook sisters' modest flat are memorabilia of their curiously generous, warm, emotional lives.

There is an impressive collection of photographs of opera singers who have delighted them. There are many delicate china bibelots presented by grateful men and women who had nothing else to give.

And there is a fine record player, with hundreds of operatic records stacked beside it.

Rosa Ponselle, the famed coloratura soprano, who is a good friend of the Cook sisters, told us, "Louise and Ida have derived more from living than anyone I know. Perhaps because they have asked for so little. They have humbly asked only what they could give."

Several months ago, the two sisters went to New York City to participate in a bond drive for the Israeli Government.

They were greeted by a large, emotional crowd of Jewish admirers, among them some of the 29 survivors, their relatives, friends, and onlookers, who clapped, cheered, threw their arms around the pleased but embarrassed ladies, wept for the joy of life, wept for the dead, and loaded Louise and Ida with red roses.

"Just how many people did you rescue?" one woman finally asked the sisters.

LOUISE: "Twenty-nine, directly."

THE WOMAN: "Oh, how many!"

IDA: "How very few."

THE MAGAZINE OF BRIGHTER READING 15c
Everybody's

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"They don't get away with that when their father is home!"

● You'll be familiar enough with this cry, says a Victorian reader, if father is home only at weeknds and you have to be father and mother to your children for the rest of the week. Her advice is: Call their bluff the day Dad goes away, and life will be so much easier.

By FIONA CLARKE

PETER and Paul were five and four when Jim took a traveller's job. He became a weekend father for 12 years.

I promised to tell him if I couldn't cope with the boys so he could return to his inadequately paid city job and full-time fatherhood.

I kept my promise. Peter and Paul, though a couple of livewires, full of mischief, were entirely without vice. Their small sins were within the range of my discipline.

When Paul was seven, they both entered a private boys' school where the teachers kept excellent control.

I read books on child management. I studied ways to preserve the father image. His return at the weekend must not be associated with punishment for last Tuesday's broken window or Wednesday's swear-word. I coped with these things.

Our weekends with Dad were delightful. The lonely weekdays were compensated for by the big commissions that were steadily paying off our home and putting us within reach of adding two more children (Angela and Andrea, I'd planned) to our family.

But when Peter turned 11 I had a niggling feeling that I wasn't really coping.

It was Jim's sister who opened my eyes. She came one night a week to visit us, and I loved her.

On this particular evening we were so engrossed with our gossip that a ten o'clock news session reminded us of the time. I called to the boys to put away their game while I made Auntie Jean a quick cup of coffee.

Direct approach

When I took the dirty cups back to the kitchen while Jean went for her coat, I heard her say to the boys: "Your mother told you to pack up ten minutes ago. You wouldn't hang around if your father were home."

Inside seconds I was into the fray. I took Jean out on to the veranda and said, "Disciplining the children is my business, Jean. If I need help I'll get it from Jim."

Jean has Jim's direct approach.

"Then it's time you got it," she said bluntly. "Those boys do what you tell them, all right, but in their own good time. I'm not the first to remark on it."

I sat thinking till midnight. I knew that Jean was not an interfering old maid. (I had called Jim's sister that!) She was a true friend. She had courageously voiced what other relatives' and friends' raised eyebrows had silently said: "If only their father were home . . ."

At last I faced the truth. If I couldn't cope Jim would have to come home. There'd be the nightmare of budgeting, scraping, doing without, taking the boys from their good school to keep up the payments on the house.

My two little daughters still flying with the angels would have to remain airborne for years and years.

I went to bed resolved to admit my failure. But what would I say?

"Last night I told the boys to put away a game. It took them ten minutes to do it."

"Peter read another chapter of his book when I told him to put out his light."

"Paul put his bike away after tea instead of before."

So petty—such trivia to break our dearest plans on.

The next day, I was to take the boys to the city to see an exhibition of aboriginal art. This was an acceptable alternative, provided the boys had a note, to attending school on Wednesdays, which were devoted largely to non-competitive sport and craftwork.

The three of us sped through dressing, breakfasting, washing-up, and racing to the railway station.

"Now," I cautioned as the train approached, "no nonsense over window seats or we won't go."

They both grinned. This was an old threat. And budget-happy Mum already had the tickets.

As soon as the train stopped the old window-seat feud was on. Peter was in first, with Paul literally on top of him. I put only one foot in the carriage.

Before the astonished eyes of a carriageful of people I hauled my sons back on to the platform, took an iron grip on the arm of each, and ran them back through the barrier.

I hailed the only taxi on the stand, shoved the boys into it, climbed in, and drove to the school.

There I dragged them out, ran with them to a marching column, and all but threw them on to the end of it. Judging by the size of the lads in the column, my boys should have been elsewhere.

I took the taxi back to the station, and had a day alone in town.

I don't know how the boys fared that day. I didn't ask, and wasn't told. But I could guess.

It was a private school where discipline was strict and the masters had, literally, a free hand. The boys were late. They were in the wrong lines. They were out of uniform. They had no books, no sports gear, no craft material — all major offences.

They had no cut lunches, and no money to tempt them to slip away at lunchtime to out-of-bounds shops.

I have never regretted that day. By Friday, I'd decided to give myself another week's grace before discussing the question of discipline with Jim. By the next Friday, there was no need to discuss it. I was once more in command.

Two more boys

Tom and Adrian (we never did get the girls) were born during the next three years. They were a lively, mischievous pair, but Jim was home a good deal in their early years and I was a full-time mother. Life was smooth and pleasant.

When Tom was six and Adrian four, a promotion made Jim again a weekend father, but history didn't repeat itself. Whether Tom and Adrian copied Peter and Paul's habit of obeying me, as they did their father, or whether my dropping of the weekend-father image had anything to do with it, I'll never know.

JOURNEY TO PERTH

Should the children go, too?

● MRS. MARIAN ROBINSON, an Australian living in Auckland, N.Z., plans to make a sentimental journey to Perth with her husband and three young children. But, she asks, would it be fair to take youngsters on such a long trip? How should such an undertaking be tackled?

THIRTEEN years ago I came to New Zealand to live, rather against my wishes, but my family had settled here and my father's illness made it necessary for me to come, too.

Then I met and married my husband, and we have three children, aged four, six, and eight — boy, girl, boy.

In the last three years I've become increasingly keen to return to the West to visit friends and relatives, and to see again the place I love so much. We hope to be able to make the trip about April, 1967.

My husband is keen to come, but what worries us is how we will fare travelling with children and, in one or two instances, staying in the homes of friends.

We propose travelling Auckland-Sydney by ship, by train to Melbourne to stay a few days with friends, by train to Perth. I did have ideas of driving to Melbourne by car via Canberra, but after driving two hours on a recent outing with the children I can't imagine how we'd get on.

We plan to be away for two or three months, and perhaps rent a place in Perth for the larger part of our holidays.

But just how much change, sightseeing, visiting, and travelling can children of these ages take without becoming too cranky?

Would it be better to leave the children at home, probably with my mother? But I'd miss them, noise and all, and wouldn't they miss us? In any case, the eldest would never forgive us if we didn't take him.

Our six-year-old girl thinks she's going to meet snakes and crocs at every corner in Australia, so might not mind. The little fellow, I feel, is too young to be taken on such a long trip, but we'd miss him so.

Am I just a fussy old Mum who'd do better to go ahead and make plans with my husband and let the children fit in? At whose level should things be planned—theirs or ours?

● We would be glad to hear from readers who have made overland journeys with children. We will pay for letters published.

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THE NEWBORN BABY

By Dr. Margaret Liley

● What does he know, or feel? How much can you teach him? Dr. Liley here follows the newborn baby through his first dramatic experiences of life in a strange and wonderful world. Dr. Liley, a pediatrician and mother of five small children, is the wife of Dr. Arthur William Liley, a distinguished New Zealand obstetrician.

THE first time a new mother offers her breast or the bottle to her baby, she introduces him to the comfort of love and the pleasure of nourishment, man's most basic needs.

The newborn's initial communication with the world he has just entered is physical, through touch, soothing sounds, and oral contacts. It has been said that the newborn is unsociable, because he seems to be aware only of himself and makes no apparent effort to communicate; but the communicatory powers of the newborn are actually very good when you consider that he has only just arrived.

While he was still in the womb, the baby learned to have a kind of communication with himself. He explored his own mouth and face and developed an awareness of self.

After birth, his first contact with others is a basic reflex: the urge to cling. When he is cuddled, the baby automatically responds.

Long before he can identify individual adults by sight, he has sorted them out by the different way each one holds him.

Newborn babies know very clearly whether they are being handled by someone who is confident and kindly or by someone who is nervous. If he is held with confidence, any baby except one who is extremely distressed will usually settle down. The clinging reflex is strong and naturally satisfying.

It takes the newborn baby several days to recover from the experience of birth and feel hungry. Usually, his first hunger pangs coincide with the time when his mother's milk is available, about the third day after birth.

One of the reasons breast-feeding is so strongly recommended is that it provides the newborn the greatest reassurance he can know at this early stage of life: the continuity of handling. Each time he is hungry, his mother alone answers his need. Nurses, no matter how loving, work eight-hour shifts, which means that the newborn who is entirely fed by bottle will be handled by his mother and several other women within a twenty-four-hour period.

The kind of reassurance the newborn needs most is that which comes from the nearness of another human body: body heat, the gentle monotony of the heart-beat, the warmth of adult arms.

Like any music-mad teenager, the new baby responds to a rhythmic beat. Within the womb, his tiny world was dependent on rhythm, and the most familiar sound to him was the steady beat of his mother's heart. There is a pronounced rhythm to the way he breathes, to his sucking, to his cries—even to his hiccups.

He soon learns to distinguish between adults by their particular tempos. Long before he recognises their facial features, he is aware of the way they move—whether they are languid or brusque, graceful or awkward.

The baby responds to pleasurable vibrations. He enjoys the soothing croon of the lullaby, the rhythm of gentle rocking.

Some adults mistakenly torment tiny babies by jiggling and tickling them in the hope of inducing a sudden smile or a gurgle of laughter.

Babies do often smile before they are four or five weeks old, but rarely in response to being tickled. It starts as a sort of experiment; but as their vision improves, they may imitate the smiles they see on adult faces.

The mother is likely to get one of the first responses from her baby when she is bathing him.

Almost all babies love baths, because being immersed in water gives them a brief respite from their constant fight against gravity, and its buoyancy allows them a full range of movement.

At the point where air and water meet, the baby experiences a faint tickling sensation that is pleasing to him.

The newborn can feel pain, pleasure, heat, and cold; but since his brain cannot yet sort out these sensations, they produce no more than a blurry image on his conscious mind.

When he is given his first medical examination, he usually reacts to a prick in his toe by flailing his arms, wriggling his body, and perhaps crying. He knows he has been hurt, but not what it was, or where. He cannot yet localise feeling except in his mouth and the area around it.

He knows his mouth and some of its uses through a combination of instinct and experience. Instinct, which was active months before birth, has given him knowledge of sucking and swallowing.

X-rays show he may well have found his hands with his mouth and sucked his thumb or fingers since the twentieth week in the womb. By the time he is born, the baby has been playing with his mouth and hands for four or five months.

He learns a great deal through his mouth. Everything new that he comes into contact with he will try to put into his mouth so his tongue and lips can examine and identify it. In this way, he gradually becomes sensitive to tastes and textures.

Within their first two weeks of life, most babies usually just sleep and eat; that's about all they have the energy to do.

Have you noticed how your limbs and, in fact, your whole body feel heavy after a long swim? The baby has been accustomed to even greater weightlessness in the womb, and the effort to compete with gravity is at first quite considerable.

From the age of two weeks on, however, the baby begins to have periods when he lies awake and moves about. He is learning to use his limbs. After a little, he gets tired of trying to move, and he wants something to play with. His natural way is to suck on something, and the great comfort he gets should not be denied him.

When he can sit up by himself and look around and see things, the mouth toys should be gently disposed of — not suddenly, but over a period of time, just as is done with weaning.

The first sound the baby makes, of course, is crying. His earliest cries are a reflex response to discomfort and not a form of communication: but since this is his only way of attracting attention, he soon learns to use it to indicate hunger, pain, and boredom.

The hunger cry is usually the most frequent, demanding, and persistent.

The baby's "sick" cry is often little more than a low wail or whimper. Pain provokes a sharp, high cry of unmistakable distress. When he is overheated and overclothed, the baby is most likely to sound angry and fretful.

It used to be thought right to "let baby have a good cry; he will be more hungry for his food." Today the reverse is true.

A frustrated and angry baby fills his stomach with air, so that when the feeding finally does come, his stomach signals satisfaction too soon, because it is distended and feels full.

If he is not good at releasing this air, the baby will settle for half a feeding and then wake up too soon and start crying for the next course.

BABIES vary a great deal in their food needs. It is not unusual for light eaters to be hungry again within two or three hours after they have eaten.

Never assume a baby can't be hungry just because he was fed recently.

Some of the gravest errors in baby care have been committed in the name of feeding. It is impossible to prescribe one amount of food for all babies. The baby himself is the only one who can reasonably dictate how much he wants.

His way of measuring has nothing to do with the time of day but is associated with his metabolic rhythm. When he leaves half an ounce in the bottle or stops sucking, he's satisfied.

Offering the breast, even when the baby is not hungry, quiets some babies. Many babies find the breast or the bottle so soothing that they will peacefully slip off to sleep again.

Parents worry unduly about this, fearing that, like thumb-sucking, it might prove habit-forming.

Neither thumb-sucking nor oral stimulation of this sort is cause for concern unless it persists well past infancy.

The times that the individual baby chooses to feed during the evening and night hours usually relate to his own sleep pattern.

People fall roughly into two distinct types of sleep pattern: the "Owls" and the "Fowls." This is an inherited characteristic and differs in members of the same family.

Our youngest child, for instance, is an owl like her father, which means that she is very wide-awake in the evening but likes to sleep late.

Our second little girl is a distinct fowl, like me. We rise early and cheerfully, then gradually wear down during the day and want to go to bed early.

If your baby is an owl, he will probably develop a schedule of wanting to be fed around ten o'clock at night and then will sleep through until five or six in the morning.

If he is a fowl, he will sleep from six at night until around two in the morning and be ready for a feeding then.

The baby who happens to have inconvenient waking periods can usually be encouraged to go back to sleep by changing his position or giving him something to cling to.

Any attempt to ignore him or leave him to cry his head off will not make any improvement in his sleeping pattern.

The amount of sleep each baby requires varies a great deal.

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THE NEWBORN BABY

Continued from page 71

After the first two or three months, all babies spend much more time awake. Often they continue to wake at night even after the night feeding has been discontinued.

A contented baby may wake up, stay awake for a while, make noises and play with his hands, then drift back to sleep without his parents being any the wiser.

If he needs changing or feels lonely, however, they will hear about it.

Until he is six months old, the baby does not need a pillow, because his head is as wide as his shoulders, and there is no gap that needs to be filled when he is lying on his side.

The back of the baby's head is quite moulded and developed, like a Hottentot's; when he is lying on his back, a pillow under his head would push it up into an uncomfortable position.

When he is lying face down, a pillow would interfere with his breathing.

It is not necessary for everyone to keep quiet when a baby is sleeping.

What is disturbing is not noise but an unequal level of noise. Both adults and children can sleep on moving trains, yet wake with a start when they stop at a station.

If the radio is playing when the baby is sleeping and then someone snaps it off, he will probably wake up, since it is the sustained intensity of sound that keeps him sleeping.

Infants do not take kindly to discipline. While they are small, they are *much* more keen on letting their wants be known than on obeying their parents. They neither understand nor appear to tolerate parental efforts at training.

I have never seen infant discipline achieve anything except a distressed baby.

Teaching can, however, be carried on without discipline, provided the baby enjoys what he is learning.

Babies can start learning about solid food, as an auxiliary to their milk diet, at six to eight weeks, although the volume of milk should not be reduced.

Don't be startled by the grimaces the baby may make the first time he is approached with a spoonful of some strange-looking food. He has every reason to be apprehensive.

And if he does taste it and finds he does not like what he tastes, set that food aside for another time. The very young baby can be fed a variety of flavors, vegetables, egg, bacon, and if he's hungry he will eat them. Later, as his sense of smell becomes more acute, he is far more selective.

Vegetables especially may offend him now, and he will violently reject the peas or cabbage he happily accepted a few weeks before.

The baby is not being bad-tempered and unco-operative. His taste is so fresh and keen that certain flavors can actually be painful to him.

His method of assimilating his food is inherited. If neither parent has a weight problem, chances are their child won't. But if there is a tendency to overweight in the family, parents should look ahead and not encourage the child to overeat.

GROWTH for the child is not a mere linear progression, as many believe it to be.

It is more a series of fits and starts, with alternating periods of lengthening and rounding, from conception through to full maturity.

The little three-month foetus is in a rounding stage of development. Then, from the third to the seventh month of his prenatal life, the baby goes through a rapid period of elongation.

In the seventh month he goes into another rounding stage, which lasts through his birth and until he reaches six or nine months of age.

Because of this pattern of growth, it is normal for all six-month-old babies to be chubby. They are relatively as fat then as they should ever be in their lives.

If the baby does not go through a fat stage from six months of age to one year, he probably will never be fat during his childhood, although he may still become a large adult.

Around one year, the baby goes into another period of lengthening, which lasts about a year.

It is of this age that grannies used to say, "The baby is running off his fat." It may have appeared that way, but it was only coincidence that his growth occurred about the same time he started to crawl and walk.

Each baby makes his own decision about when he is ready to raise himself, to creep, and, finally, to walk.

The baby who spends lots of time on his front will soon learn to hold up his head and raise his chest with his hands and get at least one knee up under his abdomen, ready to assume a creeping position.

Usually he will roll right over, rather than creep, for quite a while.

Sitting up unsupported comes before creeping, and this depends, for balance, on the ability to hold up the head and to hold both legs out in front of him as props.

What makes him bowlegged

ONE old wives' tale, known in all cultures, is that babies become bowlegged when they are allowed to walk too soon.

Bowlegs are actually the result of the baby's not having been given a proper opportunity to bear weight on his legs before he began to walk.

All healthy babies want to stand up in your lap. They need to exercise their legs and build up their strength for walking, and they should be given every opportunity. If they are not, the stress lines in the bones will not develop properly. When they try to put all the weight on their underdeveloped legs, the legs will bow.

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The process of learning to speak is a long one for the baby, and it goes through many stages. He watches parents or siblings talking, and it is almost as if he made a mental note to himself that "this is something that's going to prove useful one day."

Small babies often tend to mimic gestures and motions that accompany speech. They recognise that speaking is something they, too, will eventually do.

The sounds the individual baby makes vary according to the shape of his mouth.

The first sounds are created simply by blowing air across the vocal cords. Each baby sounds somewhat different because of the size of his mouth, the shape of his throat, and the height and width of his palate.

Learning to make speaking sounds requires a completely new use of the various parts of the mouth. Before birth, these parts all had a function, but one that bore little resemblance to the ultimate adult use of the mouth.

The unborn baby's lungs are filled with fluid, which flows into his body through his mouth. His larynx, instead of being a voice-box, acts as a sphincter muscle to guard the lungs and prevent hair or skin debris from entering.

The unborn's tongue and palate are used to assist swallowing. It is only the epiglottic folds in the back of the throat that retain their prebirth function throughout life — that of directing swallowed material down the esophagus instead of into the lungs.

Before birth, the baby's lips are used for exploring and for closing the mouth during swallowing.

After birth, the first important function of the lips is to form a watertight seal around the nipple during feeding.

Why he says "Dada" before "Mama"

THE speaking sounds the baby attempts come out at first as squeaks and gurgles, which are created well back in the throat. When he has learned to make his first sounds, he tries this magic over and over again.

It is a form of invention that delights him for a while. But when he has mastered it, he gets bored and drops it.

Gradually the voice production comes forward, so that the baby learns to make "da da da" sounds with his tongue and palate. These sounds are produced in the middle of the mouth.

Last of all, he learns to use his lips to make sounds, which include the "mmmm" sounds. This is why babies say "Dada" before they get around to "Mama."

"Tata," like "Dada," is produced by using the tongue and palate and comes before "Bubub," which, like "Mama," requires control of the lips.

Often, small babies make sounds that appear to be recognisable words in the English language — although they actually are not.

The baby who has older siblings has an easier time sorting out words in his mind. Some children's speech is very repetitious.

Certain words soon become familiar to the listening baby, and these are the first ones he attempts to repeat.

An only child who is exposed to adult conversation exclusively has a harder time learning individual words, since adult speech is far more varied and less repetitive.

The only child can be helped to learn to speak earlier if his mother repeats certain words again and again to him, associating them with something he can see, such as his toys or what he is eating.

Baby's attempts at speech are imitative; he should be talked to by his parents, brothers, sisters, and visitors.

BABY talk accomplishes nothing and may be confusing if the infant gets the idea that communication directed at him must be different from that exchanged between others.

It isn't important that he understands what is said, but that he finds out that talking is something people do and that he, too, will be expected to do it.

Children vary in their approach to speech, just as they do in everything else.

Some learn by ear; others by eye

There are those who will attempt to repeat a word only after they have mastered its meaning and associated it with something they understand. Other children will learn to say sounds, like small parrots, repeating them before they have any idea of their meaning. This usually depends on the kind of memory the child has.

A child who has a good auditory memory will mimic adult speech, while a child who possesses a good visual memory will learn to read by seeing words and phrases and may become the faster reader.

There has been much made of the fact that babies can be taught to read. It is quite true, but I would suggest that a baby learn to read only if this is something he very much wants to do, and that he should not master reading just to please an ambitious parent.

Unless his activities are going to be limited because of disability, it is far more important for him to gain experience and knowledge and proficiency in other ways than reading, which will come in good time.

Emphasis on almost any physical or mental feat can produce a child who is ahead of his peers if he is reasonably intelligent. However, proficiency in one respect may mean that some other part of his development is omitted or left behind.

Babies have so very much to learn, it seems a pity to make them specialise at such an early stage.

To begin with, they don't go about learning in the same way schoolchildren and adults do,

To page 74

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THE NEWBORN BABY

Continued from page 73

All so alike; all so different

carefully, one step at a time. They are learning everything at once, absorbing from all sides and angles.

Teaching them a specific, one step at a time may very well slow their broad range of absorption.

The infant is not by nature cautious in his approach to new things. He is eager and bold.

It is only later, when he discovers that mistakes are considered misdemeanors and punishable, that he consciously slows down and tailors his rapid rate of learning, in order to avoid them.

The adult's apparently slower rate of learning is not so much a slowing of any mental processes as fear of ridicule.

One of the reasons small children are so much more apt at picking up foreign languages is the way they attack it. While the adult proceeds slowly, trying to master it in stages, the small child simply opens his eager ears and eyes and learns all that he can at once.

He soon effortlessly absorbs enough of this new language to be able to communicate in it, while the adult is still laboring to perfect a verb conjugation.

When the baby first decides that he wants to learn to talk, he does not master a single word at a time before moving on to another one. He tries all the words he can imitate, practises them all and masters them all.

THIS same disregard for the rules of learning makes many parents worry about the pitfalls into which the child's breakneck curiosity may lead him.

They should consider that there is bound to be parental error at times, and there is also the child with desires that, in their very nature, demand disappointment. It is only natural, during infancy as during later life, that frustrations and gratifications will alternate.

A little turmoil has no harmful effect on a baby's development.

The normal clash of activities and personalities in a busy household is an infinitely more interesting atmosphere for him than an artificially peaceful milieu.

The placid, subdued household is not an adequate preparation for the life he will eventually face in the outside world. Worse, it is a dreadful bore.

Children are very easily bored, as any parent knows who has watched his infant examine a new toy for a moment and then toss it out of his crib.

When the baby discards the toy, he is saying that he has already found out everything interesting there was to discover about it and he is now ready for something else.

Studies of the infant have shown that by the time the baby is one year old he can find out in 90 seconds everything he wants to know about the average toy.

The parent can be the most help in letting the knowledge-thirsty baby learn by providing him maximum opportunity for physical exploration and communication.

The less physical restriction the small baby has, the quicker he will get on with his discoveries about the world.

The development of physical dexterity in the infant is partly hereditary and partly the result of repeated practice.

While most infants appear to use their entire hands in a clasping reflex, Japanese babies, on the contrary, play with very complicated, small, ingenious toys and, through constant practice, learn delicate manipulation of their fingers while they are still very young.

How parents can help him best

THE basic blueprint of the baby's appearance and of his general body function is contained in his original cell at the time of conception.

He is already a certain type of individual when he is born, and this is a fact that no parent will be able to change.

His brain at birth is designed but unworked. Many years must pass before it is completely developed.

All learning and consequently all subsequent voluntary ability depend on sensations coming to the brain.

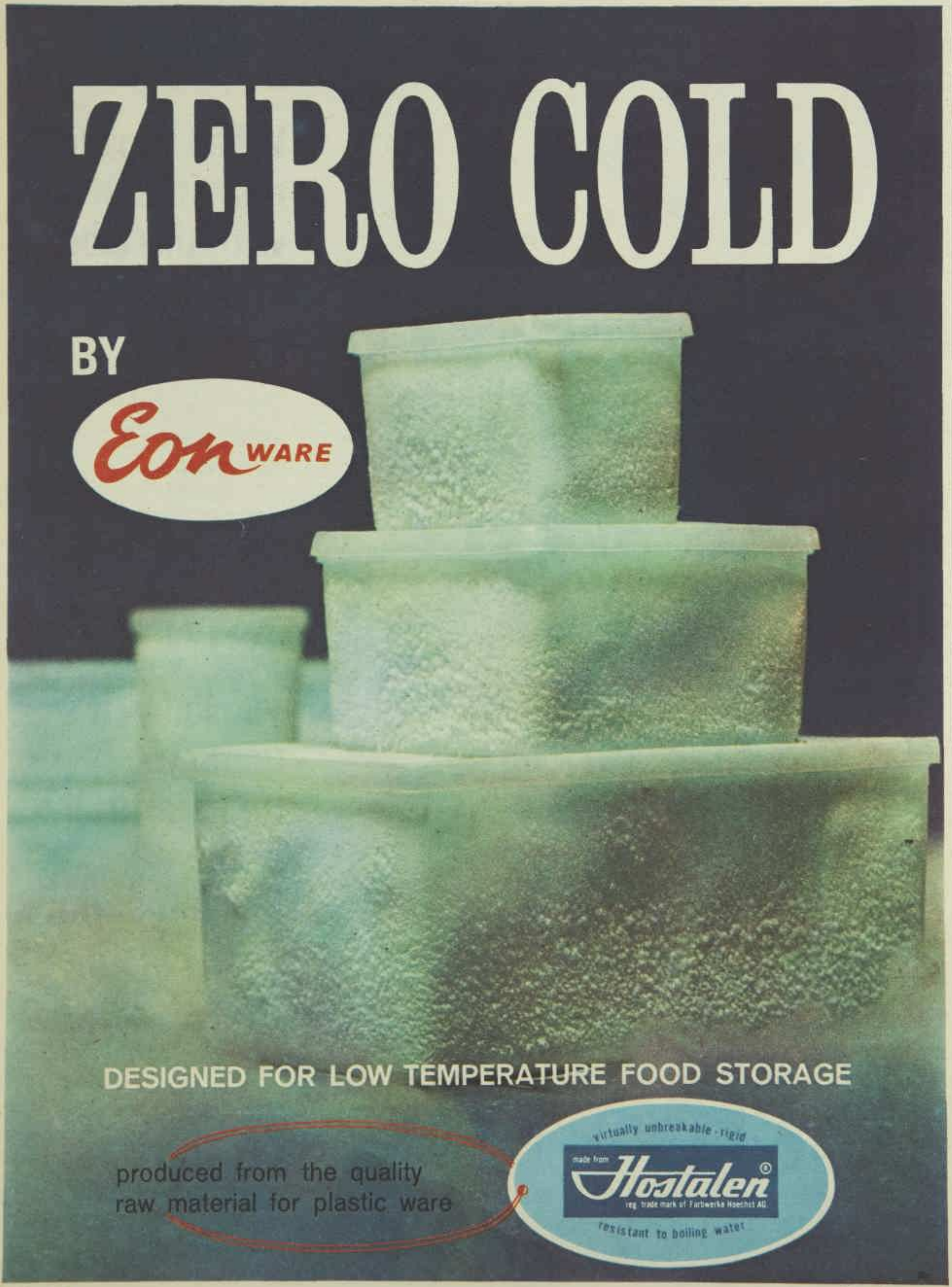
The level (or amount of stimulus) at which the brain receives a sensation varies from one person to another and, in the same person, from one sensation to another.

Thus there is the child who is rather unresponsive to pain and yet highly responsive to sound, and there is the one whose muscle and joint sensation is so sensitive as to enable him to be ahead of his peers in physical prowess, yet shape and pattern have little meaning for him.

Taste and smell, appreciation of touch and temperature, appreciation of emotional atmosphere, and all the other senses — consider all the combinations available, when each of them, like pain, can be appreciated to a degree that is almost crippling, right through to being never felt at all.

Color-blind, tone-deaf, heartless, clumsy — you know them all, I am sure. But you will rarely find a child who, born wanting in one sense, cannot be helped and encouraged to use his other senses to make up the deficiency.

The knowledge, and the self-knowledge, parents allow and encourage their child to develop during infancy will provide the tools he will need for the rest of his life.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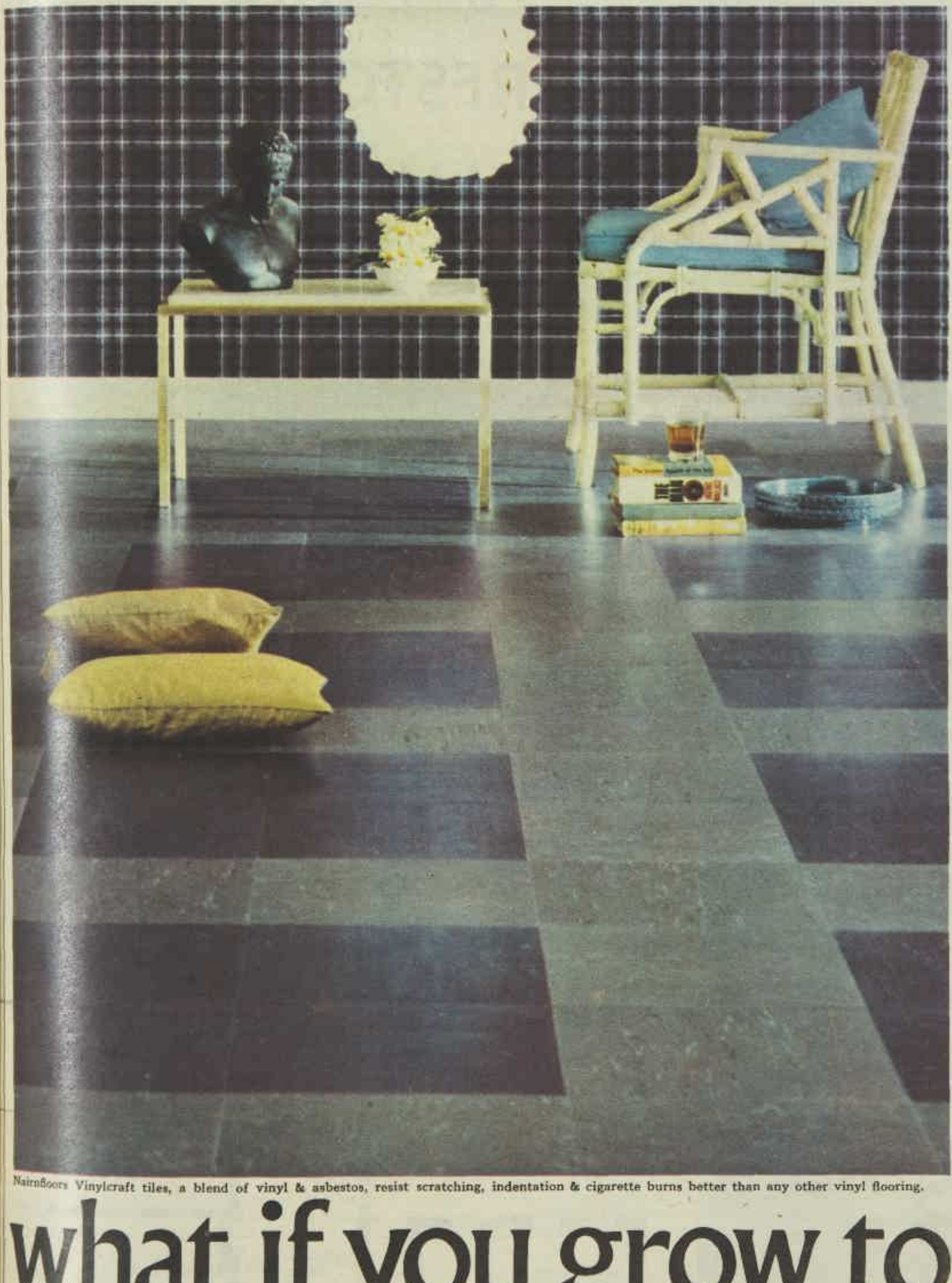

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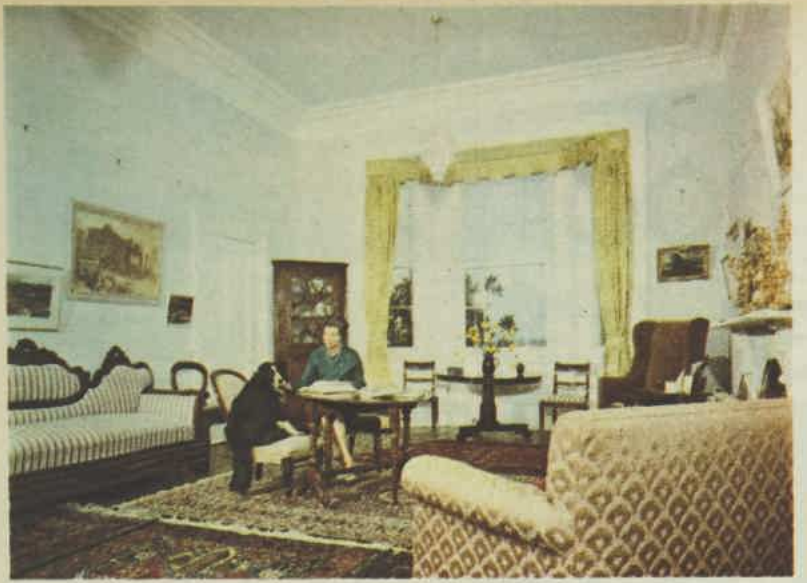
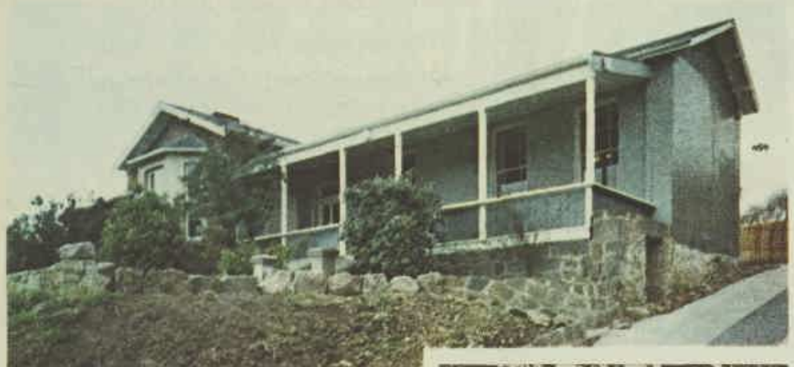
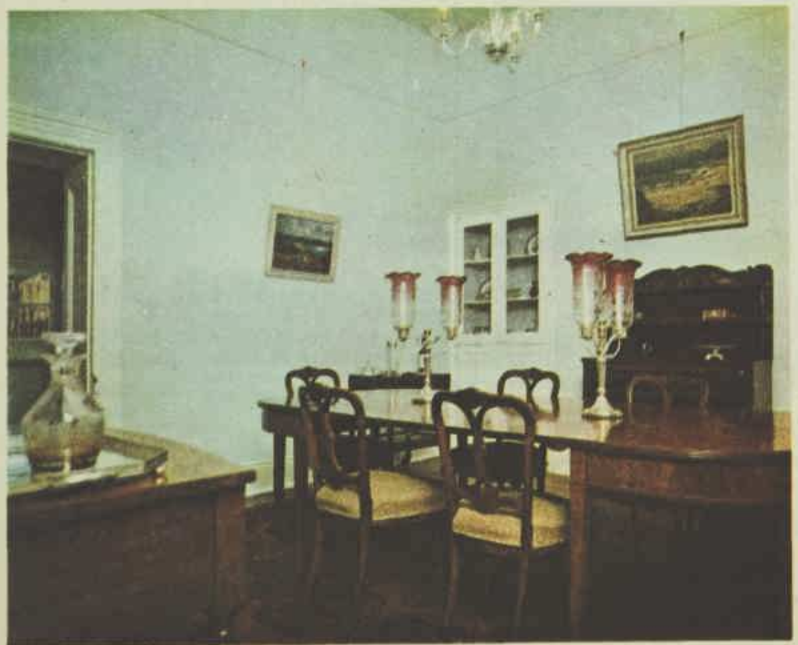
● HOUSE OF THE WEEK

HISTORIC HOUSE RESTORED AS FAMILY HOME

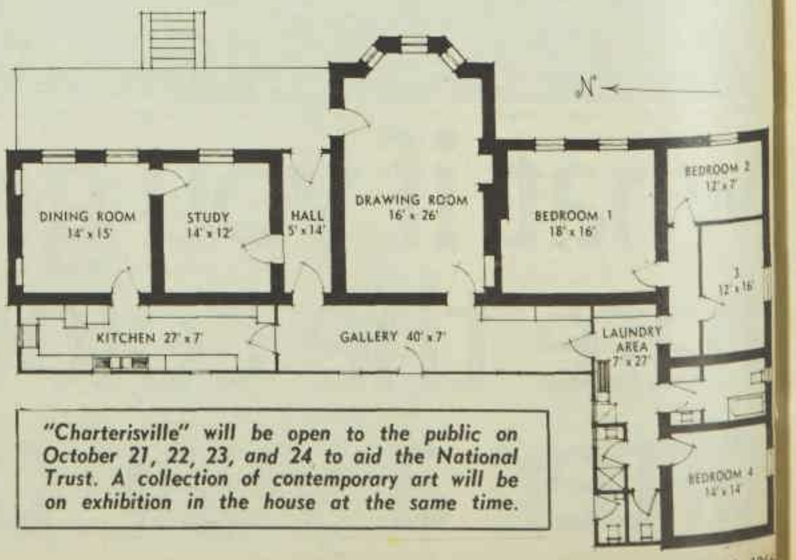

MRS. DONALD MERRY and the family dog, Roderick, in the drawing-room at "Charterisville," Victoria. Mrs. Merry's collection of Persian rugs retains the period atmosphere throughout the house.



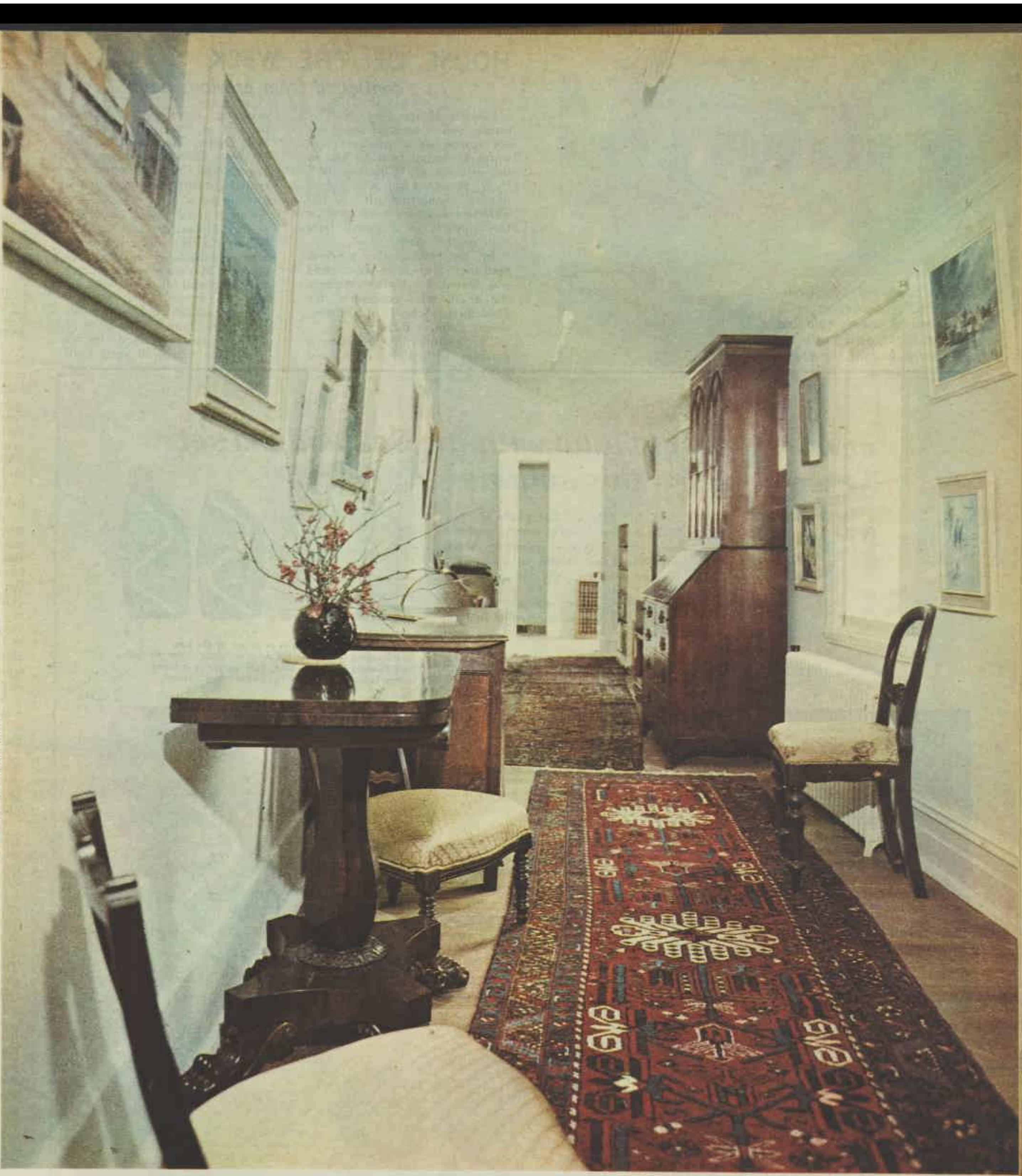
FRONT aspect of "Charterisville." The house commands a magnificent view of Melbourne's Yarra Valley, extending from North Balwyn to the Dandenongs, and across to Lilydale and Warburton. The veranda was originally glassed in. The small inset picture shows "Charterisville" before right wing was demolished.


DINING-ROOM — Mrs. Merry's favorite room — has built-in china cupboards with Georgian sweep shelves. Rose-tinted candelabras on the 10ft. Sheraton table were a recent gift from her husband.

MODERN grey-and-white kitchen, only 7ft. wide, is part of the original gallery. Counter at left incorporates snack bar, sink, dishwasher, and hotplates. Refrigerators and wall oven are on right-hand wall.



"Charterisville" will be open to the public on October 21, 22, 23, and 24 to aid the National Trust. A collection of contemporary art will be on exhibition in the house at the same time.



RODERICK, the family dog, chases tennis balls up and down this 40ft.-long gallery with a fine disregard for its beautiful Persian rugs. Door at far end of gallery leads to the bedroom wing.

Pictures by Brian Ferguson

"I AM living in a house I have always dreamed of and hoped I would own, but never thought I could," said Mrs. Donald Merry, new mistress of historic "Charterisville," in East Ivanhoe, Victoria.

Mrs. Merry and her husband, who is chief economist for the Australia and New Zealand Bank, reprieved the house from demolition. Built in 1840, "Charterisville" had stood empty and derelict for 2½ years when they bought it last October. The owner, racing-car driver Mr. Bob Jane, intended to pull it down to make way for a new, modern house.

"The original walls — 18 inches thick — stood firm on their bluestone foundations, but that was about all," said Mrs. Merry. "Every windowpane was broken, vandals had smashed or stolen everything movable inside, slates were off the roof, and there was no sewerage."

The Merrys called in architect Miss Helen Snellgrove and consulting architect Professor Brian Lewis, of Melbourne University, chairman of the National Trust, to restore "Charterisville." Before any work began, however, they commissioned Sydney artist Roberta Breillat to paint a picture of the house just as it stood. This picture now hangs over the original marble mantelpiece in the drawing-room.

In restoring "Charterisville," the Merrys tried to use original materials wherever possible. A pile of sandstone from a demolished wing which was lying in a heap in the grounds was used to build a garage, restore the bedroom wing, and create the low-walled back courtyard. "All the sandstone used in building 'Charterisville' was quarried on the property," said Mrs. Merry. They salvaged any original floorboards which remained and searched in junkyards for others of a similar period to fill the gaps.

"My husband is all for antiquity as long as he is comfortable," said Mrs. Merry; so along with their beautiful antique furniture they added central heating and a kitchen, because "Charterisville," as they found it, had neither. The ultra-modern kitchen is actually part of the original gallery, and to save an 88ft. run to the bedroom wing, Mr. Merry installed an intercom which he brought back from a trip to Japan.

Kitchen meals are eaten at a counter which runs the length of one wall of the room and takes in a sink, dishwasher, and electric hotplates. The other wall incorporates a wall oven and two refrigerators. Because the grey-and-white kitchen gets the afternoon sunshine, Mrs. Merry has installed an air-conditioner for the hot summer months.

Her favorite room is the dining-room. "The lawns are beautiful, looking out from here," she said. "We rarely draw the blinds, because the house is set so high on its hill that no one can see in."

The Merry children are delighted with "Charterisville," which these days is very much a home again. Roderick, the family dog, chases tennis balls up and down the gallery — completely disregarding the Persian rugs — and Troon, the white cat, naps on the beds.

The historic associations of "Charterisville" came to light only a few years ago, when Mrs. Merry's husband was co-ordinating the writing of the Australia and New Zealand Bank's history.

The bank archivist, Mr. Horace Hall, who was a friend of the Merrys, discovered that the house had been built in 1840 for David Charteris McArthur (called the father of banking in Australia because he established the first branch of the Bank of Australasia in Melbourne in 1838). He had lived on the original 190-acre estate until his death in 1887.

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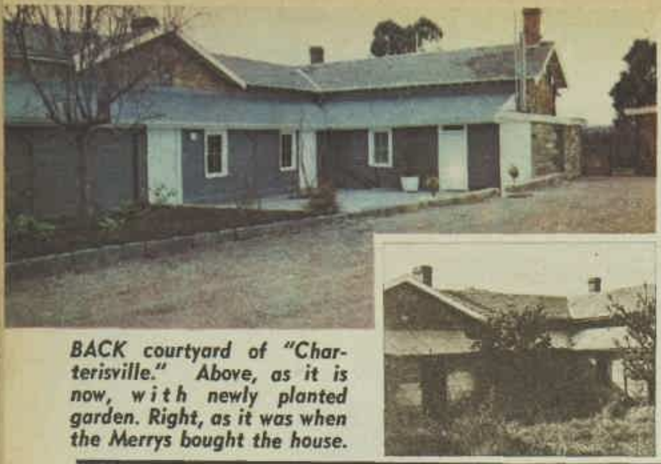

BACK courtyard of "Charterisville." Above, as it is now, with newly planted garden. Right, as it was when the Merrys bought the house.

HOUSE OF THE WEEK

. . . continued from previous page

Edward Henty (one of Victoria's earliest settlers) spent his honeymoon in a small cottage which McArthur built for him in the grounds of "Charterisville." Henty presented him with a most unusual thank-you gift — 150 whalebones, which were used as the supports in a vinery later built on the estate.

In the 1890s, the gracious sandstone - and - brick homestead was leased by Walter Withers, the artist, who established the Heidelberg School of Impressionist Painters there.

The picturesque English-type gardens, with lilac, roses, and sweeping views, inspired such painters as Sir Arthur Streeton, Will Dyson, Tom Roberts, Max Meldrum, Norman Lindsay, Hal Waugh, and Charles Condor, who rented gardeners' cottages in the grounds for 2/6 a week each.

One young Swiss amateur painter, Hubert de Castella, liked "Charterisville" so much that after establishing a successful vineyard at Yering, and returning to Switzerland for many years, he came back in 1906 to buy "Charterisville" and spend his last years there.

The house remained in his family for nearly 60 years until in 1963 his grandson, Mr. Rolet de Castella, a company secretary, sold it.

Said Mr. de Castella, "The high cost of maintaining it and the rates and repairs on a 100ft. frontage was getting too high. In 1957 I had to pull down one wing of the house and subdivide it, to pay my share in the cost of making Burke Road North. Then, with four young children, we needed a more manageable home."

At the time, Professor Brian Lewis, chairman of the National Trust, said: "As one of our oldest homes and the birthplace of Australia's first big art movement, 'Charterisville' deserves to be preserved, perhaps as a museum or an art gallery. Unfortunately, the National Trust has already too many financial commitments to help at this time."

Soon afterwards, "Charterisville" was sold at auction to Mr. Bob Jane. "We left the old house very sadly; it was a place which really inspired great affection," said Mrs. de Castella.

And for one small girl it also held a certain fairytale quality.

Mrs. de Castella recalled a telephone call she received as a result of some newspaper publicity about "Charterisville" from Mrs. Harold Holt, wife of the Prime Minister. Mrs. Holt explained: "When I was a child my father used to take me for buggy rides along the Boulevard at Ivanhoe, telling me fairy stories about the big house on the hill, which we called the Twinkletoes House."

She was sure "Charterisville" was the same house—and paid it a sentimental visit at Mrs. de Castella's invitation.

Mrs. Merry has tried to preserve "Charterisville" as it was in the old days — with only as many modifications as seemed necessary.

She said: "Several people have asked me if I intend putting urns on the stone pillars each side of the front steps, but I won't, because, so far as I can gather from old photographs, they've never been there before."

"Charterisville" will be open to the public on October 21, 22, 23, and 24 to aid the National Trust. During that time a collection of contemporary art and sculpture will be exhibited in the gallery and drawing-room.

Mrs. Merry said, "I thought that as the painters who lived here in the 1890s belonged to an avant-garde school, an exhibition of contemporary works would be rather appropriate while the house is on show."

— *Beverley Cooper*

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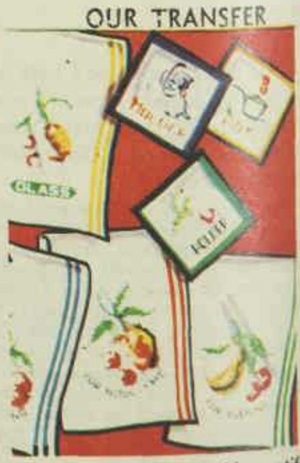

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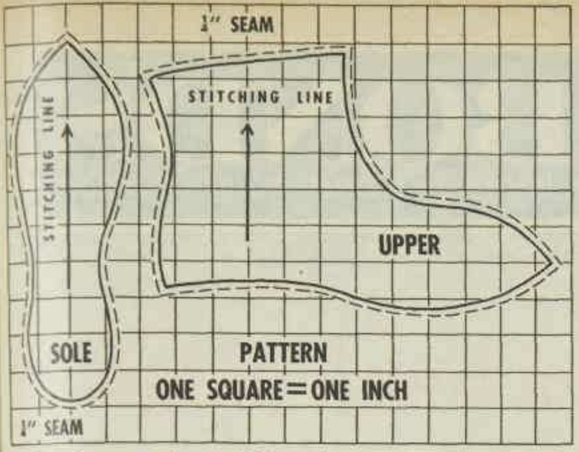
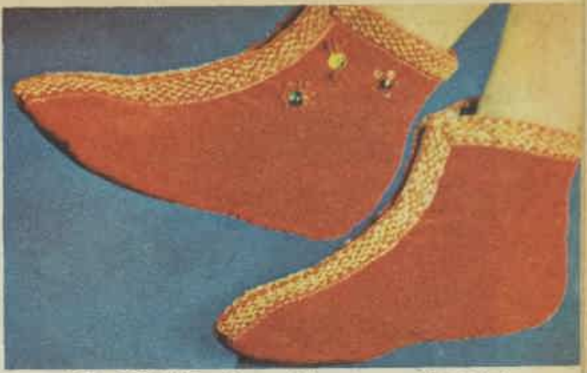


These boots aren't made for walking



***RED VELVET** slippers (above) are glamorous accessories for TV nights. Enlarge the diagram (left) to scale for pattern-cutting guide.*

Trimmed with glittering braid and sequined embroidery, these gay slippers make a good gift.

Materials: ½yd. velvet or velveteen; ½yd. lining (flannelette or figured velveteen for extra warmth); 1 pair cushion insoles (your normal shoe size); 1 sheet ¼in. foam plastic for insole lining; ½yd. stiffened interlining (optional); 1 5in. zip-fastener; 2 yds. braid; beads; sequins.

TO CUT OUT

Make paper pattern by enlarging graph to scale, lengthening foot if required. Each square represents 1in.; broken line indicates seam allowance (if using a material that frays, allow ½in. instead of ¼in.); unbroken line is stitching line; centre line indicates straight of material.

Fold material in half, selvedge to selvedge. Place uppers pattern on doubled material with nap running upwards, and cut out. Cut two more uppers pieces in the same way. Then cut four uppers pieces from stiffened interlining and four from lining.

Place sole pattern on doubled material with nap running upwards, and cut out.

Using insole as pattern guide, cut out two sole lining pieces and 2 foam plastic pieces.

Note: If harder-wearing soles are required, cut two outer sole patterns from vinyl fabric instead of velvet.

TO MAKE

Place foam plastic sole lining to inside of insole. Tack sole lining over foam plastic sole lining and stitch to insole, using catch-stitch or herringbone.

Stitch front uppers seam from toe for 3½in., open seam and stitch another line on either side of seam line to form welt. Tack remainder of seam and insert zip-fastener, stitching evenly along each side of tape close to metal.

At this stage, embroider design with beads and sequins as illustrated on outside piece of left and right slippers.

Lay lining and interlining pieces tog. with interlining on wrong side of lining and stitch as for outer slipper front seam, with right sides of lining facing.

Hem lining to machine-stitching of zipper on wrong side.

Stitch back seam of outer slipper. Open seam out and welt as for front seam. Stitch back seam of lining and interlining and press open.

Turn in top edge of outer slipper and top edge of lining to face one another and slip-stitch together.

Tack lower edge of outer slipper and linings tog. Tack uppers to outer sole cover, right sides tog., and machine-seam.

Turn work wrong side out and stitch prepared and covered insole to machine-stitch line with fine hemming.

Turn work right side out. Stitch trimming braid by hand from toe of slipper round top and down other side to toe.

Perfect colour every time because it's got a built-in exposure meter

(That's why it's a better camera)

Perfect colour every time because it's got a built-in exposure meter

(That's why it's a better toaster)

No need to watch the toast, your Sunbeam watches it for you.

Never burns toast. Just as the exposure meter in an automatic camera measures light reflection to give colour-perfect pictures every time, the Radiant Heat Control unit in the Sunbeam Toastermatic measures heat reflection to give colour-perfect toast every time. Knows exactly when the toast is ready and switches itself off automatically. You can put back the same slice of toast as often as you like. Sunbeam will always switch itself off without burning.

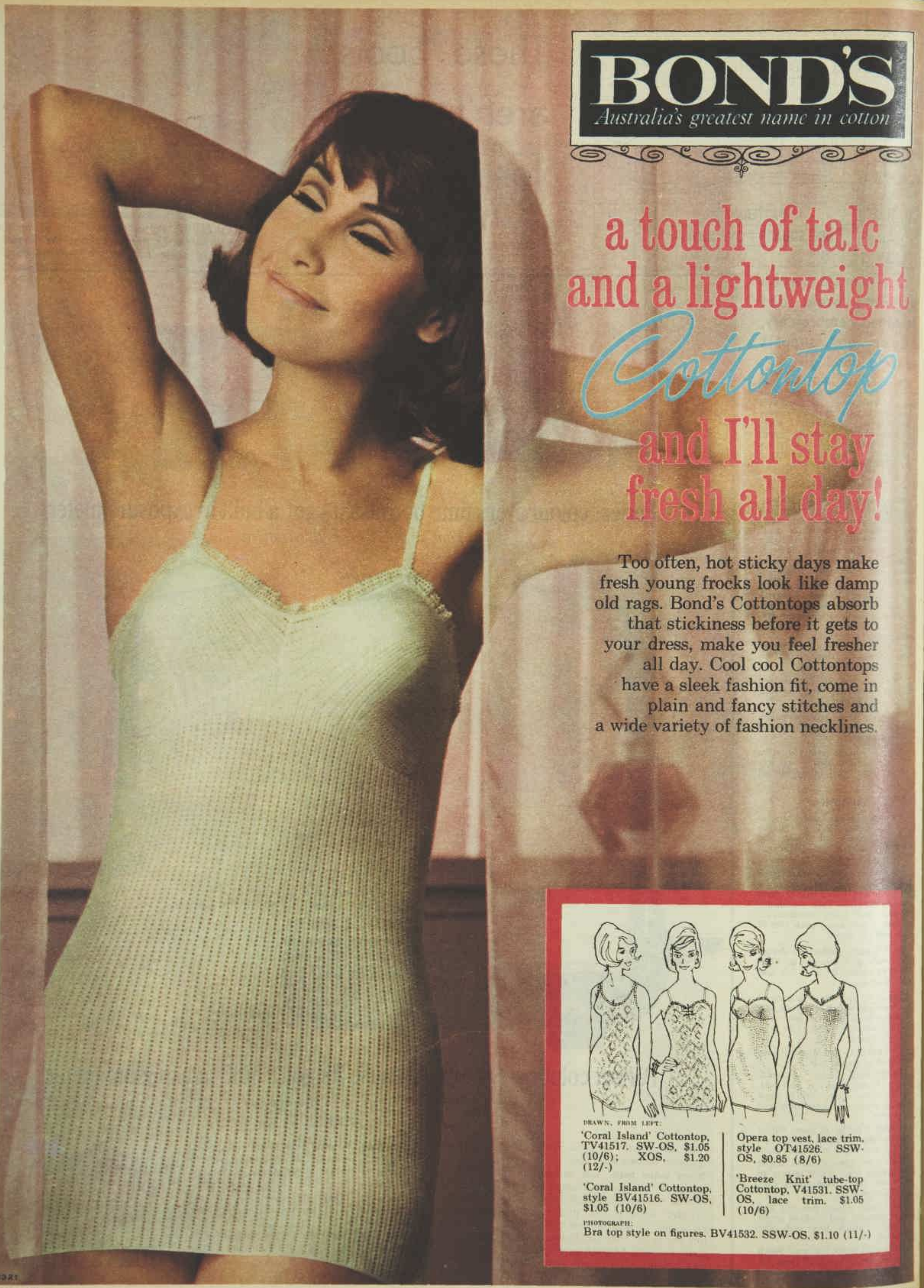
It's completely automatic. Rest the bread in the slots and your Sunbeam takes over, lowering the bread as it switches on the heat. When the toast is done (just the way you like it), the Radiant Heat Control switches off and the toast rises out of the toaster: all automatically. Sunbeam Toastermatic heats faster, too!

That's the story: Colour-perfect toast every time—never burns. Completely automatic. Heats faster. Buy it for yourself or buy it as a gift—Sunbeam Toastermatic is the best toaster your money can buy.

Sunbeam

TOASTERMATIC

TOASTER



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Too often, hot sticky days make fresh young frocks look like damp old rags. Bond's Cottontops absorb that stickiness before it gets to your dress, make you feel fresher all day. Cool cool Cottontops have a sleek fashion fit, come in plain and fancy stitches and a wide variety of fashion necklines.

DRAWN, FROM LEFT:

'Coral Island' Cottontop, TV41517. SW-OS, $1.05 (10/6); XOS, $1.20 (12/-)

'Coral Island' Cottontop, style BV41516. SW-OS, $1.05 (10/6)

Opera top vest, lace trim, style OT41526. SSW-OS, $0.85 (8/6)

'Breeze Knit' tube-top Cottontop, V41531. SSW-OS, lace trim. $1.05 (10/6)

PHOTOGRAPH:

Bra top style on figures. BV41532. SSW-OS, $1.10 (11/-)

She radiated charm, and the warmth of her personality influenced all whom she met

Goodbye Anne-Marie

BY DENIS HOWARD

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

I SAT in the back of the car, remembering that I was 11 now, and 11-year-old boys never cried. But my throat ached as if I had the flu. I think my father forgot I was there in the back. Perhaps they both forgot. I saw Anne-Marie and him looking at each other, but neither of them said a word all the way to the station.

When we stopped there, they both sat very still. And so did I.

Father's face looked thin and sharp, almost stern. Anne-Marie's was soft and creamy and tender.

"Keep in touch," I heard Father say at last, very quietly.

Anne-Marie slowly shook her head. Her long lashes looked wet. And then — that was when they forgot me, I suppose — she leant toward him, and he kissed her.

Outside, people hurried along the Saturday street, a bus stopped and started again, a man shouted as he sold his newspapers.

"Goodbye, Anne-Marie," Father said slowly. She ducked her head and opened the car door, then remembered me at last. She turned round, smiling shakily at me.

"Don't look so sad, cheri," she said softly. "Perhaps I'll come back when you are a man."

She bent closer and her lips were warm on my cold face. "Goodbye, Nicky." She always made it sound like Neekee. "Be a good boy."

Father got out and carried her bags into the station, not saying anything as she walked by his side, not even looking at her. I waited in the back seat. The streets had never looked so grey and dull.

He came back at last, climbed in, and slammed the door. He said over his shoulder, "You want to move up in front here?"

"I'm all right here," I said.

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He turned his head and looked at me, then started the car. He drove home much more slowly than usual. Perhaps he, too, was thinking about Anne-Marie.

We both knew she wouldn't ever come back. She couldn't, because there was Mother. When I thought of Mother, just wanting Anne-Marie to stay made me feel guilty.

Mother hadn't wanted any girl helping her in the house, but Father argued her into it.

"You'll be able to take things easier, Meg," he said. "Have a rest, get out and enjoy yourself . . ."

Mother gave him one of her looks.

"All right," she said. "But I just don't like the idea of a stranger in my house."

Mother never did like anything out of place in the home. Father

GOODBYE ANNE-MARIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

and I were always careful not to leave any marks anywhere, and to put things back in their right places when we'd finished with them.

Mother didn't make a fuss; but it made us feel awful to see her going round quietly after us, tidying and cleaning.

That was why, three weeks before my birthday, I guessed there would be an argument when I brought home the white kitten. It was the same day that Anne-Marie came.

Mother was in the kitchen when I got home. I'd put the kitten under my pullover to keep it warm from the wind.

There was just its face peering out near my neck. I waited in the doorway to see what she'd say.

She was busy, and didn't look up for a moment. I watched her dicing carrots. She did it very quickly and neatly, the way she did everything. I don't remember ever seeing Mother untidy or grubby. Even now, standing at the scrubbed table with her sleeves rolled up, her white coat was spotless and her brown hair smooth.

"Well," she said, "why are you standing there? You didn't wipe your shoes on the mat."

"I've brought something home," I said to her.

She looked round at last, and saw the kitten. For a moment her face lit up, and she smiled. Mother didn't often laugh, but she had a nice smile. It always made her look much younger, and rather shy.

"What a pretty little thing!" she said. "Where did you find it? Your pullover will get torn, take it out."

I took the kitten out and held it in my arms.

"I didn't find it," I said. "Benny Sloane gave it to me. Their cat has had seven."

"You had no business to take it, Nicholas," Mother said. She was the only one who didn't call me Nicky. "You know we can't have a cat in the house — they smell."

This was expected. Mother thought all animals were dirty.

"He's very clean," I said. "Benny and his family made sure all the kittens were house-trained before they gave them away. It's a boy. I'm going to call him Charles. Don't you think Charles is a nice name?"

Perhaps if I went on talking she would give in.

"Tomcats smell worse than the females," Mother said. "And it would start digging up the garden, clawing the furniture."

"I'll watch him all the time," I promised. "I'll train him to be good, you see. I can keep him in my room."

"That's unhealthy," Mother said, and she cut up the last carrot with little sharp chops. "You'll have to give him back, Nicholas."

"I don't think the Sloanes would take him back," I said. "They have a cat already, the mother cat. We'd have to have him killed."

She turned her head and looked gravely at the kitten.

"Perhaps we can put a notice in the newsagent's," she said. "Someone's bound to want him."

"I'll take him up and make a bed for him." She turned, and I added quickly, "Just till we've decided . . ."

UP in my room, I was playing with Charles when the bell rang. I heard my mother going with quick steps to answer the door, and I went and stood on the landing to see who it was.

"Oh, dear," I heard Mother saying, in her worried voice. "They said tomorrow. You should have telephoned. We'd have arranged to meet you. However did you find us? Do come in."

The door opened wider, and there was Anne-Marie in our little hall, putting down her two suitcases.

"I am so happy to be here, Mrs. Wills," she said, and her voice, with its funny way of saying the words, sounded happy, the way you can tell over the phone if someone is smiling.

"The people from the agency, they say this is the day, and then when I am at the airport and find nobody, I telephone, and they tell me it is mistake. But what can I do? So a nice man there lets me ride in his car, and so you see, I am here!"

I could feel my face smiling as I leant over the banisters, holding the kitten. It wasn't just her strange way of talking — I realised this was the French girl who was going to be our *au pair* girl — but more the way she stuck out her hands and her voice went up and her whole face shone like a light when she said, "I am here!" She made *here* seem a wonderful place to be.

Everything about her was brightly colored, and yet really she was more like one of those magazine pictures in black and white. Her hair was black, long, and shiny, no pins or ribbons holding it in, and her skin was creamy white, so that her mouth looked very red against it. She had quite a wide mouth, and it curled up at the edges.

"I am Anne-Marie," she said to Mother, and the name sounded as rich and foreign as the special cakes we got from the Swiss shop.

"Well," Mother said. "Well, I'm glad you found your way. I hope you'll be happy here."

"Oh, I will," Anne-Marie said, sounding sure. "It is a lovely house."

Mother gave her shy smile. "We like it. Er—this man, the one who drove you up here — you didn't know him? He was a stranger?"

To page 83

FROM THE BIBLE

- ***If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.***

— St. Matthew 6:15.
(New English Bible)

FEATURE FOR FEATURE
POPE
WRINGER
WASHERS
ARE BEYOND COMPARISON

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Every part is engineered for 'Lifetime Quality', trouble-free service.

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WASH 12 LB LOAD

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The gleaming white Pope needs little care — a quick wipe over keeps it looking new.

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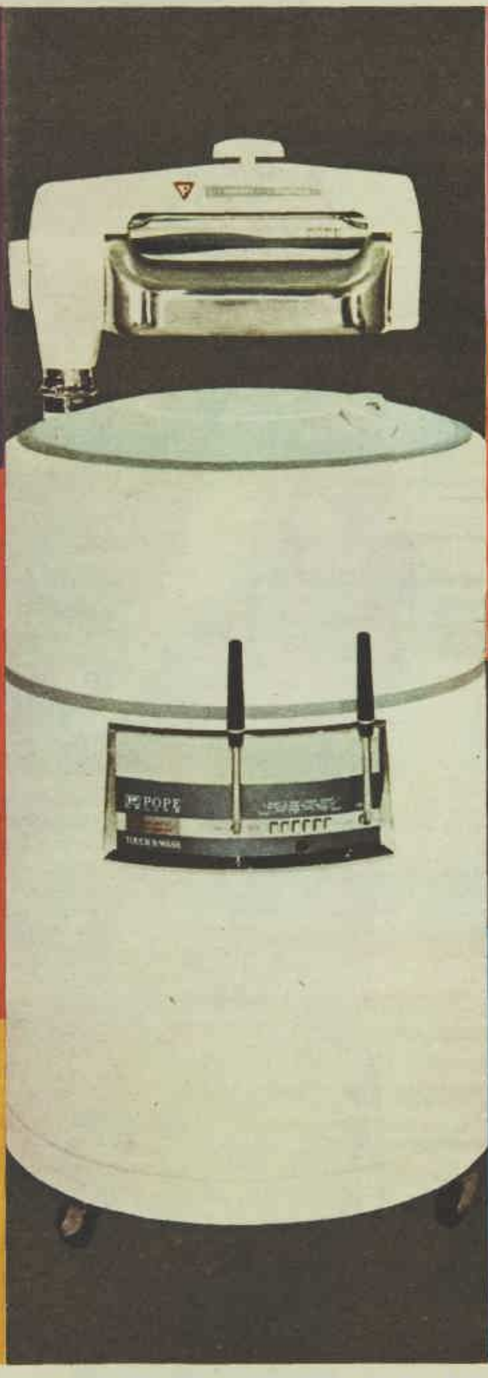

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ADJUSTABLE *pressure to suit heavy or flimsy clothing.*

POWERFUL YET GENTLE AGITATOR...

Flushes out the most stubborn dirt from clothes in double-quick time. No tangling — no tearing.

2-SPEED WASHING, WRINGING . . . Normal speed for heavy clothes, gentle speed for your delicate fabrics.

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Only Pope gives you push-button simplicity in a wringer washer! Just press a button to heat...press a button to start Pope's thorough washing action.

NO INSTALLATION

Pope is always ready for use—just roll it into position on smooth-running casters.

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Choose from 3 super-efficient models—heat or non-heat.

FROM A LOW $170.00
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Much, Much less after trade-in!

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No other washer at any price will get your clothes cleaner!
And . . . town or country . . . you'll never better the value of a Pope Wringer Washer. See Pope . . . ask your Pope Dealer for a demonstration . . . check its features . . . see the inbuilt quality . . . discover the big trade-in allowance that puts these washers within the reach of the lowest budgets.

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By **SIMPSON POPE LIMITED** *Australia's largest manufacturers of Home Appliances*

GOODBYE ANNE-MARIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

Anne-Marie put her hand on Mother's for a moment. "You see already you worry about me like my own mother! That is very nice. But don't worry, he was a proper man, very — how do you say it? — respectful."

"Respectable," Mother said in a relieved voice. She looked up and saw me. "This is my little boy, Nicholas. Come down and say hello to Anne-Marie, Nicholas — and do leave that kitten up there."

I went slowly down the stairs to meet Anne-Marie. She looked at me seriously as she shook my hand. I wished Mother hadn't called me her little boy.

"How do you do," I said.

"How do you do, Nicholas," she said. "It is a long name, I may call you Neekee?"

"Other people do," I said, knowing Mother didn't like the name shortened. But Father called me Nick, which she said was worse.

"I'll show you your room," Mother said. "Then we'll have a cup of tea . . ."

THE house wasn't the same after that. I could see Father felt it as well. At dinner that first evening, he and Anne-Marie did all the talking. Father had been in France in the war, and he was asking Anne-Marie about some of the places they both knew, and she was making him laugh with descriptions of funny things that had happened to her in those places.

"Nicholas, eat your dinner, it's getting cold," Mother said.

It was true. I was forgetting to eat because I couldn't stop looking at Anne-Marie, listening to her voice that went up and down so much more than any English people's did, and the way she used her hands.

Father was talking, too, more than I could remember him doing for a long time. He told a couple of stories about things that had happened in France that I had never heard, and at the end of them we were all laughing, he and Anne-Marie and I. But Mother wasn't laughing.

At the end of the meal Anne-Marie said briskly, "Now I go to wash the dishes."

She got up in a smooth, swift movement — every time she moved it was like seeing one of those lady dancers on the films — and started collecting the plates.

"I'll give you a hand," Father said.

Mother looked at him. Father hated any sort of housework. I couldn't remember the last time he had *offered* to help with the washing-up.

"There's no need, Fred," Mother said. "Anne-Marie and I can manage. You'll only break something."

"Nonsense, Meg," Father said cheerfully. "You go along to the sitting-room and put your feet up. We'll have it done in no time."

He followed Anne-Marie out with a pile of plates balanced shakily in his hands. I sat there, wanting to go with them, wanting to share the laughter, but knowing that I couldn't leave Mother on her own.

She went slowly into the sitting-room, and I followed, and she said suddenly, in a voice that sounded as if she might start crying any minute, "I told you to keep that kitten out of here! Just look at this mess!"

Charles was on the carpet, pulling a scrap of newspaper around pretending it was a mouse. There was only the paper, no other mess. But I picked the kitten up and took him out into the kitchen, glad of the excuse. It made me feel a bit unhappy, though, as I closed the door, to see Mother sitting still on the edge of a chair, looking into the fire.

In the kitchen Father started playing with Charles, grabbing him and rolling him over, while Charles snapped and clawed and came back for more.

"You've got a fighter cat here, Nick," Father said with mock seriousness. "If we train him properly, we could make a fortune out of this one. Put him in for all the cat-fights."

"You have fights with the cats?" Anne-Marie said, shocked. "For money? I thought the English were always so kind to the animals!"

Father and I laughed, and suddenly, there in the warm kitchen, with Anne-Marie standing at the sink, Father holding Charles squirming in his arms, me in the middle of them, I thought: I'll always remember this evening. The house has never felt like this before. We've never made such a happy noise before.

Father must have thought something like that, too, for he said abruptly, "Come on, Nick, your mother's on her own inside. Anne-Marie's finished the dishes . . ."

That was how it was that first evening, and each day afterwards. I used to wake up feeling as if I were on holiday, because Anne-Marie would be downstairs, helping Mother with the breakfast. Usually Father was silent in the mornings, hard-faced, as if he had to screw himself up to face the day. Perhaps he did.

I remember him saying once, with a thoughtful look on his face, that he'd thought of joining the merchant navy before he married. Being manager at a supermarket must have been a lot different from being a sailor . . .

But now, with Anne-Marie in the kitchen, as neat as Mother, but

To page 84

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"Sabrina" Helanca Hip-rider pants, brief bra top. Style E 6119. $14.00
"Wavelength" Colourful cotton suit. Style E 6146 $16.00. Matching sun jacket. Style E6150. $13.00
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DSA

somehow looking as if she were dressed up for some fancy-dress party in her small apron, I would hear Father's deep chuckle, Anne-Marie's lighter laughter, and even sometimes a laugh from Mother, nervous and short.

She pretended she enjoyed Anne-Marie's company, but I knew she didn't. The change was too big, too unexpected, and Mother must have wondered what had happened to this quiet, peaceful household. She tried to keep up with us, but she was like some child who doesn't belong to the gang, trailing along after the rest.

One evening in the sitting-room we were all playing with Charles, Father and Anne-Marie and I, and Mother was looking on, smiling her difficult smile.

"You know, he is growing quite big, this cat," Anne-Marie said.

GOODBYE ANNE-MARIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

"Perhaps we should put him on a strap, like a little dog, no, and then we could take him for walks, Neekee and I."

Mother gave a little nervous laugh. "I don't think we can do that, dear. You see, the cat's not staying. I told Nicholas that when he brought him." She looked across at Father. "We'll have to put a notice in the shops. Tomorrow. I really can't have him making messes and smells around the place any longer."

We were all quiet. I knew Charles wasn't really messy. I even knew Mother wouldn't really insist on his going. This was her saying: Stop. Enough is enough. Now we will go back to having this house the way I've always had it, quiet and orderly.

"We'll see about it, Meg," Father said quietly. "Tomorrow."

His voice sounded tired, suddenly, and Mother must have heard that, and seen me grab Charles and hold him as if she were going to take him away that minute, for she got up and almost ran out of the room, and we heard her steps on the stairs and the quiet shutting of her bedroom door.

"Come, Neekee," Anne-Marie said softly. "I think it is time for bed."

She bent to kiss me, and for a moment I wanted to cry, boy or no boy; not because of Mother wanting to get rid of Charles but because of — all the rest of it: the way we had to damp everything down, the tiredness in my father's voice, and Anne-Marie's easy happiness that Mother would never be able to catch even a tiny piece of.

Father went up the stairs with me, quietly, and into the big bedroom when he'd said good night to me, and I heard his muffled voice there. It sounded gentle. He always was gentle with Mother.

Mother didn't say anything more about getting rid of Charles, and I guessed Father had talked her out of it. But we were all careful to keep the white kitten from annoying her. It made a little strain for the three of us, and somehow it seemed to put her on the other side from us.

I found out more about my father in the next month than I'd ever known before — the things he'd done as a boy, the adventures he'd had as a young man. There was a kind of new life in him, so that he seemed younger — he could only have been in his middle thirties, anyway — and dreamier. He talked to all of us, in those idle, cosy evenings; but he was really talking to Anne-Marie.

And then it was my birthday, and I scrambled out of bed at dawn to stare at the sky and pray for the sun to shine. We have had a sort of ceremony for my birthday, ever since I was tiny. The holiday season was just starting at the nearby seaside places, and each year Father drove us down to Sandmouth for the day.

If it rained, we went into town and saw a film or sometimes a stage show, and had a big tea at a restaurant, but it wasn't the same thing as going to the seaside and visiting the pier and Wonderland and paddling.

On that birthday morning the sky was clear blue, the early sun glinted on the windows, and I thought of all of us by the sea, Father and Mother and Anne-Marie, and how I was 11, and it seemed the best birthday I had ever had.

Mother and Anne-Marie had the lunch basket packed early, and we were away from the house before ten o'clock. Father had specially taken the day off for the outing. He whistled as he drove.

SANDMOUTH was always crowded with cars and holidaymakers, even this early in the season. Every year Mother said we ought to go somewhere quieter, and Father said, "Maybe we will, next year," and winked at me. He enjoyed the bustle and gaudiness of Sandmouth as much as I did. The huge fairground, the sideshows on the pier, the trips in the speedboat, the packed beaches.

Behind us, Anne-Marie, summery in her white dress, peered through the windows and said, "But this is lovely, so gay! I always thought the English seaside places were sad. People always say that, but this I like, so many people, so much noise. What is that man selling — that man with the funny hat?"

"Whelks," Father told her, stopping the car. "We'll get some. Not as grand as snails, but better."

"Fred, I will not have those smelly things in the car," Mother protested. "At least wait until we're on the beach. And don't you dare give any to Nicholas and make him sick like he was last year."

Father grinned, but drove on. "Last year it was a surfeit of candy-floss."

"What is that, candy-floss?" asked Anne-Marie.

I turned round and looked at her, and her face was as smiling and as excited as if she were the child whose birthday it was.

I love you, Anne-Marie, I said. Only I said it to myself.

Next to her, Mother sat, neat as always in her linen suit, not a hair out of place, looking through the car windows at the crowds as if they were her enemies.

"Here's somewhere to park," Father said, steering the car into

To page 85

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GOODBYE ANNE-MARIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

a space on the front. "Mmm, sniff that air! Pure ozone, mixed with petrol and fish and chips."

There was a routine we always followed. First, we found a place on the beach that wasn't too crowded or rocky. We spread out the rugs and the picnic things, and got a deckchair for Mother. She sat there while Father and I went off exploring the fairground and the pier, before taking a dip. She had magazines and some knitting, and she made that little corner of the beach an extension of the sitting-room at home.

But this year it was different. When we got out of the car, Father said, "Let's all show Anne-Marie just how gay we sad English can be when we try! Come on, Meg, you're in this, too. Leave everything in the car, then you can enjoy yourself without having anything to worry about."

"But aren't we going to the beach?" Mother said. She looked at Father with an anxious smile. "What about the picnic, Fred?"

"Later, later," he said airily. "Now come on, everybody, this way to Wonderland."

"Wonderland, oh, that is a marvellous name!" cried Anne-Marie. The two of them were already moving off along the promenade. I looked at Mother, and she hesitated, then took my arm.

"Come on, Nicholas," she said. "Now you're 11, you can escort me like a proper young man."

SHE tried to be gay, to get into the spirit of the day. She watched everything we did, applauded when one of us won something, looked on worriedly when we went on the Big Dipper or the water chute. Father and I, and Anne-Marie, too, all tried to persuade her to let herself go, try the sideshows or the roundabouts, but it just wasn't in her nature.

At some time in the day she said, suddenly, "Now we really must see about that picnic."

"Be right with you," Father said over his shoulder. "Anne-Marie and I have tickets for the motor-boats, it's nearly our turn."

The two of them were gone, laughing together. I' ached to go with them, but then I looked at Mother standing there helplessly. I took her hand.

"I'll help you with the stuff," I said quietly.

The day was spoilt, after that, for her and for me; because I couldn't leave her, though she urged me to. But it was a golden day for Father and Anne-Marie.

It was late afternoon when my birthday treat really finished. Both Father and Anne-Marie were good swimmers, while I could only wallow in the shallows. There was a raft out in the sea about 300 yards. Mother said suddenly, "Where have they got to?" and I shaded my eyes, and peered out, and I suppose I saw them at the same time that she did.

All round them the sea was shimmering gold, making their two small figures look black. But the air was so clear that we could see their silhouettes very sharply; and as we looked the two people on the raft slowly drew together, so that their heads became one shape, and then separated again.

Behind me I heard Mother make a sort of gasp, and then there was the crunching sound of her steps up the beach. Her head was down, she hurried blindly past the other people there, and was at the car before I caught up with her.

"Did you bring the basket?" she said. She wouldn't look at me. "And the rugs?"

"I'll get them," I said. I didn't know what else to say. I had a strange feeling myself, as if I were going to be sick. Father had kissed Anne-Marie, and I knew he hadn't been able to help himself; but Anne-Marie was mine, not his, or at least more mine than his . . .

There was a confusion of pain and jealousy and pity inside me as I stumbled around on the beach.

They turned up in a little while, startled to find Mother and me sitting silently in the car. Father started to say something, and then stopped. They went to their huts and got dressed, and not one of us spoke on the drive home.

When we got there I pretended I'd made myself sick again, and went to bed. I lay awake a long time, wishing I were a baby again, instead of 11. At 11 you were old enough to get hurt.

It was the next day when Anne-Marie said she had the telegram, telling her her mother was sick and needed her. It was Saturday. Father said he'd see her to the station, Mother said she was sorry. Anne-Marie must be sure to let them know that everything was all right.

So Anne-Marie went, and afterwards we drove home, Father and I. I tried to work out why it had all had to happen.

We were saying goodbye to Anne-Marie because, though we loved her, we could live without her, and she without us; but Mother needed us. With us at home, Mother could have a sort of happiness; Anne-Marie would never need anybody in that way, and perhaps neither would I. And Father? I looked at his profile; it was calm, rather sad. He looked like a man saying to himself: I must do what I have to do . . .

The house looked cosy, with the lights on as we came in. I looked through the windows as Father fumbled for his keys. Mother was playing with Charles the kitten.

We went in, and she looked up and said, with her shy smile, "We'll keep him after all. He *is* such a lively little thing."

(Copyright)

Mrs. H. WIFE

"Four miserable dieting weeks down the drain."

EMBROIDERY OR LACE

Now there's a difficult choice — they're both so beautiful — so sleek and slim fitting. The embroidery comes from Switzerland (where they make the world's finest) . The lace is English. Which is for you?

LEFT: DREAM GLO NYLON SLIP STYLE 91497 HAS SWISS EMBROIDERY $4 (40/-) BRIEFS $1.50 (15/-). BOTH MATCH IN PINK OR WHITE.

BOND'S
CAMEO COLLECTION

RIGHT: SLIP STYLE 91480 HAS ENGLISH LACE $4 (40/-). HALF-SLIP $3 (30/-), BRIEFS $1.50 (15/-). WHITE, PINK, NUDE DREAM-GLO NYLON.

Home is a breakfast tray in bed
Home when you should be at school instead
Home is the touch your mother's hand makes
Home is a bowl of Kellogg's* Corn Flakes

The big flakes with the BIG FLAVOUR

Do you fancy something nice? How about a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes — the real Corn Flakes that taste of sunshine and goodness. Crisp, generous and nourishing. Reach for the Kellogg's pack—and get real Corn Flakes.

JUST TWO OUNCES OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES GIVE YOU THE GOODNESS OF SUN-RIPENED CORN PLUS ONE HALF OF YOUR DAILY REQUIREMENT OF THE ESSENTIAL VITAMINS: THIAMINE (B1), RIBOFLAVIN (B2), NIACIN AND FOOD IRON. *REGISTERED TRADEMARK

THREE TIMES IS FOR KEEPS

BY CHARLES STAMP

AS a clown, Tony Fredericks was probably the hottest performer in the Australian circus business, but as a contender for the hand of Rosalie Accardo, the only daughter of Jose Accardo, in Jose's eyes he ranked four grades behind the man who sold popcorn and peanuts in the back stalls.

The trouble was that Jose's uni-cycle act had fallen to pieces since his son, Frank, had been called up for his two years of Army training. Frank, with his specialty numbers . . . riding the single-wheeled cycle at top speed along a narrow board . . . riding blindfolded around the edge of the ring . . . had, in no small way, taken over the tough spots from the aging Jose and kept the act in demand and sure of a top billing.

But now Frank was balancing a rifle on his shoulder instead of carrying his sister on his shoulders as he moved the uni-cycle in time with the music. Now they had been obliged to cut three minutes from the act, many of the best tricks, and Jose had to go back to doing things on the cycles that he had been able to leave to Frank years ago.

He was too old for tackling the dangerous stuff. The ache in his back from the fall at the Sydney Showground ten years before came back when he tried to brighten the performance. And Rosalie, as beautiful and accomplished as she was, could not be expected to try the stunts formerly done by her brother.

Things were bad . . . very bad. And now, to make matters worse, here was this Fredericks fellow . . . this clown . . . trying to get off with his dear daughter Rosalie. He told her exactly what he thought of Fredericks the night they made winter camp on the North Queensland coast.

"He has nothing, Rosie," he shouted, making the caravan rock as he pounded the top of the small table. "He asks me if he may take you out. Him! A clown! He don't know anything about nothing at all. Where did he come from, eh? What's his background? Take off his red nose and his green hair and what have you?"

Rosalie thought about Tony without his make-up and decided that what you had then was very nice. You had a tall, good-looking boy with fine shoulders and a fresh face that hinted at a background far removed from circus life. Tony spoke better than most of the people around the show, he was slow to argue, and he was good at his work.

When her father wasn't around they spent every possible minute together. She would have been quite happy to spend all the rest of her days with him. Her father wouldn't agree, though.

He thumped the table again. "You see too much of this fool, Rosie. It must stop. You are an Accardo and you should remember that."

Rosalie's eyes flashed. "You are angry because the act is bad without Frank! You take it out on me. If Tony Fredericks was a uni-cycle rider, you would

To page 88

Rosalie and Jose watched in alarm as Tony started on his perilous circuit

'I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The vi'lets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!'
THOMAS HOOD
LUCAS
Nyaloc

LUC8 HP

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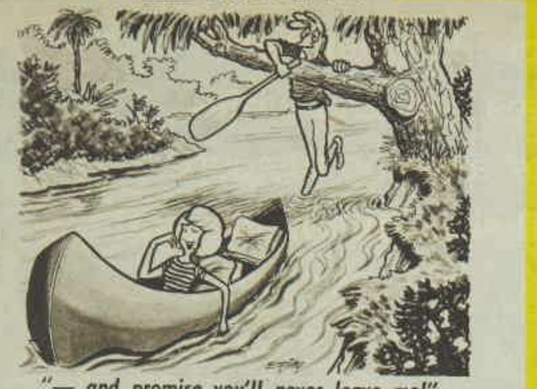
THE BOYFRIEND



"— and promise you'll never leave me!"

THREE TIMES IS FOR KEEPS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

welcome him with open arms. You would forget he was a clown when he added something to the act for you."

Jose Accardo snorted. "He could not ride in a perambulator, that one. He lacks a sense of balance fine enough for the work."

"You think so! I bet you he could learn the act. I bet you!"

Jose laughed for the first time in weeks. "Him! That one in our act! The clown on a uni-cycle! Very funny! How much you bet?"

Rosalie took a deep breath before answering, adding inches to a bosom that had already earned her a place on the biggest posters put up by the circus. "I bet that he learns to work in the act," she said, looking her father straight in the eyes. "I bet you this, and in return you let us see each other whenever we like. OK?"

Jose's face became serious for a moment. Then he grinned broadly. "OK!" he said. "He must learn the standard routines and at least one of Frank's specialty numbers by the time we go on the road again in two months' time. If he does it . . . you can go out with him. I think he'll break his neck, though."

Rosalie wasted no time in breaking the news to her admirer. But the news she received from Tony gave her no comfort.

"Ride a uni-cycle?" he gasped. "Rosie, I've got a confession to make. I can't even ride a normal cycle properly. I've got a thing about cycles. I crashed on one when I was ten, and they affect me even now. Rosie, do I have to go through this just to see you without interference from your father?"

She put her arms around his neck and rubbed her soft face against his. "For me you could do it, darling, couldn't you? I'll help you. You'll see . . . it will be all right. Please, Tony. Please!"

It was a warm evening and the sky was full of stars, and the smell of her perfume rose in his nostrils as she pressed against him and smiled into his face. Perhaps he could ride one of their atrocious one-wheel lethal machines. If she could ride one . . . well, why shouldn't he be able to.

He was young . . . he was fit . . . he was . . . He knew what he was. He was a fool. He probably would break his neck, but if he wanted to have Rosie he would just have to go along with Papa Accardo's diabolical idea.

"You'll do it, Tony?" she asked softly.

"I'll try," he answered. Then he kissed her soft lips and blotted out the picture he had been watching . . . of himself, flat on his back in the ring, with one leg twisted into an odd shape and his head jammed between the spokes of a uni-cycle!

WITH a lot of hard practising and the advice of Rosalie, in two weeks Tony could not only pedal the chromium-plated uni-cycle around the ring but, in addition, could execute a few simple turns. His balance was improving. He was really getting the feel of the act. In two months . . . He'd show old Accardo what he could do!

"I think I'm ready for going up a plank of timber," he told her on the Saturday morning after he had warmed up for five minutes. "I'll try the broad plank first, then have a shot at a narrower one."

Rosalie beamed her admiration and fetched the plank.

"Start from a point well before the board, darling," she called, placing the plank in position. "And be careful."

"I will," he answered, then pressing on the pedals he rode toward the edge of the board . . . climbed the first three feet of it . . . wobbled . . . straightened up . . . then did an almost classical forward somersault. It was not classical, because instead of landing on his feet he landed on the back of his head.

When he came to there was a strange face bent over him; a face he had never seen before.

"Where . . . what . . ?"

"I'm Nurse Prentiss, and you're in the City Hospital. You were concussed when you fell off that stupid cycle."

"You've no right to talk to me like . . . "

"Open your mouth," ordered Nurse Prentiss. And there the discussion ended with her popping a thermometer in his mouth.

Four days later, he was discharged from the hospital with the advice that he should lead a quiet life for at least another week . . . then take up something less hazardous than doing tricks on crazy machines. The day after he was discharged he was back in the practice ring again, astride the uni-cycle, ready to continue his quest for fame and the right to go out with Rosalie. Rosalie thought he was risking his health, and said so.

"Wait, Tony," she pleaded,

To page 89

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PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

READER'S RECIPE WINS $10

● A recipe for a savory dish made with minced steak and mashed potato topping wins the $10 main recipe prize this week.

SHORT-CUTS in making this delicious prizewinning dish are instant mashed potato and canned soup.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce measuring cup are used.

CHIP-PUFF STROGANOFF

- 1½lb. minced steak
- ½ cup chopped onion
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 2 tablespoons plain flour
- ¾ cup water
- 1 beef stock cube
- salt, pepper
- 1 small can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 cup sour cream

CHIP-PUFF TOPPING

- 1 packet instant mashed potato
- ¾ cup water
- ¾ cup milk
- 1 tablespoon butter
- ½in. cubes cheese
- 1-1½ cups crushed potato-chips

Melt the butter, add chopped onion. Cook until soft. Add meat, cook until well browned. Stir in the flour, mix well. Add water and beef cube, season well. Cook, 5 minutes, stirring well. Add soup and sour cream. Bring to the boil, turn into large greased casserole.

Puff Topping: Combine water and butter in saucepan. Bring to the boil. Remove from heat, add milk. Stir in instant potato, whip with fork until thick and smooth. While still warm, shape into approximately ten balls. Place cheese cube in middle of each, roll in potato-chips. Place on top of meat mixture.

Bake in moderately hot oven approximately 30 minutes, until puffs turn golden.

First prize of $10 to Mrs. K. King, 3 Olive St., Hampton, Vic.

BUTTERSCOTCH

- ½lb. butter
- 1lb. sugar
- ½ cup water

Place sugar and water in saucepan. Stir over low heat until sugar dissolves; add butter, and melt. Bring to boil. Boil until thick and darkening in color (approximately 30min.). Pour into oiled 8in. sandwich tin. Cut into squares when almost cold.

Consolation prize of $2 to Mrs. D. Ferguson, 20 Stewart St., South Brighton, S.A.

THREE TIMES IS FOR KEEPS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

trotting along beside him as he pedalled around the ring. "Just another day or two."

He kept his head erect and the pressure on the pedals.

"Position the board, sweetheart. Here I go!"

"Why not forget . . . ?"

"The board, sweetheart. I know what I did wrong last time."

It was ten o'clock in the morning when Tony aimed the unicycle at the board. At twenty minutes past ten he was back in hospital again. Later—much later in the afternoon—he awoke to find the same nurse looking down at him.

"I told you those things were nutty," she said, frowning. "Why don't you ride a bike with two wheels, like normal people do? Those one-wheel things will never sell. Forget 'em, why don't you?"

HE closed his eyes and thought of Rosalie . . . Rosalie with her dark hair that shone in the arc lights, her brown skin that was soft to the touch, and her figure that brought whoops of delight from the young fellows in the audience. Rosalie was his!

"You wouldn't understand," he said in a tired voice. "You're not in show business."

"I'm in the nursing business, and I'd have less work to do if you people tried to behave like normal human beings. You're nutty!"

"I'm sorry," he apologised. "But I have got to . . ."

"Stop talking and open your mouth," said Nurse Prentiss, and the thermometer went in, ending further discussion.

If he had obeyed the instructions of the doctor he would have been resting on his bed a week later instead of — as he was — spinning around the ring again, sending a flurry of sawdust up behind him.

He was rather pleased with himself. He had mastered the ride along the plank — not once, but no less than twelve times. And when Rosalie had put down the narrow plank, he had zipped along it as though it was a main interstate highway. He rode along the narrow board another half dozen times, then pedalled back to where she was sitting on the edge of the ring, clapping her hands.

Tony stopped, balanced . . . and dropped to the ground behind the uni-cycle, catching it before it fell, in the way she had taught him.

She came to him and kissed him fondly. "That was wonderful, Tony. Soon you will be as good as my brother. You make me very proud. Papa will be very pleased when he sees you do your act, too. In a few weeks' time I will tell him you are ready, and bring him to see you perform. Then . . . Oh, Tony!"

Instead of putting his arms around her, as she had expected and wanted him to, he pulled out a handkerchief and flicked some

To page 90

METTERS

FREE O' FROST REFRIGERATOR FREEZER ... completely new concept in food-keeping takes the frost out of freezing

More than a "new" refrigerator: a new way to keep food in "Total Cold." The secret of Free O' Frost is Metters' miracle "Cyclo-Fan" that keeps cold air on the move non-stop in the Freezer, then through the Refrigerator—especially near the Meat Chiller. Frost simply can't form . . . so no defrosting, no numb thumbs, not ever.
In the giant Freezer, foods stay frozen fresh without frost. Packs (even ice-cubes) just lift out. In the Refrigerator, everything on every shelf stays as fresh as the day Nature (or you) made it.

If you're ready for the luxury of frost-free, defrost-free food-keeping, you're ready for Metters' two-door, 14 cu. ft. Free O' Frost. And it's ready for you now. See it soon at your nearest Metters Retailer.

INSTANT COLD MEAT CHILLER—Meats stay butchershop-fresh in big 11-lb. capacity sliding drawer. It's strategically located near the Cyclo-Fan outlet. Constant cold circulating around this covered drawer keeps meat in perfect condition.

ICEMAKER TWOSOME—Ice bucket and ejector set that makes and stores all the ice you want. Simply tip the tray and lock in position. Flip the lever to release. Store up to 60 cubes at a time. You'll never be short of ice again.

TWIN CRISPER—No cut-off corners—full-depth drawers let you keep fruits and vegetables apart. Separate containers mean easy selection, instant accessibility. Cyclo-Fan Total Cold keeps greens deliciously moist and crisps-fresh.

EXCLUSIVE FLOODLIGHTER — Only Metters has it! Full-width strip lighting across the front of the refrigerator. Glare-free light floods the interior from front to back, top to bottom. See every shelf, every corner at a glance.

It's modern . . . it's

METTERS

BRANCHES IN ALL STATES

LULUBELLE

"But if YOU like it, it's SURE to be out."

THREE TIMES IS FOR KEEPS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

dust from the chromed spokes of the uni-cycle.

"Go and get him now, Rosie, and I'll let him see me work. I've had an idea. I'll incorporate some of my clowning routine with the cycling. It will brighten the act. Go and tell him. I'll get into my clowning costume."

Rosalie dropped her hands to her sides. Could they be sure he would be able to go through the routine without having an accident? It was certain Tony could do all the straight stuff with safety, but, despite having ridden the planks without a hitch, would he be able to do it when her father was watching?

"Perhaps you should wait a few more days, darling? With more practice . . ."

He climbed on to the uni-cycle and rocked back and forth, keeping it balanced. "Honey, we want to get married, don't we?"

She smiled and nodded.

"Then the sooner the better. Fetch Papa."

When Jose Accardo saw Tony performing on the uni-cycle, his professional eye told him at once that the boy had been working very hard to achieve this standard. He wasn't too sure about the clown costume. It might tend to degrade the act a little, but . . . well he wasn't in the act yet. He would have to do more than twist and turn in the sawdust and move in time with waltz music before he could become one of the "Daring Accardos" . . . or go out with Rosalie!

"I do those things when I am ten years old," he called from the side of the ring. "I do it backwards."

Tony signalled to Rosalie and she placed the plank in position. Breathing easily, he did a circuit of the ring, straightened out . . . then flew along the board.

Rosalie applauded, but Jose Accardo only said, "Not bad, not bad. What else you do, huh?"

For a *moment* Tony hesitated, not sure whether to fling the cycle at the old man, or to remind him he had had two trips to hospital while learning that particular feat. Gritting his teeth, he forced a smile, and with a bow to Accardo announced, "And now I will do a full circuit of the ring, riding the uni-cycle along the top board of the ring."

He had never even tried it before, but it was wider than the plank and with luck he should be able to manage it. Nothing less than that would apparently make Accardo see that he was serious about his daughter.

Rosalie jumped to her feet. "No, Tony . . ."

But it was too late. Before she could stop him, he had hoisted the cycle on to the edge of the ring, mounted it, and begun the perilous journey around the rim.

"Be careful, Tony," she called.

He smiled, waved one hand . . . and crashed from the lip of the ring into the front row of seats!

IT was a sunny afternoon, three days later, when Nurse Prentiss announced that he had a visitor. He smoothed back his sheet and got ready to receive Rosalie. It was not Rosalie. It was her father. He had particularly wanted it to be Rosalie as he had something to say to her.

"Hello, my boy," Jose Accardo said, coming toward the bed, twisting his hat in his hands. "How are you?"

"OK, I guess," he answered, wondering why the old man was there and not his daughter. "Where's Rosalie?"

Jose Accardo looked embarrassed and the hat spun faster in his hands. "She is . . . you know how it is? She asked me to . . ."

"I've been here three days and she hasn't been to see me. What's wrong?"

Jose swallowed hard. "I am very sorry, my boy. You worked very hard to do the act. I . . . I don't know how to tell you this."

"Just tell me."

"It's Rosie, you see . . . and Jerry Delfino. You don't hear of him, maybe. He does a solo uni-cycle act with a nightclub circuit. I teach him when he is a little fellow. He and Rosie grow up together. He heard we are in trouble and comes to offer his help. Then he see Rosalie now that she is very grown up and they . . . I'm sorry!"

Tony surprised the old man with a broad grin. "I'm pleased, Jose! I'm highly delighted, in fact! I wanted to see Rosalie so I could tell her there is someone else . . . someone who doesn't mind if I don't get into the act. She doesn't want me to be a doctor. I don't even have to study first-aid. Meet the future Mrs. Fredericks."

Jose Accardo looked at the petite blond nurse who was smiling down at her patient and reaching for his hand. He stopped twisting his hat and backed toward the door. He would never be able to understand young people. Never! They fell in and out of love as easily as . . . as easily as you could fall off a cycle!

"If you will excuse me, please," he said, bowing to them both. "I must go."

"And I must change Tony's dressing . . . or something," said Nurse Prentiss.

"Or something," said Tony Fredericks, pulling her head down toward him.

Jose Accardo shrugged, then let himself out and closed the door quietly behind him. Rosalie would be pleased. Or would she? It was difficult to tell with most women!

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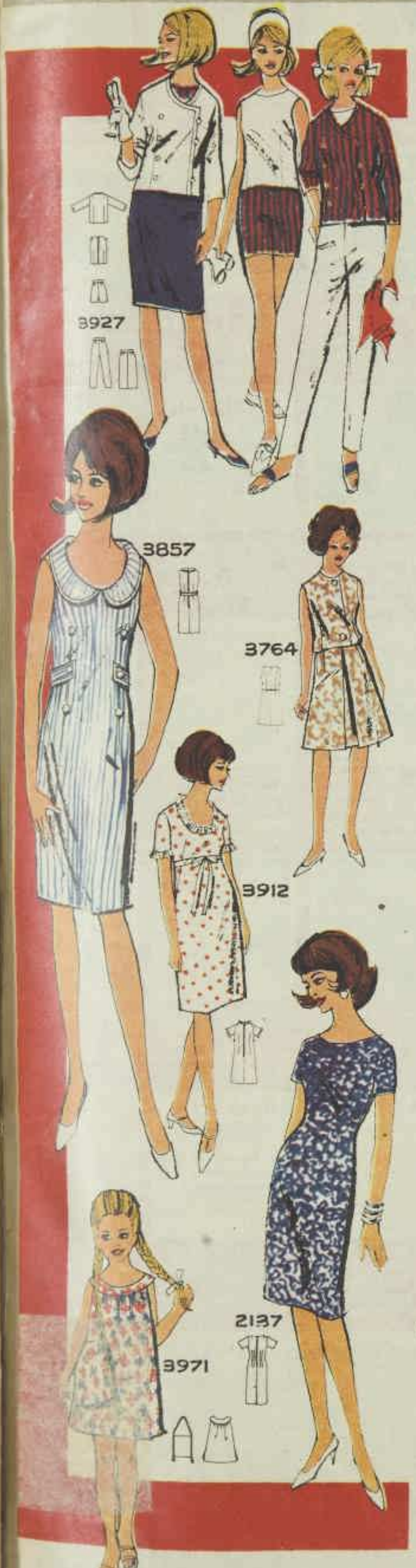

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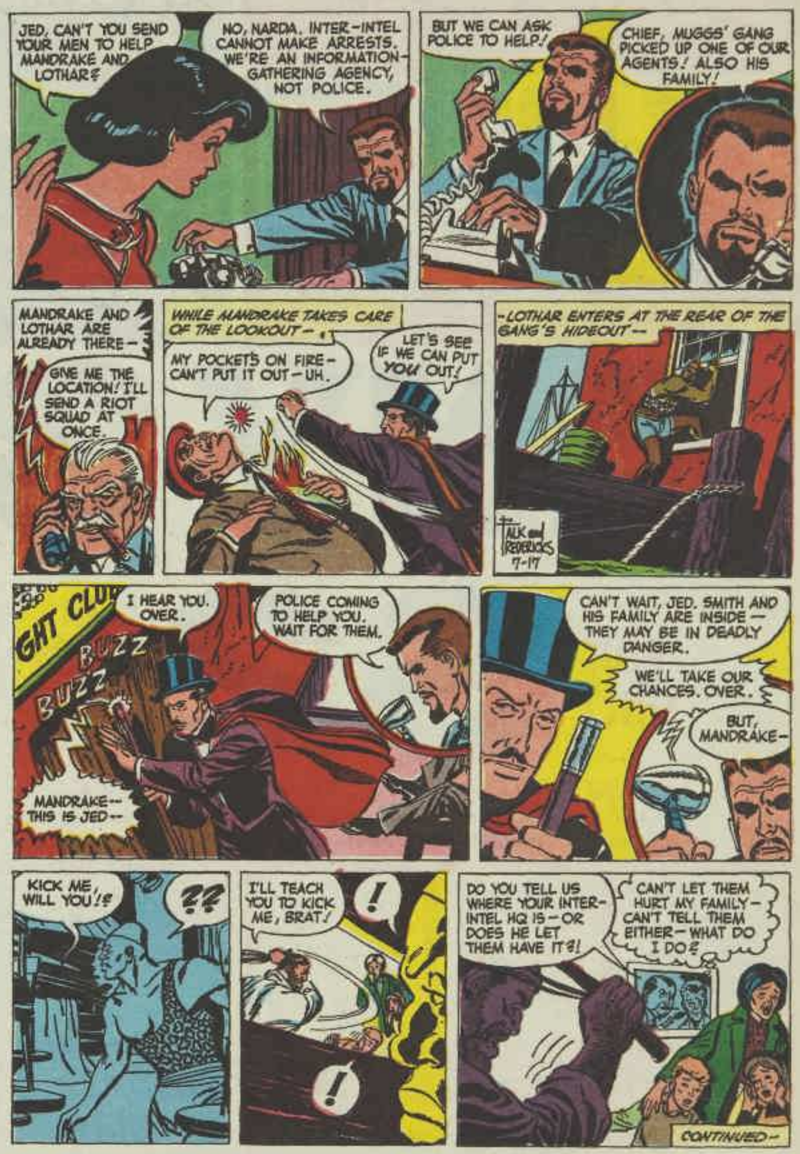
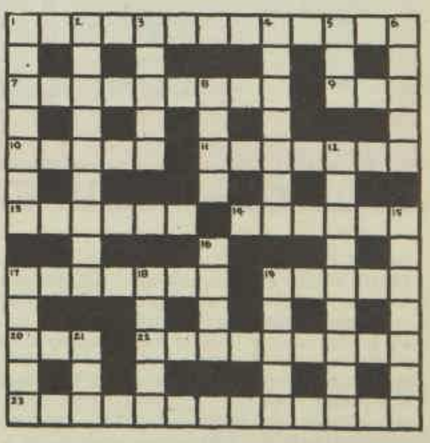
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

DISCOVERING Skinny's signal ring, the thieves begin to torture the agent and his family to find the Intel headquarters. Mandrake arrives and tries to break into the hideout. READ ON . . .


JED, CAN'T YOU SEND YOUR MEN TO HELP MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR?
NO, NARDA. INTER-INTEL CANNOT MAKE ARRESTS. WE'RE AN INFORMATION-GATHERING AGENCY, NOT POLICE.
BUT WE CAN ASK POLICE TO HELP!
CHIEF, MUGGS' GANG PICKED UP ONE OF OUR AGENTS! ALSO HIS FAMILY!
MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR ARE ALREADY THERE—
GIVE ME THE LOCATION! I'LL SEND A RIOT SQUAD AT ONCE.
WHILE MANDRAKE TAKES CARE OF THE LOOKOUT—
MY POCKET'S ON FIRE— CAN'T PUT IT OUT—UH.
LET'S SEE IF WE CAN PUT YOU OUT!
—LOTHAR ENTERS AT THE REAR OF THE GANG'S HIDEOUT—
FALK and FREDERICKS 7-17
GHT CLUB
I HEAR YOU. OVER.
BUZZ
BUZZ
MANDRAKE— THIS IS JED—
POLICE COMING TO HELP YOU. WAIT FOR THEM.
CAN'T WAIT, JED. SMITH AND HIS FAMILY ARE INSIDE — THEY MAY BE IN DEADLY DANGER.
WE'LL TAKE OUR CHANCES. OVER.
BUT, MANDRAKE—
KICK ME, WILL YOU!?
??
I'LL TEACH YOU TO KICK ME, BRAT!
!
!
DO YOU TELL US WHERE YOUR INTER-INTEL HQ IS—OR DOES HE LET THEM HAVE IT?!
CAN'T LET THEM HURT MY FAMILY— CAN'T TELL THEM EITHER—WHAT DO I DO?
CONTINUED—

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



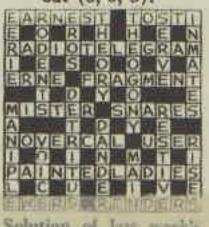
Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Sometimes it is circular (13).
7. Look the domestic fowl to smile stupidly for a Wagner opera (9).
9. Mass of fish eggs (3).
10. Well-known London newspaper (5).
11. Men lit a nourishment (7).
13. Fellow of a college has a locking instrument for an ass (6).
14. Seaport in south-west Morocco, scene of earthquake (6).
17. A wave that shatters on the shore (7).
19. Indian city on the river Tapti (5).
20. To suffer a penalty for (3).
22. This flower is the poor man's weatherglass (9).
23. Starts campaigning to get other people out (5, 3, 5).

DOWN

1. Distributed with authority (7).
2. Impetuousness, having he men at heart (9).
3. Stern revenues (5).
4. Leaning for a young lamb (7).
5. See a revue presenting an organ (3).
6. A source of great gratification (5).
8. Way made with a rod (4).
12. Patience gained under cane (9).
15. Chattered briskly (7).
16. Small metric weight (4).
17. Bet as a four-footed animal (5).
18. Flat-topped forage-caps with straight peak in the French Army (5).
19. She is on the top of a ledge (5).
21. Species of ox found in Tibet (3).



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Solution of last week's crossword.

819—Emily; Here's To The Losers; Dear Heart; Come Blow Your Horn; Then Suddenly Love.

486 — Cry Me A River; A Taste Of Honey; Who's Afraid Of The Big Bad Wolf.

188 — Why Can't The English; On The Street Where You Live; Wouldn't It Be Loverly, etc.

600 — Deep in My Heart; Student Life; Just We Two; Gaudeamus Igitur; Serenade, etc.

701—Call Me Irresponsible; Walk Right In; Go Away, Little Girl; Oh Soul Mio, etc.

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ANY 3

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CLASSICAL ☐ POPULAR ☐ JAZZ ☐

NAME: MR. MRS. MISS (Please Print)
ADDRESS
SUBURB STATE
SIGNATURE DATE

This offer does not apply in States where it contravenes the Act H643/WW/26 lavender and old lace! I can't get to this window quick enough to let in a little manly breeze."

Robert said, on a dangerously quiet note: "You offensive swine!"

Robert's growing anger seemed to be honey to Ernest; his enjoyment of it spread like a smile across his face.

The sight of this glee checked Robert, momentarily. He said in a cooler tone: "This is too petty. Brawling like a couple of slum women over the back fence!"

"Anyhow, this damn window's going to stay open."

"We'll see about that."

"We shall."

Each laid a hand on a brass window-lift, Ernest straining to raise it, Robert to hold it down. Then Ernest, using a shoulder, shoved the other aside and sent him staggering against the wall. The window flew up. Robert, white to the lips, strode up the hall and into his flat.

A little later, being reasonably certain that his enemy would have departed, he emerged again and went across and rang at Miss Oxley's door. It was opened by Harriet Wright, Miss Oxley's elderly, faithful, disapproving, family retainer.

The blow that struck Harriet when her mistress had converted the old home into flats had been a smashing one. Harriet could neither forgive nor forget it, though her duties were a fraction of what they had been before. she had to do now was help Miss Oxley and look after the stairs and hallways, but the iron had entered into her soul with the loss of status. Desecration, that was what it was in Harriet's eyes.

HEAD ON THE SILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

the open and state to him quite definitely that he's not to lay a finger on that window again."

A look of distress appeared on Miss Oxley's face. Robert watched her unrelentingly; gave her full time to speak; when she didn't, said: "Otherwise I'm afraid I'll have to look for another flat."

"Oh, Robert, you wouldn't? You'd never do that? I'd be heartbroken. Heartbroken!"

"I'd be very sorry myself, Miss Oxley," he said primly. "This flat suits me very well indeed. I live on the ground floor, and I like having so few people around me, and old rooms big enough to work and move about in. And if I may say so, you won't get many better tenants than me."

Which was true, if a good tenant is one who is silent as a ghost, as undemanding as a statue, and as discreet as a monk. All these things Robert Lerrel had been until The Battle of the Window erupted.

"But, Robert —" she began.

"If that man isn't made to leave that window alone — now, now as from this very day — I leave here this day week. You know you find him as obnoxious as I do," he said, "as everyone does. Is there one of your friends roundabout whose feelings he hasn't outraged? You know my request But you're afraid."

"Afraid?" she quavered.

"Yes, afraid to provoke him. Because you think that if you antagonise him he'll take his revenge on you or one of your friends. Spread that story about young Leo, for instance."

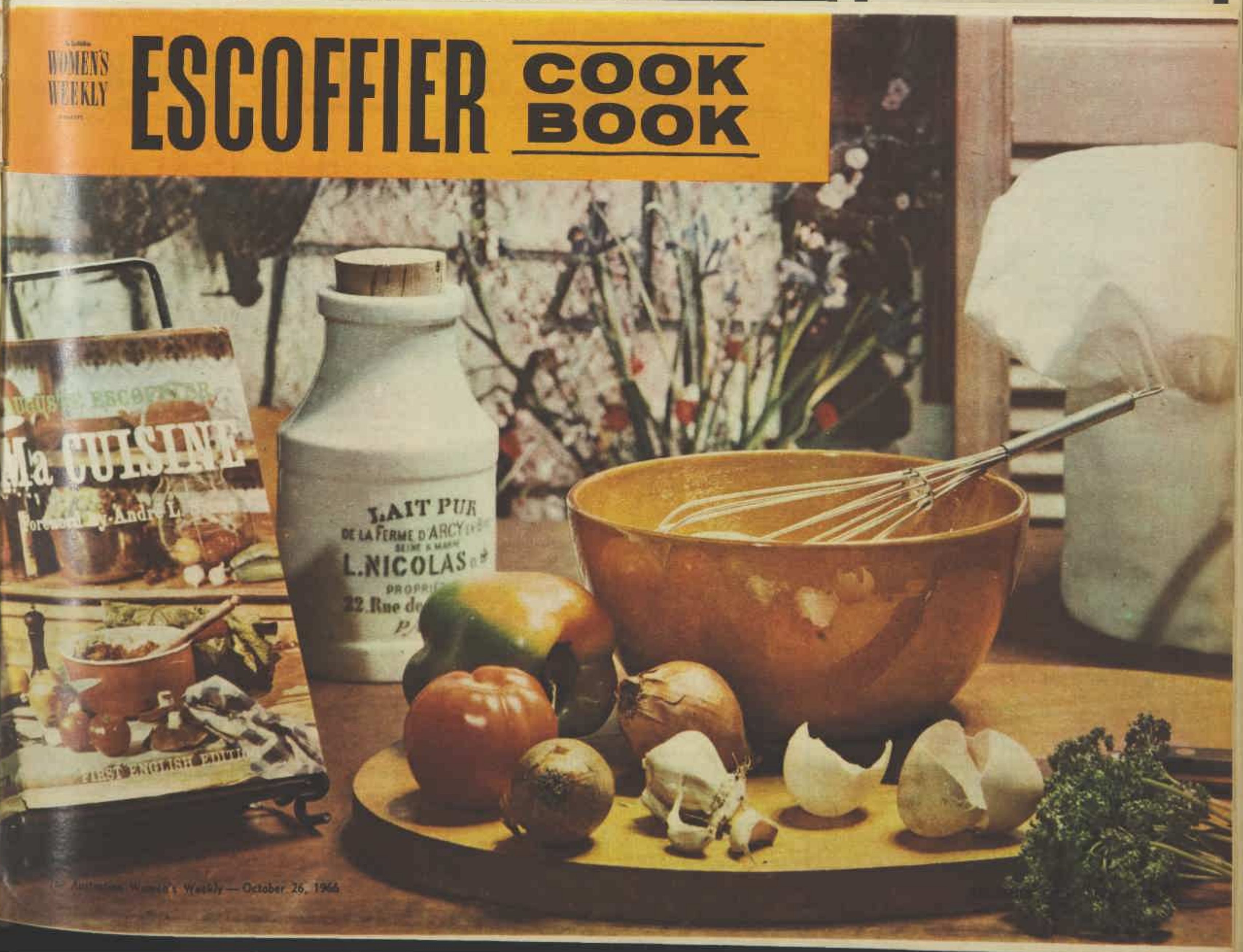
"What?"

"Ah, you thought I didn't know about that! You thought he'd kept it to himself, did you? Not he!"

Unseeingly, Miss Oxley started to tidy the dressing-table, put the top on setting lotion bottle, comb beside brush. The Battle of the Poker Game! Then it was too late? Her face was flushed, her hands were trembling.

To page 49

Hoover Constellation
world's most powerful suction-
unique dust collection system



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WAC 24.1

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486

HEAD ON THE SILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

"That's OK. I'll go by ferry." At the door he kissed her again. She watched him run down the stairs, then shut the door and went to the sitting-room window. As usual, at the gate he turned and waved to her, and as usual, with a drop of the spirits, she waved back as though she were never going to see him again.

When three months ago Miss Geraldine Oxley finished converting her roomy old house into four flats, she could have let the three flats — the fourth was for herself — ten times over, so she was able to select ideal tenants: the Nicolsons, a nice young married couple for the bigger flat above, and two bachelors, one upstairs and one down.

But before many weeks were out Miss Oxley discovered that two seemingly ideal tenants, bachelors though they be, do not add up to the ideal if they conceive a violent antipathy for each other and live in a state of feud. This was the state of affairs between Ernest Evans and Robert Lerrel, Miss Oxley's so carefully chosen bachelors.

Evans was about thirty-eight. He had a loud, dry voice, a dry, prematurely lined face, and dark, dusty-looking hair, and carried his tall figure with an exaggerated cock-o'-the-walk erectness. He worked in a city bank. His was not one of those jobs that bring a man into daily amicable contact with the public, but was, so Robert Lerrel said, scrabbling about among dog-eared documents in some smelly vault where his native propensities

was a window giving on to the side garden. There seemed no earthly reason why Ernest Evans should have any interest in this window. The only possible explanation could be that once or twice, from his chair under a tree on the lawn, he had caught sight of Robert shutting it. The next move was, therefore, inevitable.

Soon, on entering the house, Ernest took to strolling down and opening the window before mounting the stairs to his own flat above. Robert, on his return, took to strolling down and shutting it again. It was, of course, easier for Robert if he was working in his studio when he heard Ernest's meddling touch on what was definitely out of his territory; then he need only open his door when the other had retreated and reverse the operation.

From Monday to Friday, the advantage was wholly with Robert, for Ernest was an office slave and had to leave the house on the tick of eight-thirty, whereas Robert, being his own master, could wait until Ernest had taken off and so ensure that the window was snugly shut all day long.

At the weekend, however, The Battle of the Window moved to and fro fairly equally. But on this fine Tuesday afternoon, not many hours after Francis Nicolson had questioned Polly about Ernest decided that the Cold War had lasted long enough.

He let himself into the

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FAMOUS CHEF'S COOK BOOK

Recipes for the housewife

- **Recipes in this book have been selected from the new English edition of "Ma Cuisine," a cookery book by Auguste Escoffier, one of the most famous of French chefs, who was as renowned in the English-speaking world as he was in every capital of Europe.**

WE give a wide selection of Escoffier's recipes, ranging from such economical dishes as tripe and onions to the beautiful and luscious desserts for which he was specially celebrated.

Escoffier's masterly touch is shown in all the recipes. In the vegetable section, for example, he tells how to make simple cooked vegetables into dishes for a gourmet.

Marion Howells, who edited the English edition of "Ma Cuisine," says in her introduction to the book, "Auguste Escoffier was unquestionably one of the greatest chefs the world has known and deservedly called the 'King of Chefs and the Chef of Kings'."

In "Ma Cuisine," however, he deals with dishes for everyday cooking, and in his introduction claims, "the ordinary housewife will find delicious recipes within the limits of her purse."

Escoffier says he compiled the recipes with the chef and restaurateur in mind as well as the housewife.

For the housewife, however, alternatives have been given for many of the ingredients, such as stocks, fumets, and meat jellies which are readily available to the professional chef.

Here is some advice from the famous chef in his introduction to his book:

- Salt or dried meats suit people with strong digestions; others should avoid them.
- Fish is less nourishing than meat but is indispensable to our existence, both from the nutritive and the economic standpoint.
- Milk is a simple and natural food, and the new-laid egg, lightly cooked in its shell, is easily digested and nourishing, while fresh or dried vegetables are very wholesome.
- A good and fine dinner should preferably end with fruit, which, apart from cleansing the mouth, is the apotheosis of the dinner.
- Coffee, carefully prepared and taken some time after the meal, in the drawing-room, aids digestion. Its delicate aroma rises to the head, revives the mind — and then conversation sparkles.
- Seasoning assists the gastric juices but must not be overdone, as an immoderate use of it is ruinous to health.
- As a general principle, it is advisable to leave the table without having satisfied one's appetite to repletion. Neglect of this is often the cause of indigestion.
- It is best to vary the diet, for monotony jades the appetite and this reacts on the digestion.
- One must not forget that good sound cooking, even the very simplest, makes a contented home.

Recipes in this book are taken from the English edition of "Ma Cuisine," by Auguste Escoffier, recently published by Paul Hamlyn, London. Price $3.95, available at all booksellers.

Cover picture by Don Cameron.

FISH

Cabillaud a la Provencale

PROVENCAL-STYLE COD

1½-2lb. cod
3-4 tablespoons oil
2 tablespoons chopped onion
salt, pepper
flour

4-5 tomatoes
parsley
1 clove garlic
1 bayleaf
1 wineglass white wine

Cut fish into ¾in.-thick slices. Cut into half and remove bone. Heat oil, and saute onion for a few minutes. Season the fish, coat with flour. Cook in hot oil, then turn fish and add chopped tomatoes, chopped parsley, garlic, bayleaf, and wine. Cover and cook for 12-15min.

Serve hot with freshly boiled potatoes.

Merlans Bercy

WHITING WITH WHITE WINE

4 medium-sized whiting
4 teaspoons finely chopped shallot
½ wine glass white wine
½ wine glass water

salt, pepper
juice 1 lemon
butter
chopped parsley

Split the fish, remove backbone and open out flat. Put into buttered fireproof dish, sprinkle with shallots, add wine and water. Season with salt and pepper, add lemon juice. Dot with butter. Cook in moderate oven, basting frequently. When cooked, the liquid should be almost completely reduced.

Sprinkle with parsley before serving.

Sole sur le piat

SOLE BAKED IN WINE

12oz. sole
salt, pepper
½ glass white wine

½ glass water
juice ½ lemon

Remove black skin and head from fish. Wash carefully and loosen fillets on skinned side.

Place in well-buttered fireproof dish, skinned side down. Season well, add wine, water, and lemon juice. Cook in moderate oven, basting from time to time, until sole is cooked and liquid thick enough to glaze the fish.

● In the recipes for sole in which white wine is one of the ingredients, lemon juice is indispensable. Otherwise the wine takes on a rather unattractive grey color.

INGREDIENTS for Sole Bonne Femme, a renowned fish dish. Recipe at left.

Sole a la bonne femme

SOLE BONNE FEMME

1 chopped shallot
little parsley
2oz. mushrooms
1 sole
4 tablespoons white wine

4 tablespoons hot water
salt, pepper
juice ½ lemon
3 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon flour

Butter a fireproof dish, put shallot, parsley, and chopped mushrooms in base. Place sole on top, cover with wine, water, seasoning, and lemon juice. Cover, bake in moderate oven for 5 minutes, then add 1 tablespoon butter creamed with the flour and continue cooking further 10-12min.

Place sole on serving dish. Add remaining butter to liquor in dish, and pour over fish. Place under griller to brown.

Sole a la meuniere

SOLE MEUNIERE

1 sole
salt
milk
flour

butter
lemon juice
chopped parsley

Prepare sole. Sprinkle with salt, dip in milk, and coat with flour. Melt butter and cook fish.

Arrange cooked fish on hot serving dish. Squeeze over lemon juice, sprinkle with parsley. Add 1 tablespoon butter to that remaining in pan. Heat quickly, and when it begins to bubble pour over the fish.

Continued overleaf

FISH . . . continued

Mayonnaise de homard

LOBSTER MAYONNAISE

lobster
court bouillon
salt, pepper
little vinegar
little oil
lettuce
mayonnaise
anchovy fillets
capers
stuffed olives
hard-boiled eggs

Cook the lobster in court bouillon 20 to 25 minutes, cool. Slice meat, season lightly with salt, pepper, vinegar, and little oil.

Cover base of salad bowl with chopped lettuce, cover with lobster. Cover with mayonnaise, and decorate with anchovy fillets, capers, olives, eggs cut into quarters, and small lettuce hearts.

● Picture on page 9.

COURT BOUILLON

fish bones, heads, and trimmings
3½ pints water
1 onion
1 bayleaf
2 cloves garlic
1 sprig parsley
¼oz. salt
few crushed peppercorns

Place bones and fish trimmings in large saucepan with water. Add sliced onion, bayleaf, garlic, parsley, salt, and peppercorns. Boil for 20 minutes. Strain through a fine sieve.

MAYONNAISE SAUCE

3-4 egg-yolks
¼oz. salt
1 teaspoon tarragon vinegar
or
1 teaspoon lemon juice
pinch white pepper
2 teaspoons Dijon mustard (optional)
1 pint oil
2 tablespoons boiling water

Place egg-yolks in basin, add salt, pepper, little vinegar and mustard. Stir the eggs with a whisk, add the oil drop by drop to begin with. Let it pour slowly into the sauce, as it begins to bind. Add a few drops of vinegar or lemon juice from time to time. Finally add the boiling water, the object of which is to ensure cohesion and to prevent it disintegrating if it has to be kept.

Huitres cocktails

OYSTER COCKTAILS

Prepare a cocktail glass for each person. Put into each glass 6 newly opened oysters. Add 2 to 3 drops tabasco sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato ketchup, few drops worcestershire sauce, and 6 drops lemon juice. Serve very cold.

Homard a la Francaise

FRENCH-STYLE LOBSTER

2-2½lb. lobster
butter
salt, pepper
¼ pint white wine
3-4 tablespoons brandy
3 tablespoons onion and carrot
chopped parsley
6 tablespoons fish stock
4-5 tablespoons thick white sauce
3 egg-yolks
3-4 tablespoons cream

Cut carrot and onion into thin strips, saute in hot butter until soft. Slice lobster. Melt approximately 1oz. butter, and saute lobster until cooked. Season well. Add wine and brandy, onion and carrot, good pinch parsley, fish stock and white sauce. Cover saucepan and cook for 18-20 minutes.

Place lobster in deep serving dish. Thicken liquor with egg-yolks, stir in cream and finally 3½oz. butter. Pour over lobster.

Homard a la Newburg

LOBSTER WITH WINE

2-2¼lb. lobster
court bouillon
salt, pepper
¼ pint madeira
½ pint cream
3 egg-yolks
2¼oz. butter

Cook lobster in court bouillon for 20-25 minutes. Remove meat from tail, discarding membrane. Cut into even slices. Arrange in well-buttered pan, season lightly, and heat through, turning once. Add wine and reduce by about two-thirds. Just before serving, add cream and egg-yolks beaten together. Draw pan off heat, add butter a little at a time.

Serve immediately in hot dish.

Note: After removing tail meat from lobster for the above dish, remaining lobster meat can be used in other dishes, such as a simple Lobster Mayonnaise.

Homard grille

GRILLED LOBSTER

Half cook the lobster in court bouillon, because in this way the flesh of the lobster does not harden as it does when grilled raw. Cut lobster in half after taking it from the court bouillon; brush with melted butter and grill until lobster is cooked. Before serving, break the claws, so the meat can easily be removed. Garnish with parsley.

Serve with melted butter, to which a little cayenne has been added.

MUSSELS

Preliminary Preparation: Choose mussels of medium size and very fresh. Clean carefully and put in a saucepan with thinly sliced onion, sprigs of parsley, coarse ground pepper, and ½ glass water. Cover and cook for a few minutes, just until mussels open.

After cooking, take from the heat and remove 1 shell from each mussel and put the one with the mussel in it in an earthenware pot. Decant the cooking liquid and pour over the mussels.

Moules a la mariniere

MUSSELS WITH WHITE WINE

2-3 pints mussels
½ pint white wine
2 tablespoons chopped shallot
5-6 tablespoons fresh breadcrumbs
3oz. butter
chopped parsley
juice ½ lemon

Prepare mussels as described above and leave on the half shell. Heat wine and shallots until wine is two-thirds reduced. Add ½ pint of liquor in which mussels were cooked, and breadcrumbs. Add the mussels and toss for a few minutes, add butter, parsley, and lemon juice.

Serve hot in shallow dish.

Crabe a l'Anglaise

CRAB, ENGLISH STYLE

1 crab
1 teaspoon made mustard
pinch cayenne pepper
oil
vinegar
parsley
2 hard-boiled eggs
anchovy fillets

Cook crab in salted water and leave to go cold. Break off claws and legs and remove flesh, break it up well with a fork. Remove and discard the undershell, tail flap, and stomach bag. Remove flesh from inside and put the creamy part into a basin. Add mustard, pepper, and a little oil and vinegar. Then add the flesh taken from the claws and legs. Fill top shell with this mixture, smoothing it into a dome shape.

Serve on a napkin with the claws arranged on either side and decorate as liked with parsley, eggs, and anchovy fillets.

Note: One or 2 tablespoons mayonnaise and chopped hard-boiled egg can be added to the mixture.

POULTRY

Poularde a l'Espagnole

SPANISH-STYLE CHICKEN

8oz. rice
3oz. red pepper
1 chicken
fat bacon slices
10 tomatoes
salt, pepper
3 to 4 tablespoons oil
chopped parsley
4oz. streaky bacon
paprika
bacon for garnish
fried onion rings
3 to 4 tablespoons stock

Cook rice as for pilaf (see page 7), add diced red pepper, and stuff chicken with this mixture. Truss, cover breast with slices of bacon fat; cook by pot roasting.

Cut a slice from stalk end of each tomato and remove seeds and moisture. Season inside with salt and pepper. Heat oil, put in tomatoes cut side downwards, and fry gently for 7 to 8 minutes; turn and cook for a further 5 or 6 minutes. Drain and sprinkle with parsley. Grill streaky bacon and sprinkle with paprika. Serve chicken garnished with tomatoes, bacon, and onion rings.

Add stock to liquor left in pan and serve separately. Rounds of fried aubergine may also be added to the garnish.

Poulet saute Alice

SAUTEED CHICKEN WITH WINE, BRANDY

2oz. butter
1 tablespoon oil
1 jointed chicken
salt, pepper
4oz. mushrooms
1 shallot
2 tablespoons brandy
6 tablespoons white wine
3 tablespoons meat jelly
¼ pint cream

To joint a chicken, first remove the legs. Detach wings, then remove the breast from the carcass. Finally divide the carcass in two pieces.

Heat butter and oil in saute pan large enough to hold the piece of chicken. Arrange chicken in pan with the skin underneath, white meat in middle, and legs on each side, the wings on top of these, and the pieces of carcass put in last. Season with salt and pepper, cover, and cook over a low heat, being careful to turn pieces of chicken over in the butter, so they cook evenly. The wings, being more tender than the legs, should be removed when cooked and kept warm. The legs require a few minutes' longer cooking. Add mushrooms and shallot, both finely chopped, the brandy, white wine, and meat jelly. Reduce to half its volume. Replace wings in pan, heat for a few seconds, and, finally, thicken the sauce with the cream.

Serve with Noisette Potatoes (see page 7).

Poularde Menagere

BOILED CHICKEN WITH VEGETABLES

1 chicken
12 small carrots
12 small onions
1 stick celery
1 bayleaf
2 sprigs parsley
white stock

Truss chicken with legs folded back and put into a pan with thinly sliced vegetables, bayleaf, and parsley. Add enough stock to just cover. Bring to boiling point, cover, and simmer about 1 hour or until chicken is tender.

To serve, put chicken on a dish and garnish with some of the vegetables.

A good soup can be made by putting some thin slices of bread into a tureen, adding some of the vegetables and pouring some of the chicken stock over.

Three ounces well-washed rice may be cooked in the stock with vegetables.

Poulet saute Hongroise

CHICKEN SAUTE, HUNGARIAN STYLE

1 spring chicken
salt, pepper
flour
1oz. butter
2 tablespoons chopped onion
½ dessertspoon sweet paprika
6 tablespoons white wine
2 to 3 tomatoes
3 to 4 tablespoons cream

Joint chicken, season, and coat with flour. Heat butter, add chicken, and onion. When onion begins to brown, add paprika, white wine, and tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and chopped. Cover and cook until the chicken is tender. Put chicken in serving dish. Add cream to the sauce, boil for a few minutes and pour over the chicken.

Serve with a pilaf of rice (see page 7).

Poulet saute a la paysanne Provencale

CHICKEN SAUTE, PROVENCAL STYLE

1 spring chicken
salt and pepper
flour
oil
1 tablespoon finely chopped onion
6 tablespoons white wine
4 to 5 tomatoes
1 small clove garlic
pinch chopped parsley
24 black olives

Joint chicken, season, coat with flour, and saute in oil for a few minutes. Add onion, and as soon as it begins to brown add white wine and reduce it by half. Add peeled, seeded, and chopped tomatoes, garlic, and parsley. Continue to simmer for 15 to 18 minutes and finally add the olives.

Serve with either mashed or baked potatoes.

- Picture on page 8.

Poulet Cocotte Bonne Femme

CHICKEN BONNE FEMME

1 spring chicken
salt, pepper
4oz. sausage meat
chopped chicken liver
1 tablespoon breadcrumbs
pinch chopped parsley
1 piece fat bacon
butter
8 to 10 small onions
12 small cubes streaky bacon
8oz. cubed potatoes
few tablespoons fairly thick brown gravy

Season inside of chicken. Mix sausage meat, chopped chicken liver, breadcrumbs, and parsley, and stuff chicken with it. Truss and cover breast with a strip of fat bacon.

Heat some butter in a saucepan, add chicken, onions, and bacon. Cover and cook over a low heat, turning the chicken frequently. Halfway through the cooking, add potatoes and baste them well with butter. Cover and continue to cook until chicken is tender.

Just before serving, untruss chicken and sprinkle with brown gravy.

Poulet saute a la paysanne Catalane

CHICKEN SAUTE, CATALAN STYLE

1 chicken
salt; pepper
flour
oil
2 tablespoons chopped onion
5-6 red peppers
5-6 peeled and seeded tomatoes
chopped parsley
1 clove garlic
6 tablespoons white wine

Joint chicken and divide legs into two. Season with salt and pepper, roll in flour, and cook in oil with the onion. Slice peppers and fry in oil. When almost done, add the tomatoes, a little chopped parsley, check seasoning, and add garlic. Simmer for 20 to 25 minutes.

If liked, some thinly sliced aubergines and zucchini floured and fried in oil can be added in addition to the peppers and tomatoes.

Put the vegetables into a serving dish and arrange the chicken on top. Add wine to the pan in which chicken was cooked, reduce it for a few minutes and then pour over the chicken. Reheat before serving.

Emince de volaille a la bonne femme

CHICKEN WITH HAM, WHITE SAUCE

Finely chop some left-over chicken, add ¼ its volume of chopped ham and an equal quantity of rice cooked in butter.

Mix all together, put into a serving dish and coat with white sauce. Sprinkle with grated cheese, dot with butter, and brown in the oven.

PEAS, FRENCH STYLE, are cooked with sugar, tiny onions, lettuce. Recipe opposite.

VEGETABLES

Aubergines a la Bordelaise

SAUTEED AUBERGINES (eggplant)

aubergines
salt, pepper
flour
oil
shallot
garlic to taste
breadcrumbs
chopped parsley

Peel and cut aubergines in slices, season lightly and coat with flour. Saute in hot oil until brown. Add a little chopped shallot, crushed garlic, and a few breadcrumbs. Cook all together a few minutes and serve sprinkled with parsley.

Aubergines frites

FRIED AUBERGINES

Peel the aubergines and cut into thin slices. Sprinkle with salt, coat with flour and fry in hot oil. Serve immediately, as the aubergines should be eaten while crisp.

Note: They may also be dipped in flour, beaten egg, and breadcrumbs and fried, or dipped in batter.

Carottes a la creme

CREAMED CARROTS

Prepare as for glazed carrots (see next column) and, when moisture is reduced to the state of syrup, cover with boiling cream. Boil a few minutes and put into a vegetable dish.

Carottes a la Vichy

CARROTS, VICHY STYLE

Slice carrots thinly; if they are old, blanch 10 to 12 minutes in boiling water, and drain. Put into a pan with just enough water to cover. Add 2 to 3oz. butter, pinch salt, and 1oz. sugar to every 1 pint water. Cook as for glazed carrots and sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

Puree de celeri

CELERY PUREE

Slice celery thinly and cook in slightly salted water. Drain and heat on stove until all moisture has evaporated. Rub through a sieve. Put the puree into a saucepan, add ½ or 1-3rd of its volume of very creamy mashed potatoes. Just before serving, add a few dabs butter.

Carottes glacees pour garnitures

GLAZED CARROTS (for decoration)

Peel carrots, leave whole, or cut into halves or quarters according to their size, then trim. If carrots are old, blanch in boiled salted water 10 minutes and drain well. Put carrots into a pan with just sufficient water to cover, add pinch salt, 1oz. sugar, and 2oz. butter to each 1 pint water. Cook over low heat until the liquid is syrupy, then leave the carrots to saute a few minutes longer so they are well glazed.

Haricot blancs secs

DRIED WHITE HARICOT BEANS

2 pints haricot beans
water
1 onion stuck with 2 cloves
2 medium sized carrots
1 clove garlic, optional
salt

Put beans into a pan, cover with warm water, bring to boil, remove from heat and leave 1 minute. Drain, cover with fresh warm water. Add onion, carrots, and garlic to taste. Cover and cook very slowly.

Note: Add salt when the beans are nearly cooked.

Champignons saute aux fines herbes

SAUTEED MUSHROOMS WITH PARSLEY

mushrooms
salt, pepper
butter or oil
chopped parsley
garlic to taste

Wash and dry mushrooms, chop finely and season with salt and pepper. Heat butter or oil in pan, saute mushrooms over brisk heat. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

If garlic is used, rub it over bottom of pan before heating the butter.

Fritots de choufleur

CAULIFLOWER FRITTERS

cauliflower flowerets
salt, pepper
chopped parsley
oil
lemon juice
batter
fat
fried parsley
tomato sauce

Drain flowerets well after cooking. Season and sprin with chopped parsley, then marinate 20 minutes in and lemon juice. Coat with batter, fry in hot fat a serve with fried parsley and tomato sauce.

Laitues a la menagere

LETTUCE WITH ONIONS

6 small lettuces
6 small onions
salt
1 to 2 lumps sugar
3 tablespoons water
2 to 3 sprigs parsley

It is essential that the lettuces be fresh and not too large.

Take off outer coarse leaves. Cut each lettuce in half and wash in plenty of cold water. Shake well to remove excess water and put into a buttered saute pan with onions, seasoning, sugar, water, and parsley. Cover and cook over a gentle heat.

Petits pois bonne femme

PEAS WITH ONIONS

2lb. peas
butter
12 small onions
4oz. pork fat
1 lettuce
few sprigs parsley
pinch salt
1 lump sugar
water
1 tablespoon flour

Shell peas. Melt butter in pan and add onions and pork fat cut into small cubes and blanched. Saute until onions are lightly browned. Add peas, chopped lettuce, parsley, salt, and sugar. Add just enough hot water to cover. Put a lid on pan and cook until peas are tender. Mix flour smoothly with a little cold water, add to peas and stir until boiling.

Piments pour viandes froides

GREEN PEPPER PICKLE

1lb. onions
½ pint oil
2½lb. green peppers
2lb. tomatoes
1 clove garlic
1 teaspoon ground ginger
1lb. sugar
8oz. sultanas
1 teaspoon allspice
1¾ pints wine vinegar

Peel and chop onions and brown lightly in oil. Peel and seed peppers, cut into strips and put with onions. Stew gently 15 to 20 minutes. Add tomatoes (peeled, seeded, and chopped), crushed garlic, and all other ingredients. Cook, covered, very slowly 2½ hours. Serve with cold meats.

Note: This should not be made in an iron saucepan.

Pommes de terre noisette

OISETTE POTATOES

Take out pieces of potato the size of walnuts with a vegetable scoop. Cook gently in butter and season with salt. These potatoes should be soft and golden brown.

Petits pois a la Francaise

PEAS, FRENCH STYLE

2lb. peas
1 lettuce heart
2 sprigs parsley
12 small onions
6oz. butter
salt
2 lumps sugar
6 tablespoons water

Put peas, lettuce and parsley tied together, onions, half the butter, salt, and sugar into a large pan. Add water, cover pan tightly, and cook over moderate heat. Just before serving, remove lettuce and parsley. Put peas in serving dish, add rest of butter. Cut lettuce into quarters and place on top of peas.

- See picture opposite.

Pommes de terre Anna

POTATOES ANNA

potatoes
butter
salt

Choose small potatoes or cut larger ones into cork shapes and slice thinly. Wash and dry in a cloth.

Put some butter into a casserole or saute pan and arrange potatoes in layers, overlapping each other and reversing the overlapping with each layer. Sprinkle each layer lightly with salt and dabs of butter. Cover and cook in a hot oven 30 minutes. Pour off excess butter before serving.

Pommes de terre Byron

POTATOES WITH CHEESE

12 large potatoes
butter
salt, pepper
cream
grated parmesan cheese

Cook potatoes in oven, and when tender remove and pulp. Heat some butter in a frying pan, add potato pulp and seasoning, and fry a few minutes.

Put a flan ring on to fireproof serving dish, fill with potato pulp and press down well, then remove the ring. Pour some cream over potato, sprinkle with cheese, and brown in oven or under grill.

Chou a la facon des petits restaurants

CABBAGE (small restaurant style)

2½ to 3lb. cabbage
1oz. butter
8oz. pork fat
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
salt, pepper

Cook cabbage in boiling salted water, drain, press out as much moisture as possible, and chop. Heat butter in a pan, add pork fat cut into small cubes, and onion. Cook until onion begins to brown, add cabbage. Season, and cook 15 to 20 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Farinaceous dishes

MACARONI AU GRATIN

8oz. macaroni
1oz. butter
3oz. grated gruyere cheese
salt, pepper
3oz. grated parmesan cheese
nutmeg
2 tablespoons white sauce
breadcrumbs

Cook the macaroni in salted water and drain thoroughly. Add butter, 2oz. grated gruyere and 2oz. grated parmesan cheese, seasoning, and sauce. Mix all well together. Put into buttered gratin dish, sprinkle with rest of the cheese mixed with some breadcrumbs, brown in the oven.

- Picture on page 8.

Riz a la fermiere

RICE WITH CABBAGE AND BACON

half cabbage
2oz. lard
1 large onion
8oz. streaky bacon
1lb. rice
2½ pints boiling water
¼ teaspoon salt
pinch pepper.
grated cheese

Cut cabbage into julienne strips (about 2in. by 1-16th in.), cook for 12 minutes in boiling salted water. Drain well. Heat the lard in a large pan, add chopped onion and bacon, cubed and blanched. Cook until onion begins to brown, then add cabbage and continue cooking for 10-12 minutes. Add rice, water, and seasoning. Cover and cook for 25 minutes.

Remove from heat and stir in 3-4 tablespoons grated cheese.

Riz pilaw

RICE PILAF

1 tablespoon finely chopped onion
2oz. butter
8oz. rice
salt, pepper
1 pint boiling consomme or veal stock

Brown the onion in 1oz. butter. Add rice and seasoning, cook for 1 minute, stirring well so rice is fully impregnated with the butter. Add the consomme, cover and cook for 18 minutes. Remove from heat and add the rest of the butter.

Rice pilaf is a good accompaniment to many egg, fish, meat, poultry, and vegetable dishes.

Riz a l'Indienne

INDIAN RICE

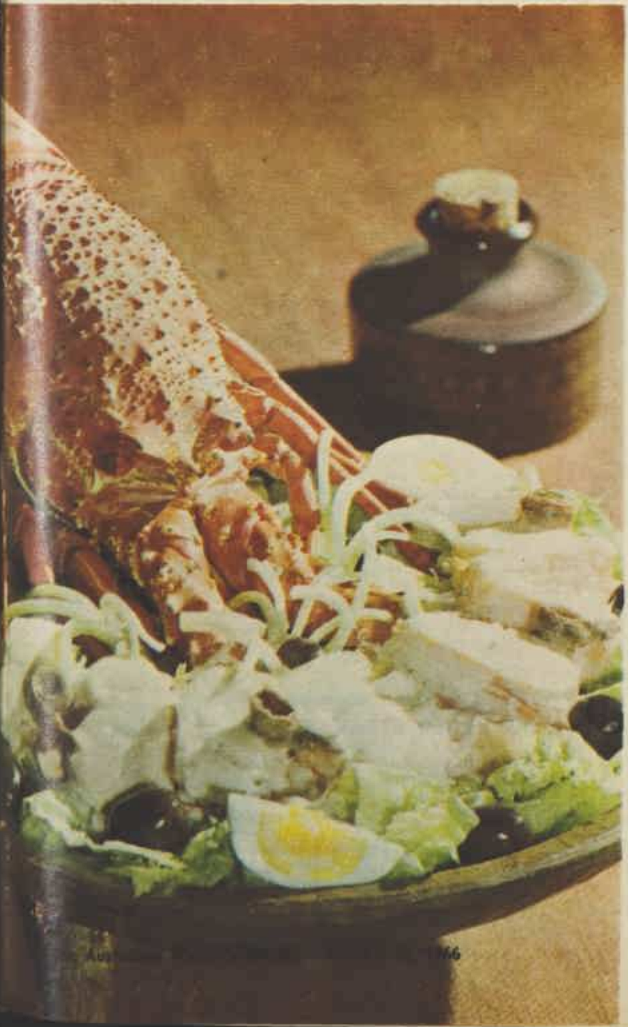
Cook 8oz. rice in 2½ pints boiling water with 1 teaspoon salt for 18 minutes. Drain on a sieve, dry off for a few minutes in the oven before serving. Use as an accompaniment to curried eggs, fish, lamb, or poultry.

Note: Indian rice may be steamed instead of boiled.

MACARONI AU GRATIN, a simple but delicious dish, topped with crumbs, cheese. See page 7.

CHICKEN SAUTE, PROVENCAL STYLE, is given color with tomatoes, olives. See page 5.

DAUBE OF BEEF, PROVENCAL STYLE, has a rich flavor. Recipe on page 11.



LOBSTER MAYONNAISE, topped with anchovies, olives, eggs. Recipe on page 4.

PECHE MELBA, Escoffier's famous dessert, was created to honor Madame Melba. See page 15.

MEAT

TOURNEDOS

Tournedos are small slices of fillet of beef, cut round and rather thick, weighing about 3½-4oz. They are sauteed quickly in butter, or grilled.

Formerly it was customary to serve sauteed tournedos on croutons, but this has fallen into disuse for many reasons. However, if you are going to use croutons, they should be fried in butter, and at the last moment covered with meat jelly, which forms an insulation between the meat and the bread and prevents the latter from absorbing any juice coming from the meat.

Chateaubriand sauce, otherwise meat jelly enriched with butter and completed with a few drops of lemon juice, should accompany all sauteed tournedos if garnished with buttered vegetables, asparagus tips, etc. This sauce has the advantage of binding the vegetables together, which is not the case when either a Madeira or white wine sauce is used.

Garnish with mushrooms, lettuce, celery, etc.

TOURNEDOS, served Nicoise style, are topped with a tomato sauce. Recipe on this page.

Tournedos Bearnaise

TOURNEDOS WITH BEARNAISE SAUCE

Grill the tournedos and arrange them on a very hot dish. Surround with small potato balls.

Cover the tournedos with Chateaubriand sauce and serve with Bearnaise sauce.

CHATEAUBRIAND SAUCE

1oz. shallots
1 sprig thyme
½ bayleaf
¼ pint white wine
1oz. mushroom trimmings
½ pint veal stock
4oz. maitre d'hotel butter

Put the shallots, thyme, bayleaf, mushroom trimmings, and wine into a pan and reduce almost entirely. Add the stock and reduce again until there is about ¼ pint liquid altogether.

Strain through muslin and add the maitre d'hotel butter.

BEARNAISE SAUCE

6 tablespoons white wine
6 tablespoons tarragon vinegar
2 teaspoons chopped shallot
pinch chopped tarragon
small pinch ground pepper
pinch salt
1oz. butter
3 egg-yolks
8oz. softened butter
cayenne pepper
chopped tarragon
chopped chervil

Put wine, vinegar, shallots, tarragon, seasoning, and 1oz. butter into a pan and boil until reduced by two-thirds. Remove from heat, cool for few minutes. Add egg-yolks, return to very low heat. Gradually add the softened butter and stir with a wooden spoon.

The binding of the sauce is produced by the gradual cooking of the egg-yolks, so it is very important to make Bearnaise sauce over a very low heat.

When the butter has been incorporated, strain the sauce through muslin. Season with a little cayenne pepper and complete with little chopped tarragon and a small pinch chopped chervil.

This sauce need not be served very hot.

MAITRE D'HOTEL BUTTER

4oz. butter
2 teaspoons chopped parsley
lemon juice to taste
salt and pepper
pinch cayenne

Cream butter, add remaining ingredients and mix well.

Tournedos Nicoise

TOURNEDOS, NICOISE STYLE

tournedos
butter
oil

TOMATO SAUCE PROVENCALE

4 tablespoons oil
5-6 ripe tomatoes
salt, pepper
pinch chopped parsley
½ crushed clove garlic

Sauce: Heat oil, add peeled, seeded, and chopped tomatoes, little salt and pepper, parsley, and garlic. Cover and cook gently for 15-18 minutes.

Season the tournedos, and saute in half butter and half oil. Arrange on serving dish and cover with sauce.

Serve with french beans, lightly browned in butter or oil.

● See picture on this page.

OTHER BEEF DISHES

Bifteck a la Hambourgeoise

HAMBURGER STEAK

2 small eggs
chopped onion lightly browned in butter
salt, pepper
nutmeg
12oz. minced steak
flour
butter for frying

Add the eggs, 3 teaspoons chopped onion, salt, pepper, and nutmeg to the steak. Reshape the steak into 3-4 round cakes. Flour them and cook in butter.

Serve with 1 teaspoon chopped onion browned in butter on each hamburger.

Daube a la Provencale

DAUBE OF BEEF, PROVENCAL STYLE

2lb. lean beef
strips bacon fat
chopped parsley
4 cloves garlic
spices
4 onions
2-3 carrots
salt, pepper
1¾ pints red wine
1 wineglass wine vinegar
2-3 tablespoons brandy
4-5 tablespoons oil
bouquet garni
skin of ¼ orange

Cut beef into about 8 pieces. Lard each with a thick strip of bacon fat rolled in chopped parsley, mixed with 1 crushed garlic clove and spices.

Put beef into pan with 2 quartered onions, chopped carrots, salt, pepper, and spices. Add the wine, wine vinegar, and brandy, and leave to marinate for 4-5 hours.

Put 4oz. chopped bacon fat and the oil into a casserole. When bacon has melted, add remaining onions, quartered, and saute till brown. Add meat and vegetables drained from the marinade. Cook till the meat is brown, stirring from time to time. Add bouquet garni, orange skin, and 3 cloves garlic. Add the marinade and cook till it is reduced by half, then add 1 pint boiling water. Cover very tightly and cook in a slow oven about 5 hours. Mushrooms may be added.

A dish of lasagne or macaroni, sprinkled with cheese and some of the liquor from the daube, makes an excellent accompaniment.

● See color picture on page 8.

Goulash a la Hongroise

HUNGARIAN GOULASH

2lb. lean beef
2oz. butter or lard
3-4 tablespoons chopped onion
salt, pepper
1 dessertspoon paprika
8-12oz. tomatoes
1 pint hot water
bouquet garni
1½lb. potatoes

Cut meat into 3 to 4oz. pieces. Heat butter in a saute pan, add meat and onion, and saute until lightly browned. Transfer all to a casserole. Add seasoning, paprika, tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and chopped, water, and bouquet garni. Cover and cook in slow oven for 1½ hours. Add the quartered potatoes, and extra boiling water as required. The potatoes should be just covered.

Continue cooking for another hour or until meat and potatoes are tender.

Note: The potatoes may be omitted, in which case the cooking liquor should be reduced by half and the goulash should be accompanied by rice, Italian pasta, or plainly boiled potatoes.

Lamb and mutton

Currie d'agneau

LAMB CURRY

1 shoulder of lamb
salt, pepper
1oz. butter
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
1 dessertspoon curry powder
1 tablespoon flour
¼ pint stock
6 tablespoons cream

Cut meat into 1in. cubes, season with salt and pepper. Heat butter in a pan and saute meat slowly. Fry onion in butter until it begins to brown, add curry powder and flour and cook for a few minutes. Add stock, stir until boiling and boil for 8 to 10 minutes. Strain over meat, and lastly add cream.

Serve with Indian rice.

PILAF OF LAMB combines tender meat with rich garlic-flavored tomato sauce. See recipe below.

Pilaw d'agneau

PILAF OF LAMB

1 shoulder lamb
butter
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
8oz. long grain rice
¾ pint consomme

SAUCE

2¼lb. ripe tomatoes
salt, pepper
¼ clove garlic
1 dessertspoon chopped parsley
6 tablespoons olive oil

Cut meat into 1in. cubes and cook slowly in butter. Brown onion separately in butter, add rice, washed in warm water and drained. Stir well until rice is impregnated with the butter. Add consomme, cover and cook for 18 minutes. Mix with meat and serve with tomato sauce.

Sauce: Peel tomatoes, cut in half and remove seeds. Chop and put in pan with other ingredients. Cover and simmer gently for 30 minutes.

● Picture on this page.

Continued overleaf

HARICOT MUTTON, cooked in the old-fashioned way, is full of flavor. See below.

Haricot de mouton a l'ancienne

OLD-STYLE HARICOT MUTTON

4oz. bacon fat
2lb. breast or shoulder of mutton
flour
lard
15 small onions
1¼ pints hot water
salt, pepper
bouquet garni
1 clove garlic
2-3 tablespoons tomato puree
1lb. cooked haricot beans

Cut bacon fat into large cubes, and blanch. Cut meat into fairly large pieces and coat with flour. Heat a little lard, add bacon fat and onions, saute until browned. Remove to plate and brown the meat in remaining fat. Pour off excess fat, add the hot water, seasoning, bouquet garni, and garlic. Bring to boiling point, stirring well, then cover and simmer for 45 minutes. Remove meat to a casserole and add the bacon fat and onions. Add tomato puree to liquor left in pan and pour over the meat. Cover and finish the cooking in a moderate oven.

Just before serving, add the cooked haricot beans and simmer for 2-3 minutes.

Ragout de mouton au riz

MUTTON RAGOUT WITH RICE

3lb. shoulder or breast of mutton
lard or dripping
4 tablespoons chopped onion
salt, pepper
2¼ pints water
bouquet garni
2 to 3 tablespoons tomato puree (optional)
12oz. long-grain rice

Cut meat into fairly large pieces and brown in hot fat. Add onion and seasoning, water, bouquet garni, and tomato puree. Cover and cook for 1½ hours. Add carefully washed rice and continue cooking for 25 minutes. Remove from heat, let stand for a few minutes, and skim.

MEAT . . . *continued*

VEAL DISHES

Blanquette de veau a l'ancienne

BLANQUETTE OF VEAL

1½lb. veal
water
2 small carrots
onion stuck with 1 clove
bouquet garni
6oz. butter
3 tablespoons flour
mushrooms and onions cooked in white stock (optional)
3 egg-yolks
few drops lemon juice
grated nutmeg
salt

The meat for a blanquette of veal is cut from the breast, shoulder, and spare ribs.

Cut the meat into 1½-2oz. pieces and put into a saucepan with enough cold salted water to cover. Use ¾oz. salt to 2 pints water. Bring gently to the boil, stirring and skimming carefully. Add carrots, onion, and bouquet garni. Cover saucepan and cook gently for 1½ hours. Melt 3oz. of the butter, add the flour; cook for a few seconds without browning. Gradually add the cooking liquor from the veal, stir till boiling and simmer for 12-15 minutes, skimming frequently.

Put the pieces of veal into a dish and, if liked, add a garnish of mushrooms and small onions cooked in white stock. Keep hot.

Thicken the sauce with egg-yolks and the rest of the butter, the lemon juice, and little grated nutmeg. Strain through a fine sieve and pour over veal. Pilaf of rice, noodles, or spaghetti all go very well with blanquette of veal.

Epaule de veau farcie

STUFFED SHOULDER OF VEAL

1 shoulder of veal
salt, pepper
vegetables for braise

FORCEMEAT

1¼lb. sausage meat
8oz. breadcrumbs
stock
2 eggs
salt, pepper
nutmeg
chopped parsley

Bone the shoulder and beat the flesh flat. Season with salt and pepper. Spread surface with a layer of forcemeat made by mixing the sausage meat, breadcrumbs lightly moistened with stock, eggs, seasoning, nutmeg, and parsley. Roll and tie shoulder with string and braise on a bed of vegetables.

Serve with puree of vegetables and liquor from the braise.

Fricassee de veau

FRICASSEE OF VEAL

3 tablespoons butter
1¼lb. veal
1 onion
salt, pepper
3 tablespoons flour
water or white stock
bouquet garni
3 egg-yolks
3 tablespoons cream
nutmeg
lemon juice

Melt butter, add the veal, cut into small pieces, sliced onion, salt, and pepper. Cover and saute very slowly 12-15 minutes. Add the flour, mix well, then just cover the meat with hot water or stock. Bring to boiling point, stirring. Add bouquet garni, cover and simmer 1¼ hours. When meat is cooked, arrange in deep serving dish. Remove bouquet garni and thicken the sauce with the egg-yolks and cream. Add grated nutmeg and lemon juice, and check seasoning. Strain through fine sieve and pour over meat.

Garnish with mushrooms and small onions as for the blanquette.

Saute de veau a la menagere

SAUTE VEAL WITH WINE

1¼lb. veal
salt, pepper
flour
3 tablespoons oil
2 tablespoons butter
2 onions
1 wine glass white wine
2lb. tomatoes
1 clove garlic

Cut veal into pieces, season and coat with flour. Heat oil and butter, add meat and chopped onions, and saute until browned. Add the wine, tomatoes (peeled, seeded, and chopped), and garlic. Check the seasoning. Cover and simmer for 1½ hours. If sauce becomes too thick, add a little hot water from time to time.

Serve with boiled potatoes, with aubergines cut into rounds and fried or sauteed in oil, or with strips of grilled red peppers.

TRIPE

Wash the tripe, put it into a pan, cover with cold water. Bring to the boil, pour off water, then cover again with fresh, cold water. Bring slowly to boil, simmer 2-3 hours.

Gras-double a la Lyonnaise

TRIPE AND ONIONS

2lb. cooked tripe
butter
seasoning
2 onions
1 tablespoon vinegar
chopped parsley

Cut tripe into strips and saute in butter. Season with salt and pepper. In another pan saute the finely chopped onion. Put it in with the tripe, continue cooking until well browned. Arrange tripe and onions in serving dish. Heat vinegar, pour over tripe and onions, sprinkle with parsley.

DESSERTS

Sweet souffles

SPECIAL souffle dishes are used for souffles. They should be buttered and sprinkled with sugar. A baked souffle should be cooked in a moderate oven, and 2 minutes before the end of cooking sprinkled with sugar and returned to the oven. The sugar will caramelise and glaze the souffle.

BASIC SOUFFLE MIXTURE

1oz. plain flour
½ pint milk
1 to 2oz. sugar
1oz. butter
3 egg-yolks
4 egg-whites

Mix flour smoothly with a little of the milk. Put the rest of the milk on to heat with the sugar. Add flour, beat vigorously, then cook for 2 minutes. Remove from heat, add butter and egg-yolks, and beat in well.

Finally, add the stiffly beaten egg-whites and fold in lightly.

Bake in moderate oven 60-80 minutes.

Souffle au chocolat

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE

Prepare basic mixture, flavor with vanilla, and cook in the usual way. Serve with chocolate sauce and whipped sweetened cream.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

8oz. chocolate
¾ pint water
1 tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
3 tablespoons cream
butter

Dissolve chocolate in the water. Add sugar and vanilla and cook over low heat for 20 to 25 minutes. Add cream and a walnut-size piece of butter.

Souffle aux fraises

STRAWBERRY SOUFFLE

1lb. strawberries
13 to 14oz. castor sugar
2 to 3 tablespoons kirsch
8 egg-whites

Remove stalks from strawberries and rub through a fine sieve. To the resultant puree add 3 to 4oz. sugar and the kirsch. Beat egg-whites until stiff, add remainder of sugar and beat again, then fold into strawberry puree.

Put into a souffle dish and cook in the ordinary way.

Half quantities of this mixture can be baked in a 7in. souffle dish.

Souffle aux cerises

CHERRY SOUFFLE

Prepare basic souffle mixture and flavor with vanilla. Add some very small macaroons soaked in kirsch and cook in the usual way.

Serve with a compote of cherries mixed with 2 to 3 tablespoons red currant jelly, and cream.

Dessert pancakes

BASIC PANCAKE BATTER

8oz. sifted plain flour
3 eggs
1 pint milk or water
2 tablespoons brandy
1 tablespoon orange flower water (optional)
pinch salt
2 tablespoons melted butter

Mix flour smoothly with eggs and enough milk to make a fairly fluid batter. Add brandy, orange flower water, and salt. Leave to stand for 1 hour.

Heat some butter in a small pan, pour in 1 tablespoon batter and cook quickly on one side, toss, and brown the other.

Serve very hot.

CREPES SUZETTE

The pancakes are cooked in the ordinary way and then finished at the table with the following sauce:

3oz. butter
3oz. castor sugar
3 tablespoons curacao
juice 1 orange
sugar for sprinkling

Cream butter, add sugar and beat in well, add curacao and orange juice.

Put the cooked pancakes in a pan over a spirit stove. Sprinkle with sugar, pour sauce over, serve very hot.

Dessert omelets

Omelet aux confitures a l'abricot

APRICOT JAM OMELET

6 eggs
salt
sugar
butter
2 tablespoons apricot jam

Beat eggs, add a little salt and sugar and cook in the ordinary way. Just before folding, add the warmed apricot jam. Put on a hot serving dish, sprinkle liberally with sugar.

Strawberry and red currant omelet are prepared in the same way.

Omelet au rhum

RUM OMELET

Season the eggs with a little salt, add a little sugar and cook as an ordinary omelet.

Put on to a hot dish and sprinkle with sugar. Sprinkle with warm rum and set light to it as the omelet is served.

Kirsch and brandy omelets are prepared in the same way.

Continued overleaf

***APPLE CHARLOTTE** has slices of bread forming a golden topping for an apple filling. Recipe is on page 15.*

PECHES EUGENIE, a glamor dessert of strawberries, peaches, and Champagne Zabaglione. Recipe at right, above.

DESSERTS . . . *continued*

Cold Sweets

Peches Eugenie

PEACHES WITH ZABAGLIONE

peaches
strawberries
zabaglione made with champagne
2 to 3 tablespoons kirsch and maraschino mixed together

Choose ripe peaches, peel and stone them and put into a serving dish with the strawberries. Sprinkle with kirsch and maraschino and keep on ice until required.

When ready to serve, cover with cold zabaglione (see recipe on this page).

- Picture at left.

Creme pochee au caramel

CARAMEL CREAM

Line bottom and sides of mould with sugar cooked to light caramel stage and fill with vanilla cream.

VANILLA CREAM

6oz. sugar
1¾ pints milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
4 eggs
6 egg-yolks

Boil milk, add sugar and vanilla, and leave to stand 20 minutes. Whisk eggs and egg-yolks, add milk very slowly, and beat well. Strain through a fine sieve, leave to stand a few minutes, then skim off froth which will have formed on the surface. Pour into sugared mould, put into a tin containing hot water. Place in a moderate oven for 45 to 50 minutes or until small knife inserted in centre comes out clean.

It is important the water should not boil. If it boils, the air contained in the cream becomes too hot, escapes, and forms air bubbles, which, when the cream is cold, form holes and spoils its appearance.

Fraises Romanoff

STRAWBERRIES ROMANOFF

Soak some large strawberries in orange juice and curacao. Put into a silver or glass dish and cover with whipped sweetened cream.

Sabayon

ZABAGLIONE

8oz. sugar
6 egg-yolks
½ pint dry white wine
3 to 4 tablespoons rum or kirsch

Mix sugar and egg-yolks and beat over a pan of warm water until mixture is thick and leaves a trail. Add wine and continue beating until mixture is thick and frothy. Add flavoring.

Madeira, sherry, marsala, asti, champagne, etc., can be used in place of white wine and no further flavoring should be necessary.

Mousse au curacao

CURACAO MOUSSE

½ pint sugar syrup
8 egg-yolks
2 tablespoons curacao
3 tablespoons whipped cream

Boil syrup to 218 degrees F. and when cool pour over beaten egg-yolks. Strain through fine sieve, put into a pan and whisk over very gentle heat, until the mixture is thick enough to leave a trail. Remove from heat, and continue whisking until cold.

Just before serving add curacao and cream.

SUGAR SYRUP

10oz. sugar
3oz. water
1 dessertspoon liquid glucose

Place ingredients in a saucepan, dissolve sugar over a gentle heat and then bring to the boil. Boil until 218 degrees F., or until mixture forms a fairly thin syrup.

This quantity makes ½ pint syrup.

Cerises au vin de Bordeaux

CHERRIES IN CLARET

1lb. cherries
8oz. castor sugar
1 small piece cinnamon stick
grated rind ½ orange
5 to 6 tablespoons red currant jelly
1½ bottles claret

Stone cherries and put into a pan with the sugar, orange rind, cinnamon, and red currant jelly. Add claret, cover and bring to boiling point. Simmer very gently 10 to 12 minutes.

Leave to get cold, then serve in glasses with sweet biscuits or macaroons.

Peches Melba

PEACH MELBA

peaches
sugar
vanilla ice-cream
raspberry puree

Choose ripe peaches, dip into boiling water and then into iced water, and remove the skins. Sprinkle with sugar. Put ice-cream into a serving dish or individual serving dishes, arrange the peaches on top and cover with sweetened puree.

Note: To make raspberry puree, rub fresh, canned, or thawed frozen raspberries through a sieve. If using fresh raspberries, a little sugar may need to be added.

- Color picture on page 9.

Mousse d'ananas a la creme

PINEAPPLE MOUSSE WITH CREAM

8oz. sugar
8 egg-yolks
½ pint boiled milk
8oz. pineapple pulp
½ pint whipped sweetened cream

Put sugar and egg-yolks in a pan and beat until sugar has dissolved and mixture is thick and creamy. Add milk and cook over a gentle heat until mixture is thick enough to coat the back of the spoon. Avoid letting the custard boil or it will curdle.

Let cool, beating all the time. Add pineapple pulp, and, when mixture is quite cold, add whipped sweetened cream.

Pour mixture into a gateau mould and freeze.

Figues a la creme et liqueurs

FIGS WITH CREAM, LIQUEURS

Peel some figs, halve them lengthwise and put into a serving dish. Sprinkle lightly with sugar and add 2 to 3 tablespoons maraschino or curacao and keep on ice until required.

When ready to serve, cover with sweetened whipped cream.

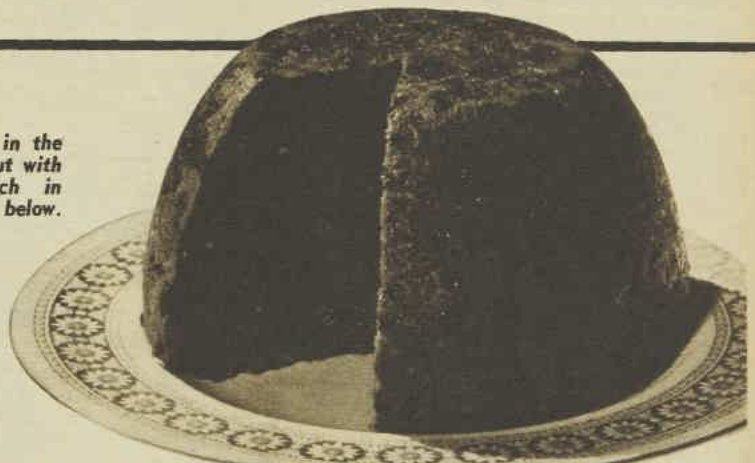
After being cooked in syrup or in the oven, fresh figs can be served on a bed of rice, semolina, etc. But, in my own opinion, fresh figs cooked in the oven are best.

To do this, take some figs with unblemished skins and place them in an earthenware dish with a few tablespoons water. Sprinkle with sugar and bake in the oven like apples. The sugar caramelises during the cooking of the fruit and has an excellent taste, which syrup, usually too sweet, does not possess.

Figs cooked like this in the oven, served cold and accompanied by whipped sweetened cream, constitute a very delicate dessert.

Dried figs may be cooked like prunes in syrup, or with red wine, and are served with rice or semolina pudding.

PLUM PUDDING in the English manner but with the French touch in flavor. Recipe is below.



HOT PUDDINGS

Pouding de prunes

PLUM PUDDING

1lb. shredded beef suet
8oz. breadcrumbs
8oz. plain flour
8oz. peeled and chopped apples
8oz. each seeded raisins, sultanas, and currants
6oz. chopped mixed peel
1 tablespoon ground ginger
4oz. chopped almonds
8oz. brown sugar
grated rind and juice ½ orange
grated rind and juice ½ lemon
½ dessertspoon mixed spice
3 eggs
¼ pint rum or brandy
¼ pint stout

If possible, soak the dried fruit in brandy or rum for some days in advance.

Mix all ingredients thoroughly and put into buttered pudding basins, filling right to the rim. Cover with a buttered and floured cloth and tie securely. Boil or steam for 5 to 6 hours.

To serve: Turn the pudding out on to a hot dish. Pour a little hot rum or brandy over the pudding and set alight.

The pudding is accompanied by either a zabaglione made with rum, or brandy butter, or a custard sauce.

To make brandy butter: Beat 4oz. sugar with 4oz. butter to a cream, and add 3 to 4 tablespoons brandy.

Charlotte de pommes

APPLE CHARLOTTE

bread
butter
2½ to 3lb. cooking apples
3 tablespoons castor sugar
juice 1 lemon
2 to 3 tablespoons water
3 tablespoons apricot jam

Well butter a charlotte mould. Cut out some heart-shaped croutons of bread, about ¼in. thick. Dip in melted butter and arrange them in a circle in the bottom of the mould, allowing them to overlap slightly. Cut some oblong pieces of bread of the same thickness and the same height as the mould, dip in melted butter and line sides of mould, with pieces overlapping.

Peel and slice apples thinly, put into a pan with ½oz. butter, sugar, lemon juice, and water and cook until reduced to a thick pulp. Stir in jam.

Fill the mould with apple mixture, taking care it is well filled, because the apple mixture will shrink a little during cooking. Cover with another piece of bread dipped in melted butter. Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes.

When cooked, leave in mould for a few minutes before turning out. Serve with apricot sauce.

Note: Apple charlotte is sometimes served cold, in which case it should be decorated with whipped sweetened cream and served with apricot sauce flavored with rum.

To make apricot sauce: Put apricot jam through a cheesecloth or fine sieve and dilute to the consistency required with sugar syrup (see recipe on opposite page). Bring to boiling point and skim carefully. When the sauce coats the back of a spoon, add flavoring to taste.

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